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THE *Atlantic*

CHILDREN WHO NEED ADOPTION

by

Rael Jean Isaac

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A Self-Portrait

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The Atlantic Extra

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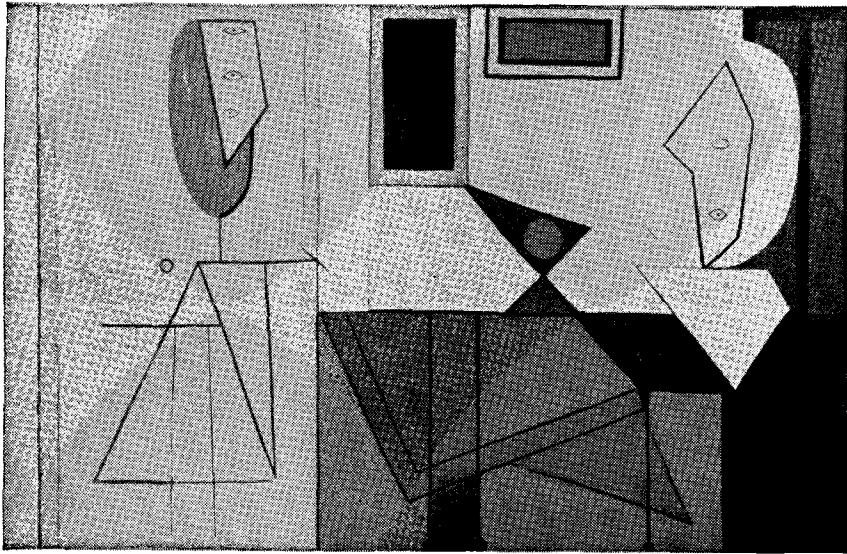
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Can you see any similarity between



TO THE UNDISCERNING EYE these paintings—one by Picasso, the other by Vermeer—appear to be as unrelated as any two works of art could be. To the knowing eye, however, there are striking similarities between them, quite as obvious as their differences. In fact, the Picasso work, to quote from one of the portfolios in the Metropolitan Museum Seminars in Art, “is such a close parallel to the Vermeer that it might almost have been painted to demonstrate how the Vermeer could be translated into abstract terms.”

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COMPOSITION: Pictures as Patterns • Functions of composition: decorative, structural.

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these two paintings?

immeasurably to your enjoyment; indeed, to be able to view paintings with understanding can be one of life's most rewarding experiences. Yet it is surprising how many cultivated persons have cut themselves off from this rare form of pleasure. Visiting a museum, they see nothing beyond what the paintings are "about"—and frequently they are unsure even of that.

Anyone who suffers from this sort of bafflement probably has never had the opportunity to take a good art appreciation course at a university or to attend a clarifying series of lectures at a museum. It was to remedy this situation that The Metropolitan Museum of Art developed its unusual program of assisted self-education in art.

More than 200,000 families throughout the country have now subscribed to this remarkable program. The opportunity suggested below is made to acquaint you with the thorough nature of the course and particularly its unique method of learning by comparison.



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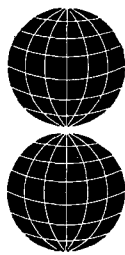
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WASHINGTON

WITH this session of Congress at last approaching its final weeks it is clear that the struggle for power between the President and Congress has been intensified and the reputation of neither enhanced. Although the overwhelming majority of the members of the House and Senate belong to the President's party, the battle has gone on almost as if they were in opposition.

Congress, as always, listens intently to the most vocal elements at the grass roots and is much more inclined to exploit the fears and frustrations of the people than the Executive is. With the strong conservative feeling in the country, best expressed in the Goldwater boom, and with the apprehensions aroused by the civil rights struggle, the conflict between a President advocating action and a Congress disposed to caution is likely to grow.

The President has been unable to devise any new methods of legislative leadership. He has depended upon the traditional means of persuasion, conciliation, and compromise. The result has been a lengthy and disheartening exhibit of delay, stalemate, and half measures.

The Administration has become so accustomed to defeat that it claims a major victory when Congress approves a small part of an Administration recommendation. Of the several hundred presidential proposals sent to Capitol Hill this year, only a handful have been acted upon. Even though it passed easily in the House, the all-important tax bill, which had its origins in a series of presidential-congressional negotiations in the summer of 1962, still faces uncertainties.

Americans are quick to throw up their hands in disgust over the inability of other governments to resolve issues quickly and logically. But we seldom fully appreciate how confidence abroad in the

American system is undermined by congressional indecisiveness and the inability of a President to win approval of his programs. Friends ask repeatedly whether the American constitutional system, with its division of power, is capable of meeting the challenges of the times.

White House versus Congress

The problem always centers on the issue of presidential versus congressional power. Tens of thousands of words have been written on the subject without any clearly acceptable solution having been proposed to ensure a larger degree of party responsibility. The strong Presidents have relied on a variety of makeshift arrangements and canny displays of executive power. But even they have not always succeeded in overcoming the stalemates that seem to be an inevitable part of the checks and balances built into the American system — checks which the seniority system has sometimes made into massive roadblocks.

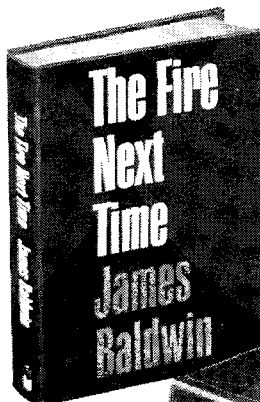
President Kennedy has wanted to be a leader of Congress without offending its members and without resorting to any but the accepted ways of dealing with it. This has been both a strength and a serious weakness. In some ways he has been more like his Republican predecessor, President Eisenhower, whom he bitterly assailed in the 1960 campaign, than like his most recent Democratic predecessor, President Truman. The rancor which characterized some presidential-congressional battles has been happily absent in this Administration. But great legislative achievements have been few in number.

The high promises of the Kennedy campaign, when he pledged a daring, energetic, and innovating presidency, have been blunted by successive congressional battles and the adjustments that Congress has exacted. Too often the initiative

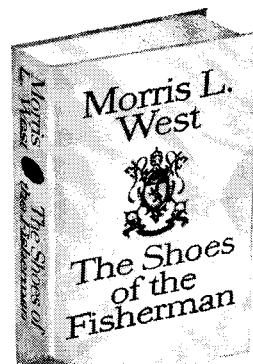
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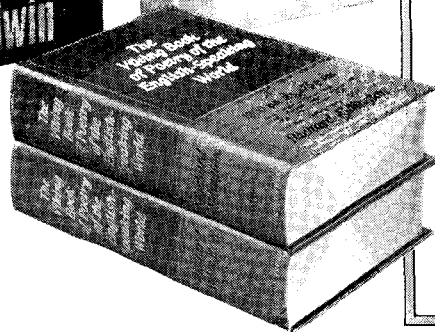


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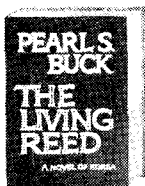
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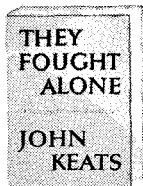
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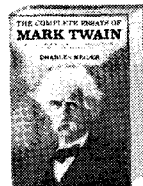
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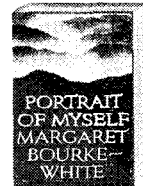
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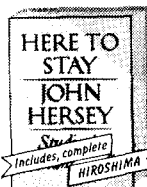
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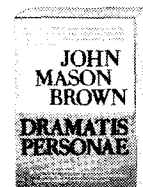
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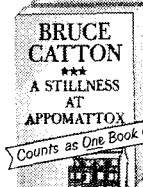
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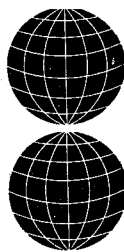
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Report on Washington



has been taken from the President as he has seemed to give way rather easily to recalcitrance and obstruction on Capitol Hill. Most surprising of all has been his unwillingness to go over the heads of the congressmen in direct appeals to the people. His addresses to joint sessions of Congress and his radio-television reports to the people have been disturbingly infrequent. His radio-television address to the nation on September 18, urging support of his tax bill, stands almost alone as an example of Kennedy's use of the fireside chat to stimulate popular support for one of his legislative programs.

President Kennedy has disappointed many of his most ardent supporters by his failure to use as forums to explain his policies either his press conferences or the many occasions available to him to speak informally. No American correspondent would propose that the style of the De Gaulle press conference be adopted here, for the French President chooses the question he wishes to answer and then addresses himself to the chosen question at great length. But De Gaulle does use the opportunity in an elaborate way to explain fully his thinking on any given issue, sometimes taking more than thirty minutes to reply to a single question.

The President's strategy

Although President Kennedy has failed in many instances as an educator, one effort on his part must receive high marks. He not only helped mobilize opinion, but he has succeeded in stimulating action on the civil rights front. His action, of course, came after the demonstrations and counter police actions had placed the issue squarely on his doorstep. But once it was there, he summoned his strength in a remarkably effective education campaign.

The President worked not through a series of public speeches but with a number of small groups in the privacy of the White House. Editors, governors, businessmen, lawyers, and labor and religious leaders were invited to the White House to hear the President appeal for action to end discrimination. These discussions stimulated important action on a variety of fronts throughout the country, and they helped focus national attention on the problem.

The President clearly prefers to act in this way, or on the telephone with individuals, rather than in a fireside chat, which he thinks he does not do well. In other words, he is more a direct actionist than a propagandist or an educator. He is convinced, for example, that a personal appeal to key congressmen is more productive than a series of public appeals for action. And because his quick mind grasps an issue easily, he is pained when he has to spend time slowly explaining and elucidating it to others.

This may be one of the reasons that the polls indicate the President's personal popularity is higher than that of his Administration. He has succeeded in selling himself as an individual; he has not succeeded in selling his program either to the people or to Congress. This is a weakness that could be fatal to his reputation in the eyes of history.

In 1962, after the Senate defeated his medical-care-for-the-aged program, the President went on television with a brief, sharp statement criticizing Republicans for opposing him and in effect appealing to the voters to support him. Again, this year, after the House sharply cut the foreign-aid authorization bill, the President made a partisan television attack on the opposition and appealed for public support.

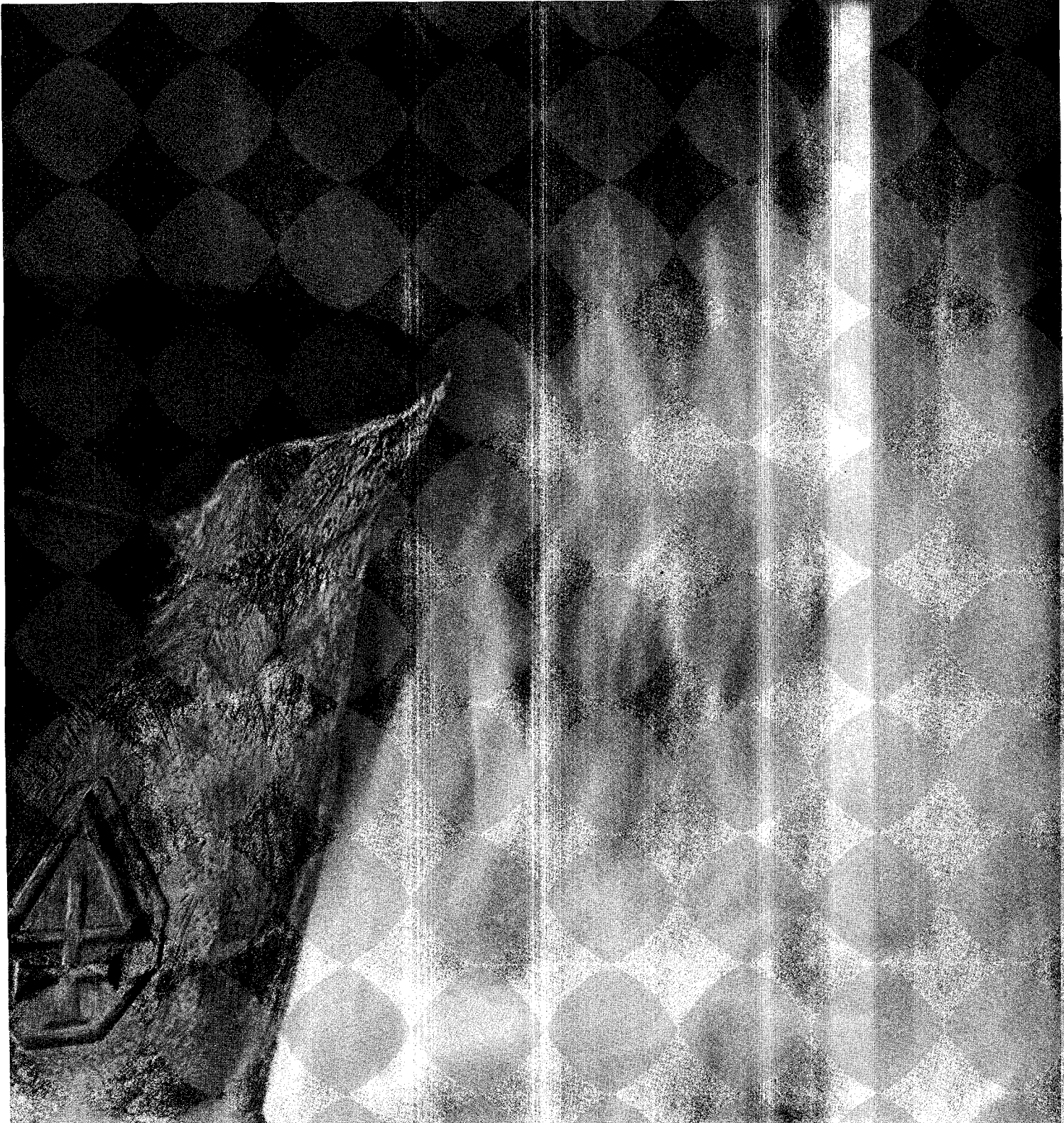
Both these statements were made after defeats had been suffered, and both singled out Republicans for attack without acknowledging that if all the Democrats had supported him, he would have won in both instances. More public education before the votes and greater success in maintaining responsibility in his own party would have been more to the point than the attacks on the opposition after the event.

The Administration's careful preparation of its case for the test-ban treaty and the Senate Foreign Relations Committee's examination of witnesses proved that on vital matters the American constitutional system at times can be made to work extremely well. Secretary of State Dean Rusk has always been an effective and alert congressional witness. His brief for the treaty was applauded by members of both parties.

The next steps are not yet clear. It may be that negotiations to ensure against surprise attack will be undertaken, but this will also be a long process if the Soviets insist on tying such a pact into an agreement for nuclear free zones. A nonaggression pact, which the Soviets want, poses so many problems for the West that it seems very remote, and many Washington officials, in this instance at least, agree with President de Gaulle that it would have little value.



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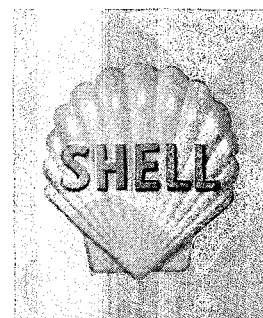
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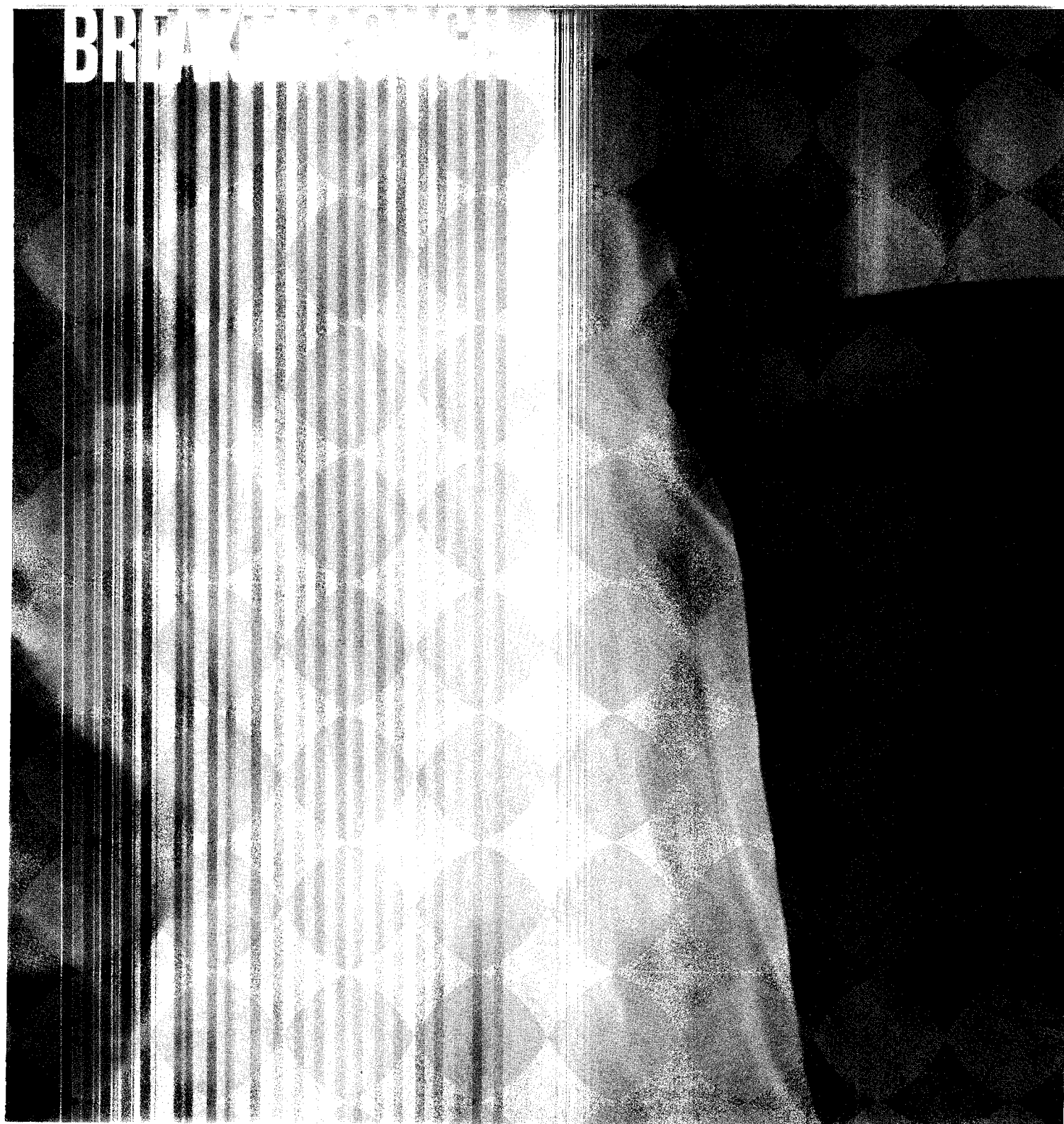
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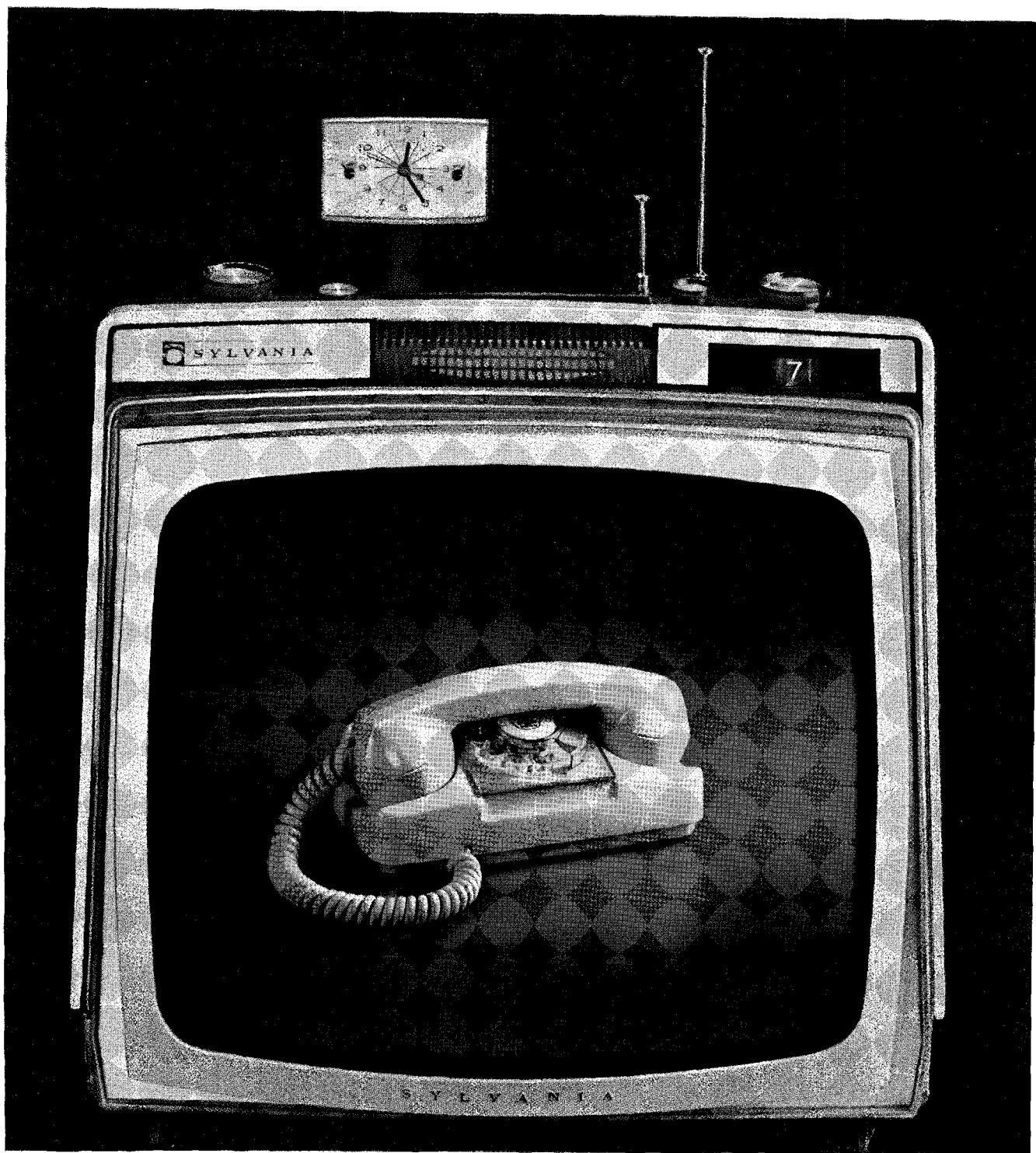


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THE EXECUTIVE LIFE IN PUERTO RICO

Consolidated Engravers' resident manager treats his family to a day on the Spanish Main. Cost, including boat and crew: \$24.

Consolidated Engravers, U. S. Rubber, Gulf Oil and 503 other U. S. firms have made the *profitable* decision to manufacture in Puerto Rico. Our photograph shows one reason why their executives needed no urging to take up residence on this sunny island.

THE family man in our photograph is Derek Turner, Consolidated Engravers' manager in Puerto Rico.

He has chartered a fishing sloop for a Sunday sail to a secluded island off Puerto Rico's northeast coast. Here, the children snorkel and dig for pirate treasure while Turner and his wife soak up sun on a gleaming, white beach. And when they sail home at sunset, the whole day will have cost \$24.

Here's how Turner describes life in Puerto Rico: "You work hard. But there's a paradox. Even during the working week, you're in a holiday mood—as if you were on a summer vacation every day."

Why does Turner feel this way? Here are some reasons:

It takes Turner 5 minutes to drive home from work—and 5 more to get the family to the beach. The sun shines 360 days a year. Temperatures average in the seventies.

Great place for raising children

"The children have never been so happy and healthy," says Mrs. Turner. "They've learned to make coconut masks, catch tropical fish for their aquarium, and play 'Al Esconder'—Puerto Rican hide-and-seek. They hardly ever catch colds. Hay fever

and poison ivy are things of the past."

When Mrs. Turner heard she was going to Puerto Rico, she wondered about shopping. She was delighted to find supermarkets with all her standbys *plus* local bargains such as: Lobster, 79¢ lb.; limes, 19¢ doz.

How about Turner's business life?

Consolidated Engravers' plant produces photoengraving film. It's exacting work. But Turner's Puerto Rican workers mastered the art in no time. "These people are terrific," he says. "They can trace intricate shapes almost twice as fast as mainland workers. My biggest problem is keeping my paper work abreast of their production."

Today, hundreds of U. S. executives are thriving in this ebullient Commonwealth. So are their companies: *506 U. S. manufacturers are now averaging a 28 percent annual return on investment in Puerto Rico.*

If your firm is expanding, why not fly down and visit some of these plants? And spend a day on the Spanish Main?

For manufacturers: "Puerto Rico '63"—a report to industry on productivity, profits and special incentives. Write on your firm's letterhead, to: Commonwealth of Puerto Rico, Dept. G1, 666 Fifth Ave., N. Y. 19.

← How to charter this sloop for \$24 a day in Puerto Rico. A day or two before you want to go sailing, wire Eduardo—the sloop's skipper—c/o: Rayito de Sol Restaurant, Las Croabas, Fajardo. State the day and time you want to go sailing and sign your name. That's all there is to it. Photo by Tom Hollyman.

100 Acorns

Every year, millions of acorns drop from oak trees. Some take root, thrive, and grow to be mighty oaks. Others fall on unfriendly ground or lose out to blight or competition or fail to mature for lack of sun or rain or nourishment.

Similarly, every year hundreds of companies are started, some to flourish, some to fail, some to coast along. The problem of the investor in search of a stock that is likely to give him capital appreciation is twofold: how to decide which companies have the potentiality of growth—and which ones are likely to realize that potentiality.

Because of the great interest on the part of investors in common stocks with better than average growth prospects, our Research Department staff has just put its 300 heads together and prepared a new booklet listing and describing 100 companies—acorns, seedlings, and saplings—that it believes will be sizable oak trees some day.

Would you like a copy? You may have one for the asking—48 pages about 100 growth stocks. Simply write your name and address and “100 Growth Stocks” on a post card and mail it to us.



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PRINCIPAL STOCK AND COMMODITY EXCHANGES

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Report on Washington

It may be that there will be renewed attempts to expand trade with Eastern Europe, something that the Eastern Europeans want very much indeed and something that would help free them from their present almost complete economic reliance on Moscow.

De Gaulle and Vietnam

One of the most extraordinary developments in America's relations with the France of Charles de Gaulle was his suggestion that foreign influences be eliminated from Vietnam. The French have continued to maintain some contacts with the Ho Chi Minh Communists in Hanoi. Washington is inclined to believe Ho would like to free himself from his growing dependence on Peiping. For months he seemed to side with Moscow rather than Peiping in many of their disputes.

About two years ago, during the most critical phase of the Laotian crisis, the United States asked Prime Minister Nehru's assistance in persuading Peiping and Hanoi to agree to a peaceful settlement in Laos. Nehru declined to appeal to Peiping. He did get in touch with Ho, who gave signs of wanting to take a more moderate position.

Since then relations between Peiping and New Delhi have worsened, and the Sino-Soviet conflict is causing the greatest possible anguish in those Communist states whose leaders have tried to maintain good relations with Moscow and Peiping. Ho is foremost among these. He may have no room at all to maneuver.

Nevertheless, like Ngo Dinh Diem in the south, Ho has reached a point where he may grasp at anything that offers salvation. De Gaulle has said, with his usual lack of concern for the sensibilities of his allies, that diplomatic negotiation is worth trying. Whether he was more interested in irritating or helping the United States is still not clear.

McClellan's vendetta

After more than six months of heated exchanges between Defense Department officials and members of the McClellan subcommittee, the status of the TFX contract is un-

changed. If anything has been accomplished by the lengthy hearings, at which more than a million words were exchanged, it is not readily apparent.

The man who started the hearings and has relentlessly cross-examined all those who participated in the Defense Department decision is renowned on Capitol Hill for his abilities as a prosecuting attorney. Senator John L. McClellan of Arkansas embodies the strengths and weaknesses of a prosecutor determined to win his case. He wants to win, and he believes that there are devils in abundance. With such an approach, a senator can gain great power, but it is unlikely that he will ever be creative or achieve the position of a statesman. His approach is too negative.

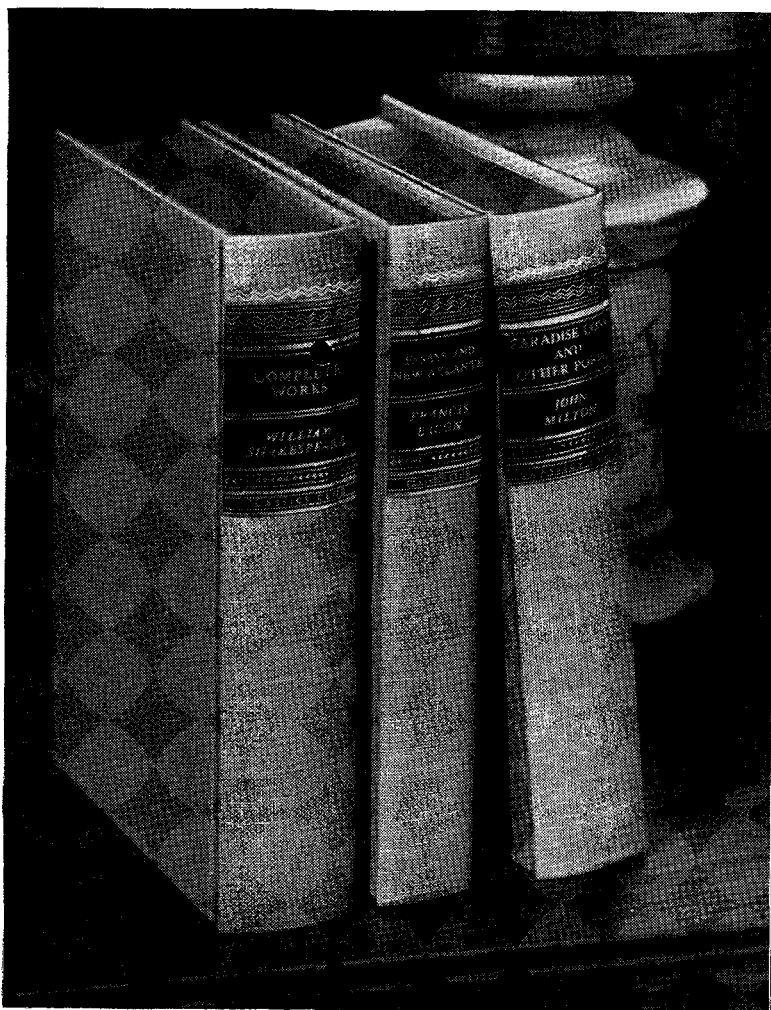
Born in one of the most poverty-stricken areas of his state, McClellan struggled against heavy odds and many heartbreaks to his present high position. Instead of being softened by his early experiences, he appears to have been toughened by them, with the result that he is quick to attack any who stand in his way. The vendetta he has conducted against Deputy Secretary of Defense Roswell L. Gilpatric has been inexcusable. No shred of evidence has been produced to raise doubts about Gilpatric's ethics in the case, yet McClellan has repeatedly tried to make Gilpatric the villain. Many of Gilpatric's most private papers have been spread out on the record in an attempt to embarrass him.

Former President Eisenhower often complained about how difficult it was to persuade successful executives to take government positions. Intemperate attacks on government officials like Gilpatric, who gave up a large income as a lawyer to serve the government, help explain their reluctance to accept appointments.

The Pentagon has been inept at times in its dealings with the committee and with the public. But McClellan must bear the major responsibility for the ill will his overzealous attempt to impute wrongdoing has generated. No one has won from the long hearings—not McClellan, not McNamara, not the companies that competed for the contract.

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The Atlantic Report INDONESIA



INDONESIA today is mainly being spoken of in negative terms. It is economically broke. It is internationally aggressive and adventurist. It is politically enfeebled at home. It is ideologically far too flirtatious with Communism, for it not only hosts the largest Communist Party outside the bloc, but it has managed to obligate itself to the Soviet Union for some \$1 billion worth of military assistance. These opinions are held not only outside Indonesia but also at home.

Although not all of the charges are entirely true, there is considerable justification for them. And Indonesia did not help itself when in mid-September, to the dismay of its apologetic friends, it openly defied both the new Federation of Malaysia and the United Nations report on Malaysia, which Indonesia had promised to abide by. Indonesia vented its spleen on Britain, which it considers to be the *éminence grise* behind Malaysia, by allowing Djakarta mobs to put the new British Embassy to flames.

What has gone wrong in the eighteen years since Indonesia's revolution? Why should Indonesia, richly endowed with natural resources and population, be foundering so badly?

The answer always seems to be Sukarno, the sixty-two-year-old revolutionary leader and President of the republic. But Sukarno is so representative of his 100 million people that it could well be said that he sums up their virtues as well as their shortcomings. The Indonesians, in Sukarno's words, are still in a stage of "revolution." And with the power centers polarized in the Partai Kommunis Indonesia (P.K.I.) and the army, it is Sukarno's embrace which has had to hold his country together.

And he has held it together. The sprawling archipelago in the South China Sea is still under one flag despite two insurrections which were going on simultaneously and despite the fact that its Dutch colonial masters launched Indonesia into the world without educated leaders, without trained civil servants, without its own economists

and technicians to shepherd its vast resources in oil, rubber, tea, rice, timber, and untold and untapped mineral deposits.

Sukarno's unfinished revolution

Most public attention has centered on Sukarno's recent foreign excursions in Irian Barat and Malaysia. Irian Barat is West New Guinea, the western half of a very large island to the east of Indonesia which the Dutch used to share with Australia, lying just south of New Guinea. Irian Barat has bountiful supplies of high mountains, impenetrable jungles, and birds of paradise, but very few people. And the bulk of these, the Papuans, are no kin to the Malay stock from which the Indonesians come. But since Irian Barat was a part of the Dutch East Indies empire to which the Republic of Indonesia succeeded, the Indonesians wanted it too.

For Sukarno, West Irian became the unfinished part of the revolution. He tried peaceful negotiation with the Dutch, and that didn't work. He seized all Dutch properties, and that didn't work. Finally, he made his contract with the Soviets and acquired more modern military equipment than any other country in Asia, except perhaps Communist China. The jet fighters the Soviets furnished Indonesia with included some of the supersonic MIG-21s they never had let China have.

Thus equipped, Sukarno fueled up his new navy, started a few paratroop drops, and announced that Indonesia was now prepared to reclaim Irian Barat by force. The United States foresaw that the Soviets might jump in to help Indonesia in its war against the Dutch and that the United States would be asked to assist its NATO ally, the Netherlands. The United Nations was brought in, and Ellsworth Bunker, formerly the United States's troubleshooting ambassador in Italy, the Argentine, and India, was made a special representative by U Thant.

The matter was settled peacefully last fall, and a phase-out scheme devised for the Dutch to relinquish their authority in Irian Barat to the UN

“People feel they are *BETTER* people”

“Among the things I’m sure we tend to take most for granted (and thus to underrate) is the fact that readers regard exposure to GOOD HOUSEKEEPING as essentially a good thing—a positive aspect of their lives—a virtue *within themselves*.

All of us do a great variety of things, ranging from some known sins and derelictions to some actions of true altruism or self sacrifice. The former, unless purged, remain with us as sources of guilt feelings; and the latter, unless somehow spoiled, provide an inner glow of goodness or accomplishment (and ordinarily lead in turn to the performance of other good things). In such a broad spectrum of conduct, the reading of GOOD HOUSEKEEPING would be clearly within the area productive both of self-appreciation and of other, consequent, outer-directed actions.

I have no doubt that this is for the most part an unperceived and unexpressed attitude within readers, but its presence is repeatedly and unmistakably revealed in letters we receive, in patterns of response to editorial items we offer, and even in objections and protests directed against what readers regard as injuries to their subconscious concept of the magazine as an element of goodness in their own lives.

In sum, then, my first point is that *people feel they are better people* because of their reading of GOOD HOUSEKEEPING—and in fact it is probably true that many of them *are*.”

The above is an excerpt from an internal memorandum dated March 19, 1961, from Editor Wade Nichols to the editorial and advertising staffs of Good Housekeeping. Its purpose was to restate the basic editorial platform of the magazine. Good Housekeeping feels it provides an insight, possibly of public interest, into the magazine’s continuing editorial policies and functions as interpreted by its editor.



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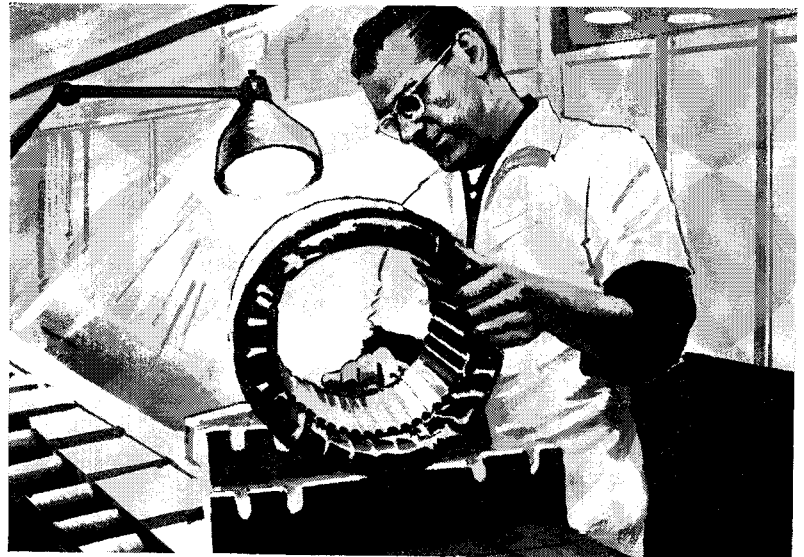
When you choose a General Electric product, a vital part of the value you get is efficient service at *your* convenience.

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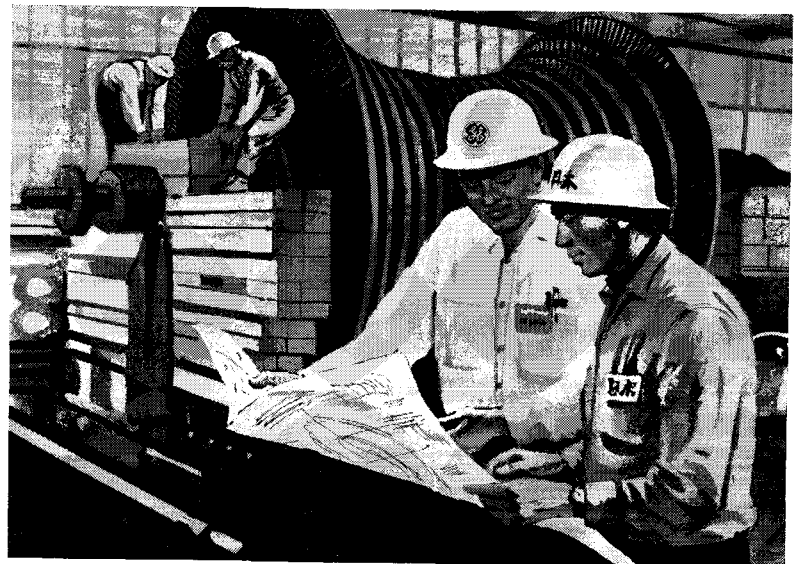
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Where to watch Shakespeare
performed →

1964 is Shakespeare's Year— and Britain invites you to some merry goings-on

Once every 100 years, Britain pays special homage to her greatest poet and playwright. His *four hundredth* birthday comes next year. Read about some of the dazzling celebrations and festivals you can enjoy. Then send for your free Shakespeare's Year Travel Kit.

BRTAIN is humming with preparations for the most spectacular birthday party in a hundred years. Shakespeare was born 400 years ago—on April 23, St. George's Day.

But his birthday is just the signal for *eight full months* of celebrations. Come and join in. Shakespeare's Year will be an international affair. You'll meet Shakespeare-lovers from all over the world.

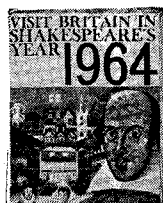
The *variety* of celebrations is astonishing. Towns in England, Scotland, Wales and northern Ireland are putting on special plays or festivals. You could tour Britain for ten days and discover a *special event every day*. Here are just a few.

"Othello" with Olivier

In London, Sir Laurence Olivier will play *Othello* with the new National Theatre Company. From May through July, you can see *Macbeth* and *The Tempest* on an Elizabethan stage in the Mermaid Theatre by the River Thames.

And on summer evenings, the glades of Regent's Park will ring with alarums and excursions from *Henry V*.

Even London's music will have a Shakespearean lilt. The Covent Garden Opera Company is presenting Britten's *A Midsummer Night's Dream*, and Verdi's *Macbeth*, *Otello* and *Falstaff*.



Outside of London, you can enjoy *Richard II* at the Shakespeare Festival in Lincoln. See *Richard III* or *Antony and Cleopatra* in Bristol. And watch folk dancers "foot it featly" in Elizabethan villages.

Seven-month season at Stratford

But the heart of the celebrations will be Shakespeare's own Stratford. The Season of Plays will run for *seven months*. There will also be a poetry festival at Hall's Croft, home of Shakespeare's daughter; and a Shakespeare Exhibition on the banks of the Avon. This will review the poet's life against a backdrop of Elizabethan art treasures, relics and curios.

Look at the opposite page for more dates and facts on what you can see and do in Shakespeare's Year. Then write to one of the addresses below for a free Shakespeare's Year Travel Kit.

Free travel kit

It includes this 16-page illustrated booklet about the celebrations, also gives tips on car rental, sightseeing and prices.

Study your kit, then see your travel agent. Tell him where you want to go, and what you want to see. Ask him to make your reservations *early*, while there's still a good choice of festival seats and accommodations.

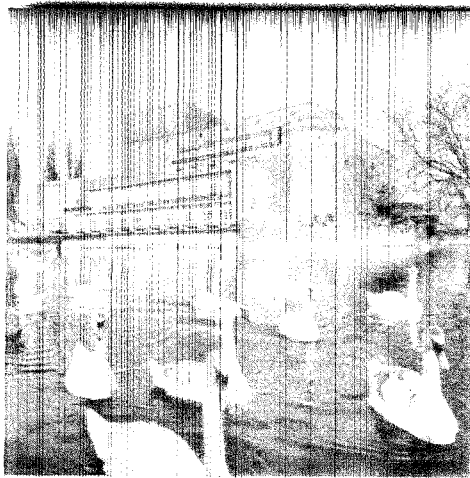


Quick guide to Shakespeare's
favorite haunts →

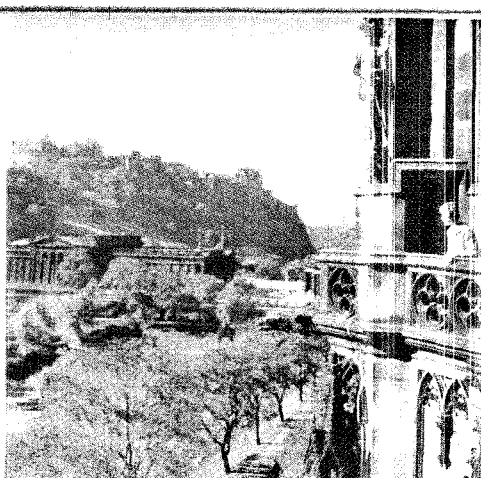


How to tour Shakespeare's
Britain →

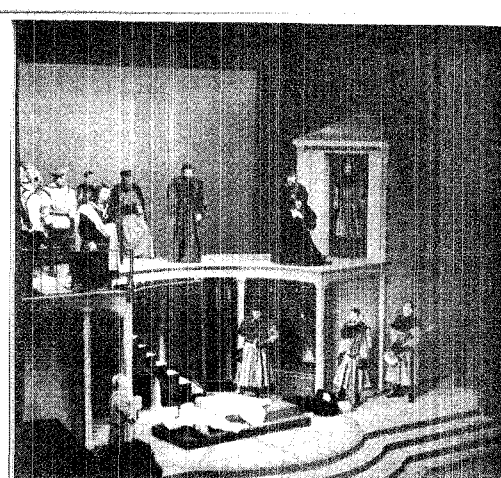
For free Shakespeare's Year Travel Kit, see your travel agent or write Box 532, British Travel Association,
In New York—680 Fifth Ave.; In Los Angeles—612 So. Flower St.; In Chicago—39 So. LaSalle St.; In Canada—151 Bloor St. West, Toronto.



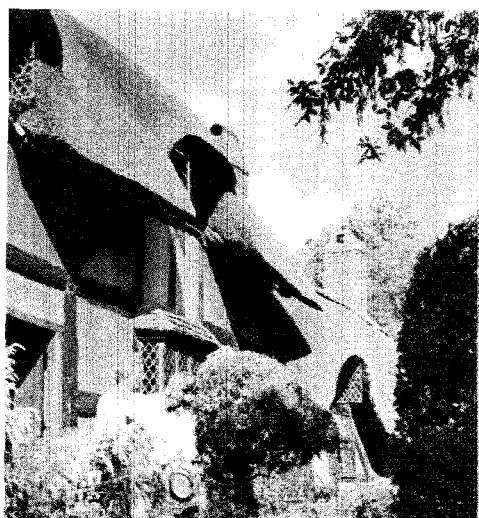
STRATFORD From August 1 through November 23, the Swan Shakespeare Theatre (above) will stage *Henry V*, *Henry IV* (Parts 1 and 2) and *Richard II*. Seat prices start at 56 cents.



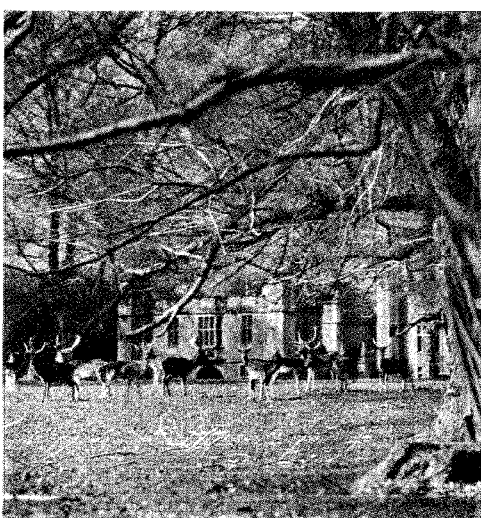
EDINBURGH The Scots are putting on Europe's grandest festival at Edinburgh (Aug. 16-Sept. 5). It's a heady blend of Shakespeare, concerts, ballet—even a floodlit military tattoo.



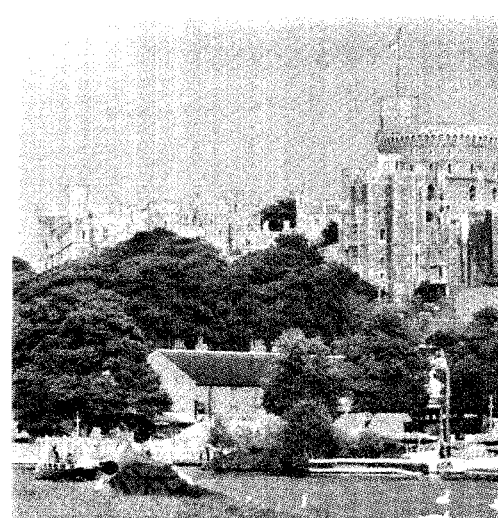
ALL AROUND BRITAIN You can see Shakespeare productions at Lincoln, Cheltenham, Salisbury and Pitlochry. London's Aldwych Theatre will be host to six international companies.



WHERE HE COURTED This is Anne Hathaway's cottage, a mile from Stratford. For 84 cents, you can buy a ticket that admits you to the cottage and six other places linked with Shakespeare.



WHERE HE POACHED Legend says that young Shakespeare was arrested for poaching Sir Thomas Lucy's deer in Charlecote Park (above). Admission to house and park is 35 cents.



WHERE HE ACTED Shakespeare and his players performed for Queen Elizabeth at Windsor Castle (above). You can also visit London's Middle Temple, where he acted in *Twelfth Night*.



RENT A CAR It's the fancy-free way to explore Britain's wiggly lanes and Elizabethan villages. You can rent a four-seater for about \$56 a week, insurance, gas and mileage included.



STAY AT INNS This is the Falstaff at Canterbury—haven for pilgrims since 1403. Many inns offer bed and breakfast from \$3.75. Lunch of English cheese and ale costs about 40 cents.



GO IN SPRING You'll be welcomed by flowers and pageantry (above, London in April). And you can catch the opening of Shakespeare's Year while roads and inns are still uncrowded.



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Report on Indonesia

and the UN, in turn, to the Indonesians. Under the terms, Indonesia is obliged to hold a plebiscite by 1969 and to abide by the wishes of the Papuans.

Flurry in Brunei

With Irian Barat settled in Indonesia's favor, Sukarno presumably was left free to concentrate on his country's internal problems. And he might have, had there not been the flurry of an attempted coup in the tiny, oil-rich sultanate of Brunei last December.

Indonesia owns the southern two thirds of the island of Borneo, because that area was the territorial limit of the old Dutch East Indies. The rest was divided among British North Borneo (Sabah), British Sarawak, and British-protected Brunei. Indonesia was not pleased at all when it was first announced that these territories were to be incorporated in a Federation of Malaysia, along with Malaya and Singapore, for it would have meant pre-empting for all time any territorial ambitions Indonesia might have had toward the northern third of Borneo. But since these territories were moving from colonial status to independence as they federated, Indonesia, a world leader in the fight against the remnants of colonialism, was constrained to keep quiet.

Its opportunity came in Brunei's attempted coup, when a political leader named Sheikh A. M. Azahari tried to take power away from the sultan and to prevent Brunei from entering a Federation of Malaysia. Azahari had been educated in Indonesia and at the time of the coup was in refuge in the Philippines. When the coup was attempted, and the British troops summoned by the sultan to suppress it, Philippine President Diosdado Macapagal suddenly resurrected an old territorial claim to British North Borneo. And Macapagal put the Philippines on record as opposed to Malaysia because it might pre-empt this claim.

Then, when Malaya, with its long antipathy to Sukarno's Indonesia, started blaming the Indonesians for the Brunei coup attempt, Sukarno took advantage of both this accusa-

tion and the Philippine opposition and put Indonesia on record as opposed to Malaysia. He called it a device by the British to maintain their colonial hold on Southeast Asia, an accusation not without some substance.

The British, although anxious to unload their remaining Borneo colonies in some graceful way, were just as anxious to retain their last main naval base in Singapore. The opposition to Malaysia then shifted from Brunei to Sarawak, which actually borders Indonesian Borneo (Kalimantan). Border incidents began last spring.

The United States, foreseeing another unnecessary war in Southeast Asia, started offering its good offices. And the Philippines' Macapagal decided to switch his emphasis from claimant to peacemaker and postpone his country's territorial claim to North Borneo until the Federation of Malaysia had been established.

Economic headaches

The Indonesians cannot ignore the fact that the foreign excursions are indeed distractions from their essential problem — economic reform. For more years than the Western classicists like to admit, Indonesia has been defying economic law and getting away with it. Again and again come the dire predictions that this country, with its fantastic wealth in natural resources, is going broke through needless spending, irresponsible disregard of the production capacity bequeathed it by the Dutch, and graft and corruption. Again and again the seven out of ten Indonesians who live in the countryside ignore a cash economy merely by reaching into a tree for a banana or into a stream for a fish, and smile their way through. But now even Indonesians think their luck may be running out.

Indonesia negotiated with the Soviet Union for some \$1 billion worth of military equipment in order to prepare for the battle for Irian Barat, which never had to be fought; it has other obligations to both East and West for economic aid. This year alone, Indonesia, whose foreign exchange earnings now are down to \$600 to \$700 million a year, should be paying back some \$200 million just to satisfy the interest and princi-

It All Began With Myrrh From The Land of Punt



There was great tumult at the landing stage of Abusir in ancient Egypt. Sahure's ship had just come in. And all the busybodies, nay-sayers and doom-seers who had predicted failure for this most daring of Pharaoh's expeditions, were confounded. For the ship had indeed sailed the remote Red Sea, always in danger of serpent or storm, to fill Pharaoh's order for myrrh. Only in the dark and mysteriously fragrant land of Punt did the exotic myrrh tree grow, from whose resins the world's first perfume was made. 80,000 measures of myrrh were unloaded, and it was said Pharaoh Sahure gave the most precious part to his beloved Queen.

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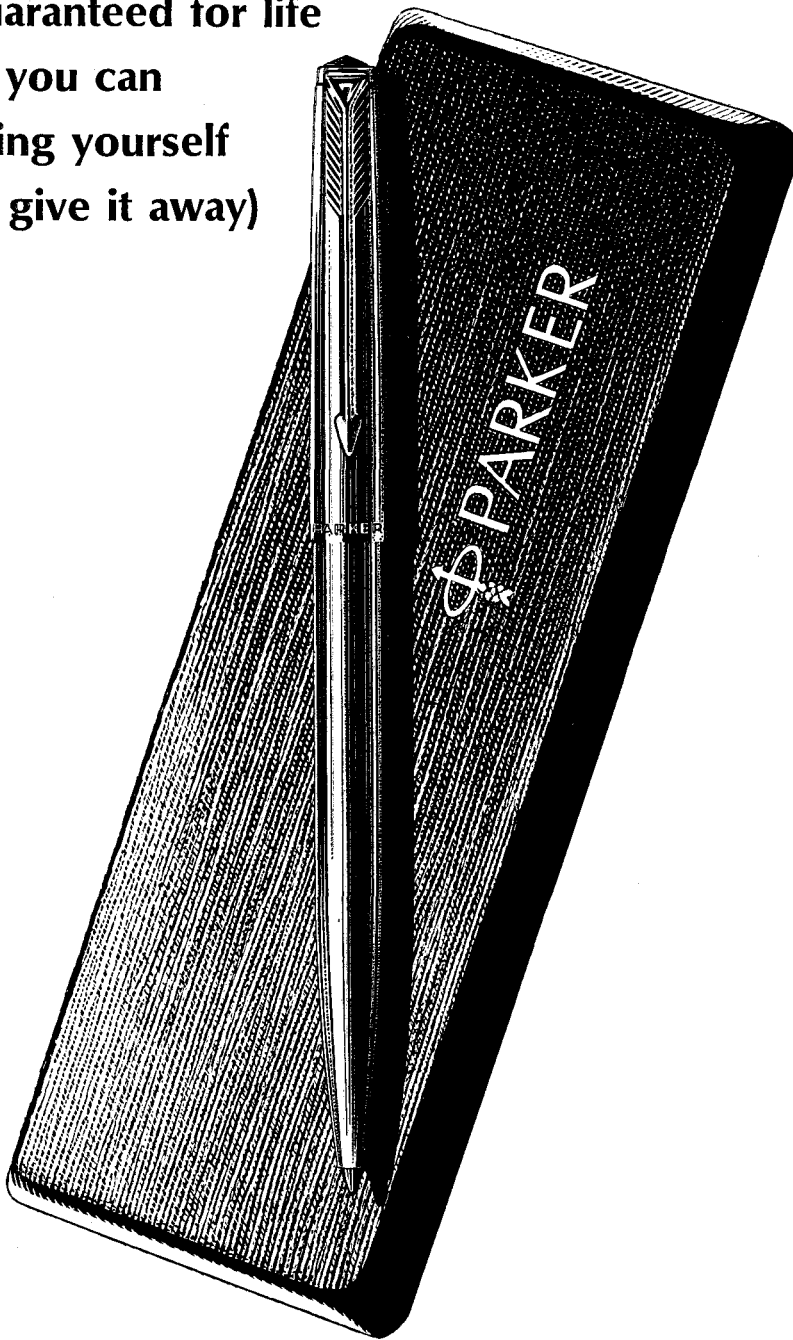
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Report on Indonesia

pal due on its foreign debts. Government employees have found the inflated rupiah worth so little they are obliged to leave the office immediately after signing the attendance roll and seek odd jobs elsewhere during the rest of the day.

Rice, which used to be a surplus crop, now has to be imported; and the government has fallen way behind in its promised price-guaranteed rations of basic commodities. Production is at a trickle; exports have decreased seriously; and the government is trying to crack down on the smuggling of existing exports to Singapore, which until now has deprived Indonesia of its proper foreign-exchange return.

Last March, the United States, in order to encourage Indonesia's economically responsible officials, made a special \$17 million grant to purchase vitally needed raw materials and spare parts to help some of Indonesia's factories start working again. Almost simultaneously, President Sukarno signed a contract to pay \$19 million in cash to buy three luxury jet airliners and obviate the need for chartering Pan-American clippers for his worldwide jaunts.

In March, also, Sukarno dedicated the site in Djakarta of a fourteen-story department store which is to have air conditioning, escalators, elevators, counters for purchasing automobiles, and links to branch stores around Djakarta and throughout Indonesia. The Japanese, who are to foot the bill through war reparation credits, were notified only after the dedication. It was Japanese reparation credit which also helped build Djakarta's fifteen-story, air-conditioned Hotel Indonesia, as luxurious as any hotel in Asia. Now four more hotels are being planned for other parts of Indonesia.

Last year, Indonesia dedicated a \$17 million complex of stadiums and sports arenas, a gift of the Soviet Union. This year, Sukarno is having a city recreation park built outside Djakarta which will require some \$3 million in foreign exchange.

But while Sukarno permitted these showpiece projects and the expendi-

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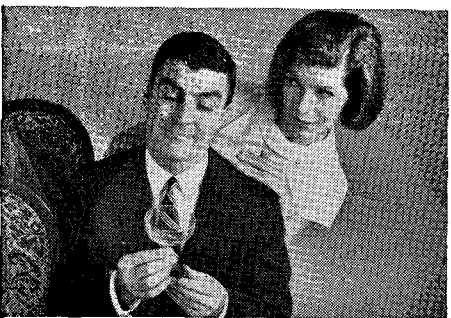
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Report on Indonesia

ture of scarce foreign-exchange reserves, he also decided to delegate responsibility for an economic stabilization program to his trusted First Minister, Djuanda Kartawidjaja, a personally unambitious, dedicated, but ailing former civil engineer. Djuanda saw to it that an economic stabilization plan was introduced in line with some previously ignored recommendations by the International Monetary Fund. The plan included a virtually balanced budget, tight monetary control, new and more realistic rates of exchange, increases of from 300 to 500 percent in utility and transportation rates to make them more reflective of their true costs, and a sharp curtailment of price controls and government subsidies.

Aid from the United States

The I.M.F. was sufficiently impressed to approve a \$50 million emergency loan. The United States then began talks with its colleagues on the Development Assistance Committee to try to raise the additional \$250 million it is estimated Indonesia will need by next summer just to stabilize its economy.

Why was the Kennedy Administration so determined to bail out Indonesia? Because Administration officials were convinced that Sukarno, despite his periodic and infuriating aggressive gambits, had made a basic policy change to link his country more with the West. They also were convinced that unless Sukarno got some friendly nod from the West he would not be able to make his change in policy stick against the opposition of the Communist Party.

The Western oil companies

The Kennedy Administration has had another reason for rationalizing future help to Sukarno. Last June some Washington troubleshooters visited Sukarno while he was vacationing in Tokyo and came away with a tidy solution to the future operations of the Western oil companies in Indonesia. Until that moment, it looked as if Indonesia might nationalize the vast holdings on Sumatra of America's Caltex Pacific, jointly owned by Standard Oil of California and the Texaco

Company; of Standard Vacuum Petroleum, jointly owned by Standard Oil of New Jersey and Socony Mobil; as well as those of Shell Indonesia, a unit of the Royal Dutch Shell group registered under a Canadian company.

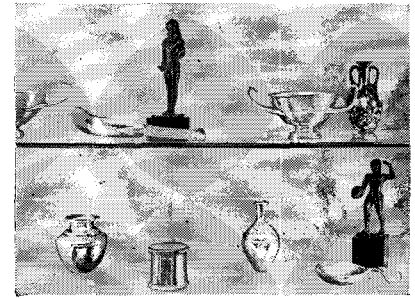
Under the Dutch, the three Western oil companies had enjoyed a fifty-fifty split of their profits with the government, and, according to Sukarno's powerful Minister of Basic Industries and Mining, Chairul Saleh, they had resisted all pleas to modify this formula as impossible. Along came an "independent," Standard Oil of Indiana's Pan-American Indonesia Oil Company, which in June of 1962 had signed a thirty-year contract with the Indonesian government promising to split profits sixty-forty in Indonesia's favor, to invest \$28 million in exploration, and to pay another \$10 million in bonuses. The three majors suddenly found they could agree to Indonesia's sixty-forty demand. But Pan-American was looked upon as such a saboteur that the general manager of at least one of the majors threatened to fire any employee seen talking to a Pan-American associate.

And once the three majors did agree to a sixty-forty split, Minister Saleh raised the ante and asked the companies to advance dollars to Indonesia to help it operate, maintain, and expand the company refineries and distribution facilities it gradually will be taking over in the years to come. The companies and the government immediately deadlocked, with each side convinced it had gone as far as it could.

The deadlock lasted for many months; and as long as it continued, the companies kept production to a minimum, the government held off on granting new exploration rights, and economically depressed Indonesia, whose main source of foreign exchange comes from these oil revenues, found itself losing money at the rate of \$50 million a year. Luckily, the Kennedy Administration found a team of troubleshooters who knew both how to gain Sukarno's confidence and how to confront the oil companies with the hidden profits they had not wanted to mention. The matter was settled last summer with both sides apparently satisfied.

Great Private Collections

Macmillan



Left. This 1925 oil-on-canvas by Pablo Picasso is from the collection of Samuel Marx. It is so strikingly different from the 1941 Picasso in the Winston collection or the 1905 canvas belonging to Albert Lasker that one finds it difficult to realize that all three were painted by the same artist. Center. *La Résistance inutile*... Jean Honoré Fragonard's charcoal sketch with wash is a superb example of the freedom and spontaneity that

the great artists of the 18th century got into their drawings. From the Davray collection. Right. A group of ancient Greek, Etruscan and Roman bronzes, silver and pottery from the Walter C. Baker collection. The Baker collection also includes a curious self-portrait of the young Edgar Degas which hints at the high style of draftsmanship that the artist later developed. Nearly 100 artists are represented in these 26 private collections.

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FOR the past dozen years, billions of lire and some of Italy's best brainpower have been lavished on the rocky lands and people of the Mezzogiorno. Centuries of poverty and exploitation have given Southern Italy a crushing inheritance of ignorance, suspicion, and apathy, but there now exists a proved blueprint showing how to tackle the worldwide problem of the have-nots.

While the Italian North, centered in Milan and Turin, booms with unprecedented prosperity, the South remains Italy's poor relation. Its borders can be delineated by drawing a line across the peninsula near Rome, slanting to the north as it goes east. All the lands to the south of that line the Italians call "Il Mezzogiorno" ("the Mid-day"), although no one seems to know exactly why. This is the country of Reggio, Catanzaro, Taranto, Potenza, Foggia, Ortara, Cassino — the heartbreak country well remembered by World War II veterans. It includes, statistically, the two large islands of Sicily and Sardinia with their combined populations of six million.

Forty percent of Italy's fifty million still live in the South. It still provides 65 percent of the nation's births and most of its emigrants. The government claims that the total income of the South has jumped 67.7 percent over the past decade. But a fully employed waiter, a shop assistant, or a barman still makes only \$50 a month. Boys of twelve and under working full time get 1000 lire a month — about \$1.40; in some bars and restaurants they work for tips alone. New state apartments outside Taranto rent for \$10 a month; spaghetti costs around eleven cents a pound.

Assault on poverty

Psychologically, the sense of guilt that bothers the rich Northerners and the vote-conscious politicians in Rome probably paved the way for the assault on the South's poverty that began in 1950. Earlier scatter-gun efforts had been made to uplift the South. One of the most useful acts of Mussolini's career was to begin draining the Abruzzi marshes to drive out the malaria mosquito. One of his worst was his national baby derby, which gave

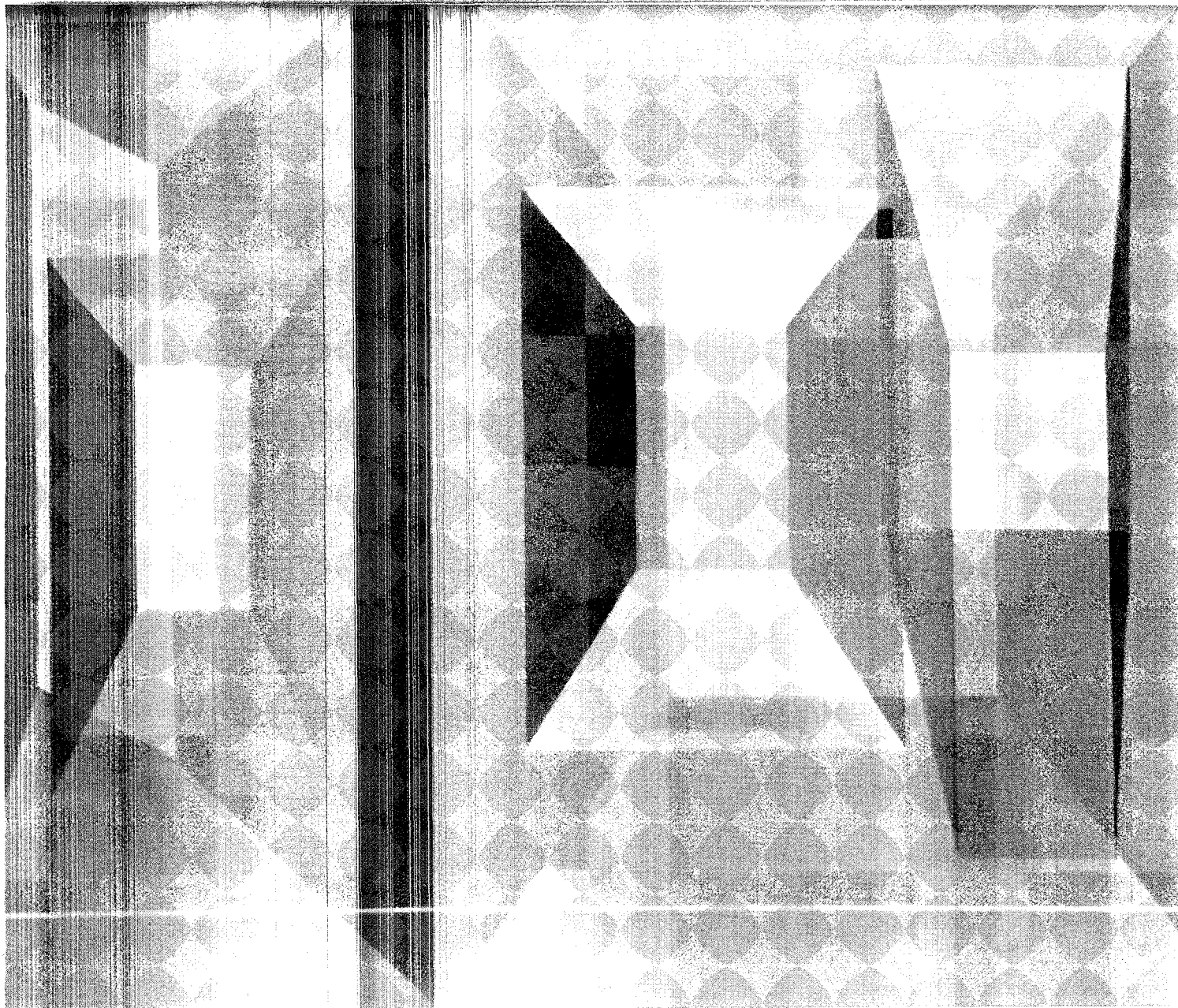
the South just that many more mouths than it could feed. One woman had twenty-one children for Il Duce.

It was not until the factories of Northern Italy, like those in West Germany, France, and the Netherlands, retooled with American help and moved into top gear after the war that the Italian treasury finally began to accumulate enough money to give substance to the dreams for the rebirth of the South. Membership in the European Coal and Steel Community from 1950 on was a boon, and the Common Market a blessing. Over a ten-year period Italian exports rose 119.7 percent — autos and scooters, fertilizers, chemicals, plastics, synthetic rubber, precision instruments, steel tubes, Gina Lollobrigida and Sophia Loren. Industrial production rose 75.3 percent, and agriculture 32.2 percent. Italy's gold and foreign currency reserves, at last official count, stood at \$3,313,000,000, topped internationally only by those of West Germany and the United States.

The money was going into the bank, and the spur of pride, or guilt, forced Italy to tackle the problem of the South at long last. The first act was perhaps the most significant of all. The Italians faced up to the facts: the South *was* isolated, the people *were* backward, and no amount of handouts would ever reverse the situation. They laid down as a basic principle that the economic and social progress of the South must be promoted not only in the interests of the South but to the benefit of the whole country.

The Bank for the South

As with all political dreams, the plans had to be shaped within political realities. Certain powerful landowning interests had to be catered to; sops had to be thrown to ward off the Reds; a Vatican anxious to keep its firm grip on the unsophisticated peasantry had to be mollified. The core of the scheme that finally, and almost miraculously, survived the ward heeling and string-pulling was La Cassa per il Mezzogiorno, "the Bank for the South," set up as a publicly owned corporation in August, 1950.



Perspective

The painting above was based on research in optical phenomena. The more you study it, the more the masses seem to change, the forms to advance and recede in space.

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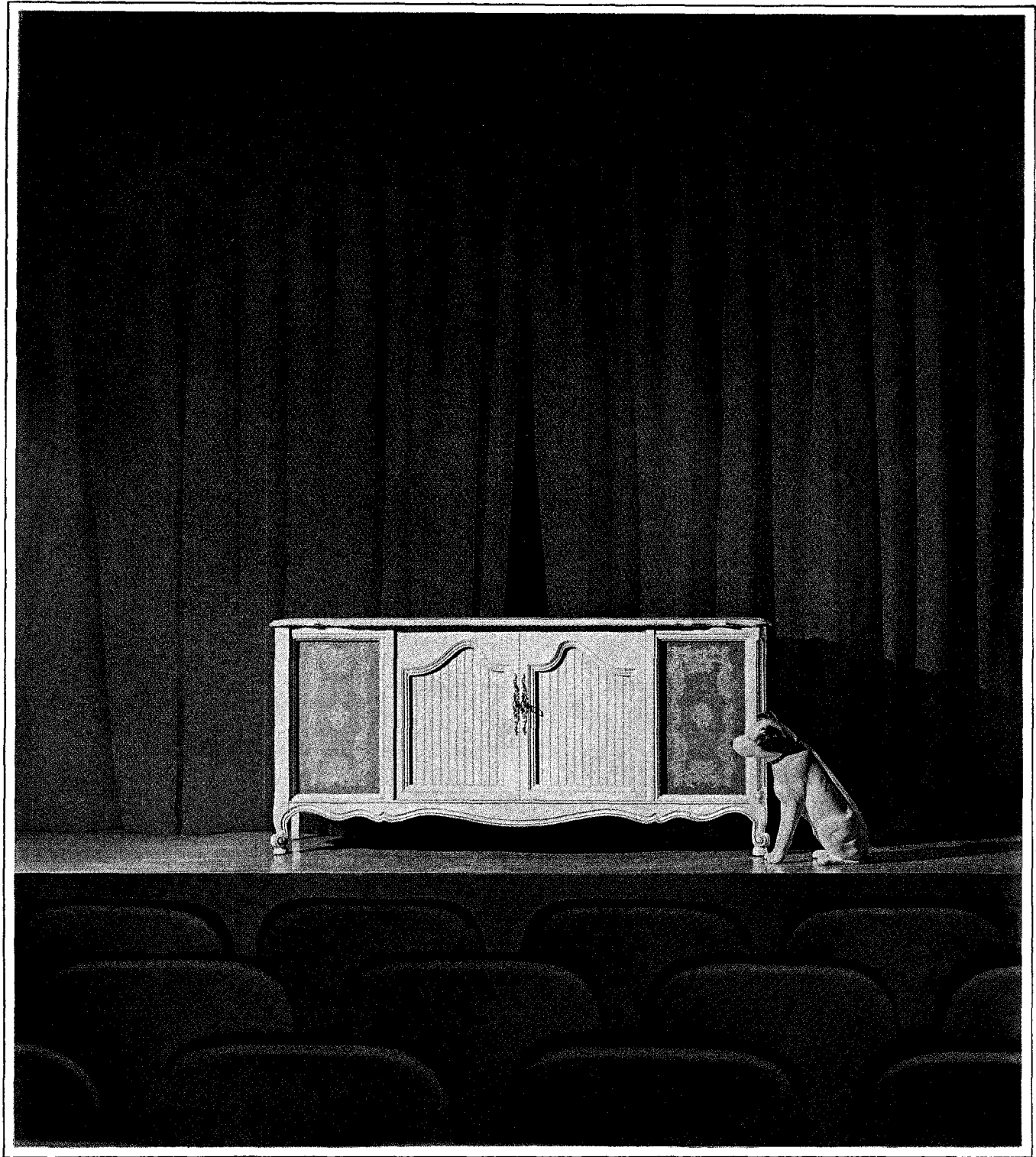
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Report on Southern Italy

Its full name, ten words in all, is seldom seen, but in translation reads: "Fund for Extraordinary Projects of Public Interest in Southern Italy." The words were most carefully chosen by men well aware of the jealousies and pitfalls of Italian politics.

Dozens of agencies and government departments were already, on the face of it, busy tinkering with the Southern problem. The Cassa could deem "extraordinary" just about anything not being done well enough. It could construe the words "of public interest" in the broadest sense — beyond the confines of, say, normal or traditional public works.

Inevitably, political party watchdogs were posted to make sure the Cassa did not zoom off the runway. The entire development plan for the South — at least, the political responsibility for it — is in the hands of a special Committee of Ministers for the South. But in fact the concrete plans are drafted and executed by the Cassa, under its director-general, Dr. Francesco Coscia.

The Cassa's flexible plans

One of the Cassa's secret weapons is its flexibility. Pigeonholes in Rome are full of plans, some of them powerfully backed, to solve the Southern problem. The Cassa does not fight them; it joins them and, while often publicly protesting the contrary, takes them over. Where the letter of the law is restrictive, the Cassa men push gently but relentlessly. For instance, when the Ministry of Education balked at sending teachers to new schools opened in land-reform areas, Cassa money was quietly used to pay teachers' salaries, and the ministry had no choice but to come across.

Credit and finance are, of course, the Cassa's main realms. As its lawful life was extended from the original ten to the present fifteen years, and its basic funds from the original 1000 billion lire to the present 2107 billion lire, plus another 212 billion earmarked for special projects, the Cassa's efforts were channeled into aqueducts and sewers, land reclamation and land-use transformation, roads and civil buildings, new industry, tourism, fisheries, vocational

training, handicrafts, and social welfare.

Even Italy's rising national revenues could not stand the total strain, and the Cassa was empowered to raise loans abroad (total, \$365 million), mainly to help finance industrial projects. For although the South was, and is still, overwhelmingly agricultural (cereals, vegetables, citrus fruits, olives, wine and table grapes), the Cassa planners know that only big industry can possibly hope to absorb the surplus manpower leaning on the pillars of every market-town piazza.

Criticism mounted in the early years as Cassa funds were swallowed by infrastructure investments that could not of themselves return a single lira — farm-to-market roads, catchment dams, power poles, rail spurs. Mussolini had made the trains run on time, but they ran through villages that had never seen a telephone. The Cassa stuck to its guns; it was not shooting for spectacular success; it was determined to try to build a self-sustaining economic mechanism.

The Communists yelled that the reforms were just a capitalist blind and alleged that the Cassa was a *cacio*, a cheese to be sliced up by the *aristocrazia*. When an Italian newspaperman, with no love for the ruling Christian Democrats, was asked if much graft had been siphoned off, he answered tartly, "About what you'd expect in an American state. No more."

This man has become uneasy about what he calls "doctrinaire socialism" among the Cassa's crusaders. Even the passing observer can glimpse a certain ruthlessness behind the reformers. If a new smallholder on expropriated land wants to grow grapes, as his family has done since the days of Augustus, and the planners suggest he grow artichokes, he grows artichokes.

Industry looks southward

Around the halfway stage of the master plan, industry began to move south — not nearly enough of it, but some. The Cassa claims that for every 100 lire it has provided to encourage industry, 1000 lire have been provided by private investment. Apart from major state-owned pro-

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Report on Southern Italy

ects, like the steel plant at Taranto, which has contracted its output to Russia, and the Italian private giants, like Montecatini (chemicals) and Pozzi (sanitation equipment), foreign firms have established the new plants: Remington Rand in Naples, the Reed Paper group in Cassino, Radio Corporation of America with a \$25 million investment.

There are other American firms which have established plants in the Mezzogiorno — Gulf and Esso, Union Carbide, Raytheon, Sunbeam, Willy's, Rheem International, Thomas Electronic, Pfizer, Abbott Laboratories. Employment in industry in the South has risen by 7 percent.

But the South will be living off the land for at least a generation yet. Over the last decade, the percentage of the Southern labor force employed, however irregularly, in agriculture has dropped only 8 percent, from 51 to 43 percent. (The overall Common Market average is 27 percent; in the United States it is 12 percent.)

Plans to rationalize and improve agriculture are absorbing half of all Cassa funds. Where is the money going? It is expected that 1,360,000 new acres will be irrigated by 1965. The target of 5000 miles of access roads is near realization. Almost 100,000 new four-room farmhouses have been built with Cassa subsidies. Only 138 communities out of 2638 covered by the Cassa's operations had adequate water and sewage systems in 1950; now 1115 communities with a total of five million inhabitants have been serviced. In the most backward areas, where illiteracy, near or total, was as high as 75 percent, the Cassa has helped build 3300 primary schools and kindergartens, eighty agricultural vocational schools, ninety-five industrial vocational training schools.

With many of the benefits of long-term capital investment still promised, the Cassa already claims healthy crop increases in the South. In the last complete report, wheat was up 18 percent, corn up 50, tomatoes up 52, peaches up 58, vines up 22, and olives up an astonishing



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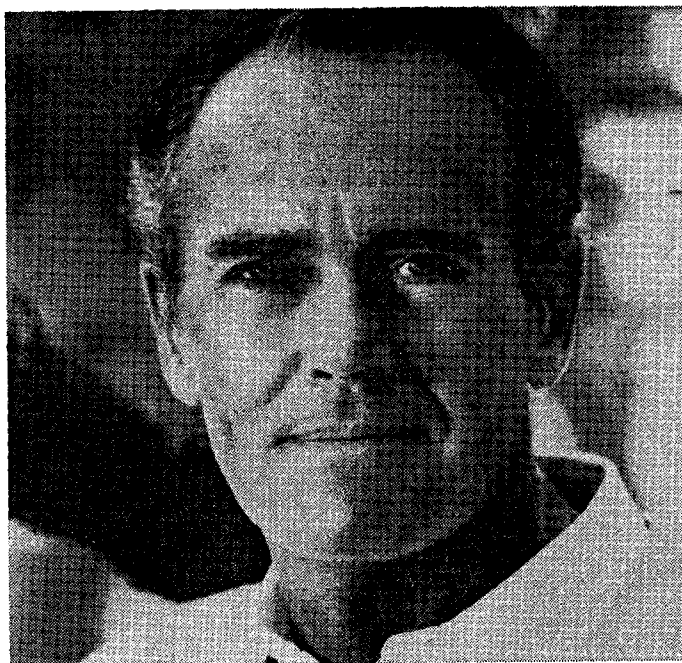
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Report on Southern Italy

75 percent. Since 1950, funds granted as farm-improvement loans in the South have multiplied no fewer than fourteen times.

Land reform

Most controversial of all the projects for Southern redevelopment has been the "agrarian reform," a polite term for land expropriation and resettlement. The Bank for the South has contributed 208 million lire to this plan. Altogether, two million acres of some of the world's worst farmland were expropriated from large estates, with fair compensation, and eventually distributed in small parcels, averaging fourteen and a half acres, to a total of 109,000 peasant families.

The Italian constitution blandly states that children must attend school until they are fourteen, and the government last year agreed to provide free schoolbooks for children up to that age level. It is a sad sort of joke in most of the Mezzogiorno. Government critics claim that at least three times as many schools are required throughout the South to provide places for even the present six-to-eleven age group. Teachers are very scarce; even wealthy Milan found it was fifty teachers short recently.

When working-class schoolboys reach the accepted, if not official, leaving age of twelve, many of them go on to the labor market as cheap replacements for unskilled adult workers. Cynical employers snap them up and turn their backs on the unemployed men, who stooge along to the Communist street meetings. Teen-age girls from the Southern villages run away to the North by the thousands. They are seeking husbands with good jobs in the auto or petrochemical plants, but some of them end up in the new "expense-account" brothels or as free lances on the neon-bright streets of Milan.

These blunt truths and opinions need emphasis to keep the present-day facts of life in Southern Italy clearly in focus against the dazzling promise of the future. But that future is no longer a shoulder-shrugging millennium away.

Coming in the

December ATLANTIC

THE SUPREME COURT and ITS CRITICS

by Judge Irving R. Kaufman

For more than two decades Americans have been turning to the Supreme Court for relief on moral issues which might have been adjusted had the state legislatures been willing to act. This expanding role of the Court goes to the very core of our democratic traditions.

EPIDEMIC of GOOSEFLESH

by Gerald W. Johnson

Periodically, a demagogue arises to give us gooseflesh. Huey Long came much closer than McCarthy to winning a national majority, but even the Kingfish fell short of the mark. Is another attack coming? Or has our political maturity granted us a measure of immunity?

and a new Atlantic Supplement BERLIN: The Broken City

Berlin has been a divided city ever since the war. When the Wall went up in August of 1961, the rupture threatened the future of the city. What is life like in East and West Berlin today? To answer that question the *Atlantic* called upon a lieutenant of the border guards, an editor of East German textbooks, and Günter Grass, the most distinguished of the Berlin novelists; and we have included articles about the political cabarets, about confused young Germans, and about Berlin's economic future.

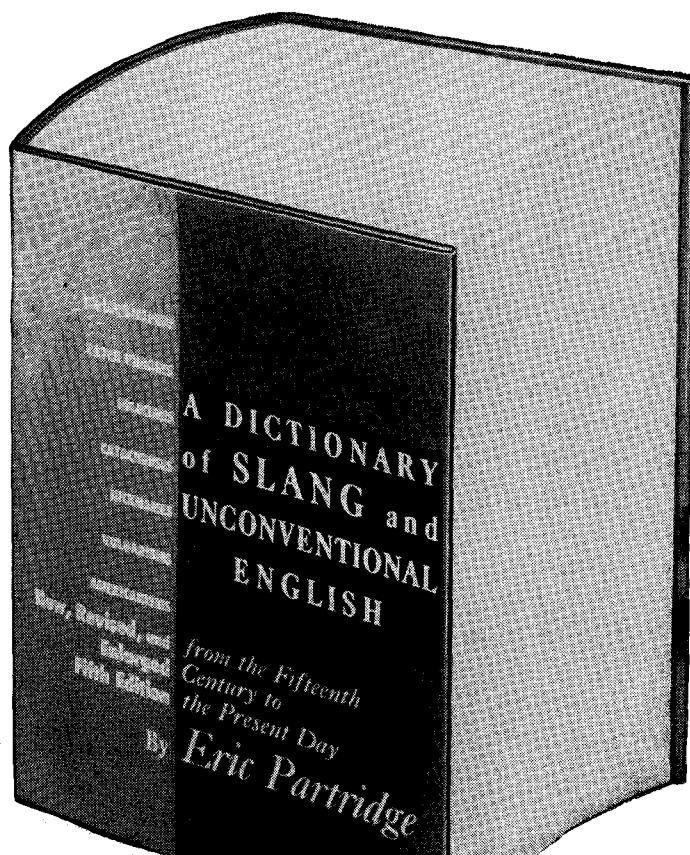


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Atlantic Repartee

LETTERS TO AND FROM THE EDITOR



Frost confronts Khrushchev

SIR:

F. D. Reeve's account, "Robert Frost Confronts Khrushchev" (September *Atlantic*), presents ample reason for mistrusting the late Mr. Frost's qualifications as diplomatic emissary. As a private citizen having an audience with a chief of state, Mr. Frost had a perfect right to expound his political views in as "irreverential" a manner as he saw fit. However, since it appears that President Kennedy had requested the late poet to formally "represent the United States in a cultural exchange" with Russia, and since Mr. Frost then subordinated his appointed role to that of world-problem solver, I feel that the poet subsequently proved himself to be a poor choice.

My criticism in this letter is not aimed at Mr. Frost's skill as a poet, nor at the pattern of conservatism he represents so completely. Rather, I am merely expressing my personal distaste for a man in the position of Mr. Frost who, on one hand, worries "about the moral quality" of political leaders while, on the other hand, summarily dismissing more than one half of the world's population as inconsequential in today's affairs. ("Frost . . . said the Chinese and Africans amounted to nothing in the structure of the world. . . .") Mr. Frost's "simplicity," so admired by Mr. Reeve, renders a disservice to the United States when he asserts that "the next one hundred years belong" to the "two giants of the world," Russia and the United States; that force is a necessity in order to "maintain control, to preserve pride, to assert tradition." I

have grave doubts for the prospect of world peace if sentiments of such exclusivity and rigid nationalism are promulgated as semi-official American policy.

It was understandable that the "venerated" and laconic Mr. Frost desired to see "the man in charge" over in Russia, but I deeply hope that conversations such as that which Mr. Reeve records occur only rarely.

HELEN STEINFELD
North Bergen, N. J.

SIR:

Of the many tributes being paid this year to Robert Frost, Professor F. D. Reeve's article, "Robert Frost Confronts Khrushchev," seems most worthy of him.

Reeve's version of the meeting of Frost and Khrushchev is both dramatic and historic. He lets us see how Frost felt when he could not get up from his bed to go to Khrushchev, and one is also moved at Khrushchev's coming to the little inn at Gagra to talk to an old and dying man.

"Robert Frost Confronts Khrushchev" is one of those memorabilia about the dead poet that will not be easily forgotten.

ELIZABETH JACOBSON
Cleveland, Ohio

Old and country tale

SIR:

Recently I renewed my subscription, and receiving the *Atlantic* again was like meeting an old friend, with one exception. In the August issue I read, with disgust, a story by Shirley W. Schoonover, "Old and Country Tale," which could have been

charming had the writer not seen fit to dish up a generous portion of sex in a very repulsive manner. Is subtlety passé? Has the *Atlantic* been swept by that tidal wave of bad taste which has inundated so many publications? What is more frightening, have the readers of this excellent magazine shown an appreciation for the type of story in question?

LOLA B. REESE
Houston, Tex.

SIR:

How rewarding, in an *Atlantic* dominated by space and race, as was the August issue, to find Shirley Schoonover's story.

HOPE LEECH
Chicago, Ill.

"I, personally . . ."

SIR:

I deplore the purpose and apparent power of the Rand Corporation ("The Rand Corporation and Our Policy Makers" by Saul Friedman, September *Atlantic*), as I do the underlying political philosophy which informs us that our national security depends upon our ability to instill in other nations the fear of our military might. The Soviet appellation "Academy of Death and Destruction" is not funny if we ask ourselves, with what is Rand concerned?

The memorandum of General H. H. Arnold, to which Rand traces its origin, states a self-contradictory purpose: "to assist in avoiding future national peril and winning the next war." The assumption of a next war is a negation of our hope of avoiding future national peril; the idea that such a war might be with-



The World is so full of a number of Things...never before has it been so essential that we have an understanding of the interrelatedness of all living organisms. Recognizing this need, the American Institute of Biological Sciences has developed entirely new approaches to the teaching of high school biology. One of the important new texts, known as the Green Version, stresses current ecological problems. It is published by Rand McNally.

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out peril and that anyone might win is ridiculous.

CHARLES H. MEACHAM
Los Angeles, Calif.

SIR:

I enjoyed reading Dr. Samuel A. Levine's astute "Exercise and Heart Disease" (July *Atlantic*). As one who has passed fifty and who still loves exercise, I felt a great personal concern when I read it. I don't want to argue with Dr. Levine's conclusions, but I do want to introduce the thought that there may be other reasons for exercise besides exercise. Isn't most exercise that many of us indulge in after fifty the kind that furnishes us a change of pace, a recharging of the intellectual and spiritual batteries? Doesn't it stimulate our minds just as much as our bloodstreams? Of course we should learn to take it more moderately, but I pray that doctors won't tell me to give it up. In the winter I ski, in spring I go kayaking on the swollen rivers, in summer I fly-fish, and in the autumn I climb mountains. I swear that all of these forms of exercise do more for my mind than for my body.

JOHN S. HOLDEN
Carbondale, Colo.

SIR:

When Stewart Beach says, in "Higher Banking" (September Accent on Living), "the only place I have ever been charged for cashing an American Express check was in Savannah, Georgia," his friends will realize that this good luck must be due entirely to his personal charm.

In Europe this year I did not cash a single American Express check without having to pay a one percent service charge, which with the one percent charged for the checks when they were purchased made a total of two percent, or \$35 for \$1750 worth of checks.

ALEX FAULKNER
New York City

SIR:

Maxwell Geismar's "The Wings of the Dove: Or, False Gold" (August *Atlantic*) is penetrating, witty, and fair. Thank you for your perspicacity and courage in printing it.

GREGORY MASON
Riverside, Conn.

SIR:

Usually, when one "frankly" ad-

mits to not understanding something, he doesn't swaddle his ignorance in an essay. Has Mr. Geismar considered the possibility that economic, social, and spiritual values, however arbitrarily based, might influence one another? Or serve as clues to one another? Or that, in a hypersensitive context, an indiscretion may have the significance of crime?

"Reality" may be as present in the mind or pocketbook as in the mouth. And yes, there are magicians, Mr. Geismar; and there are charlatans also.

JAMES SCULLY
South Newbury, N. H.

Atlantics for the blind

SIR:

It might interest you to know that my husband, who is blind, is now receiving the *Atlantic* on records from the Library for the Blind. He is interested in your articles and finds them most worthwhile. Now, I'll try to keep up with him.

MRS. WALTER BARNABY
Lynbrook, N. Y.

Biography of Dylan Thomas

SIR:

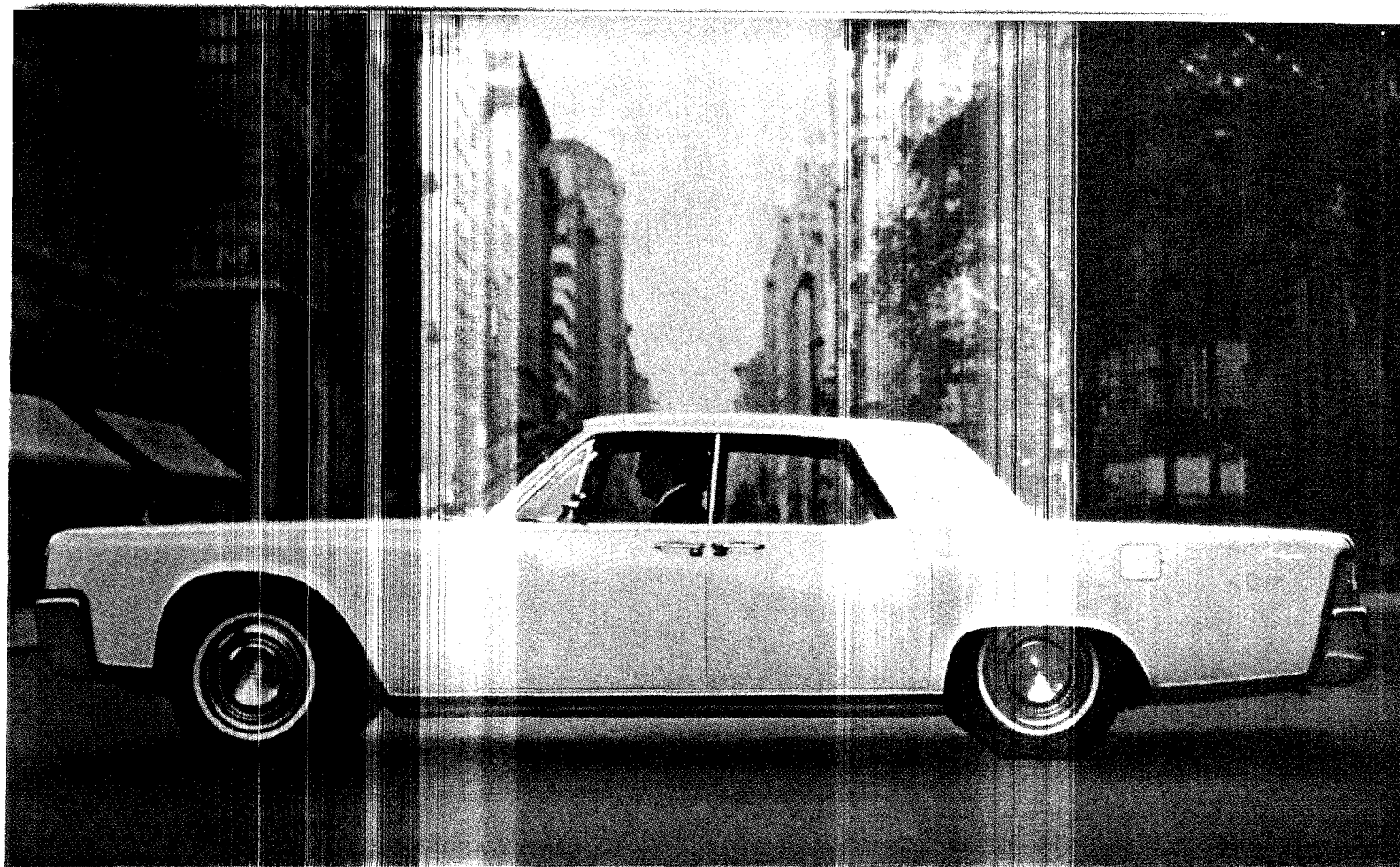
The trustees of the late Dylan Thomas have asked me to write his biography. This will take the form of his *Life and Letters* and will be published in the United States by Atlantic-Little, Brown and in England by J. M. Dent.

I should be most grateful to any of your readers who possess letters from Dylan Thomas if I might be allowed to see these. If the originals are sent to me or to Mr. Seymour Lawrence, Atlantic Monthly Press, 8 Arlington Street, Boston 16, Massachusetts, we shall have these copied and returned immediately. If any letters contain passages which the recipient does not wish reproduced, I would naturally accept his wishes.

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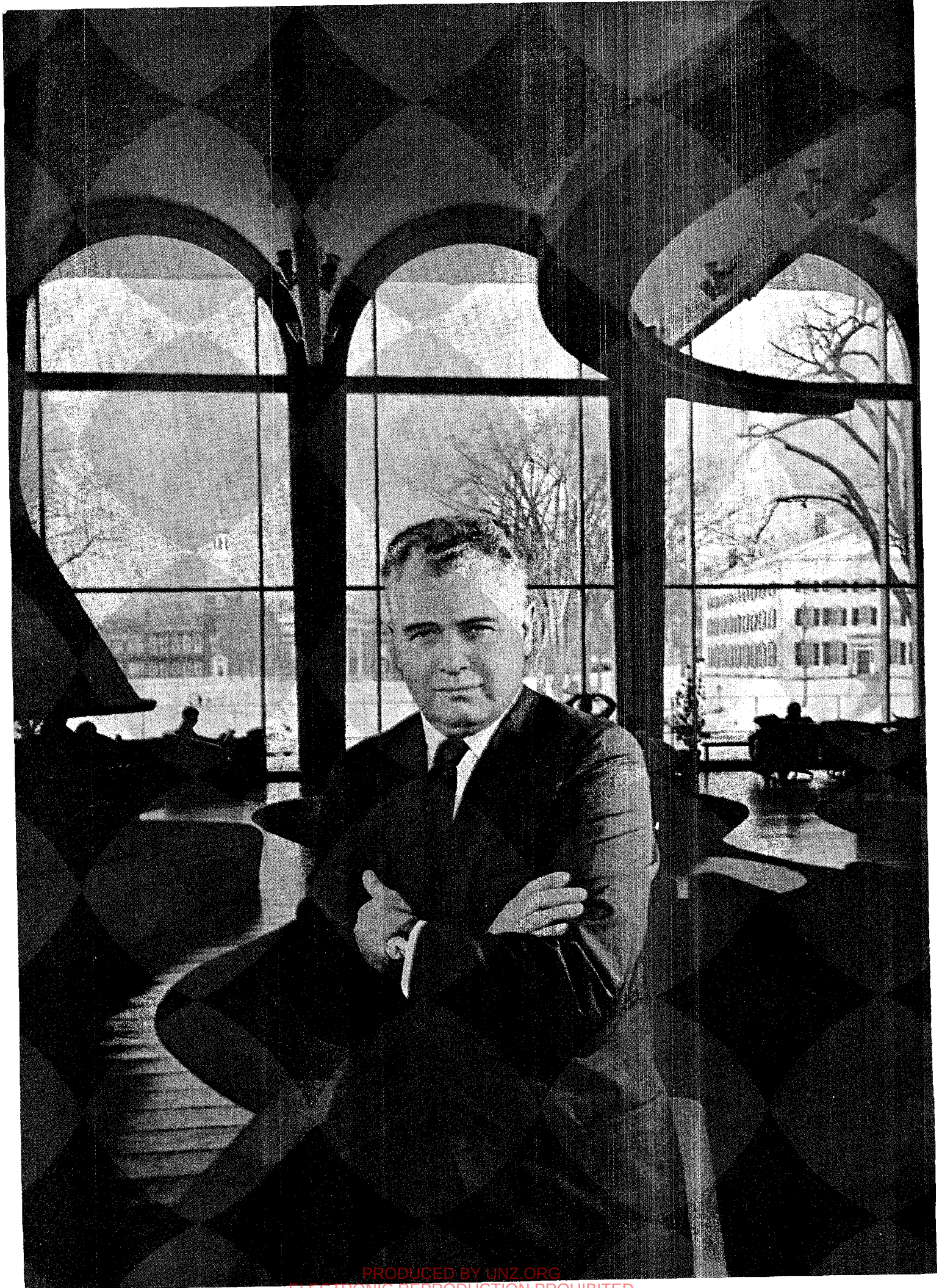
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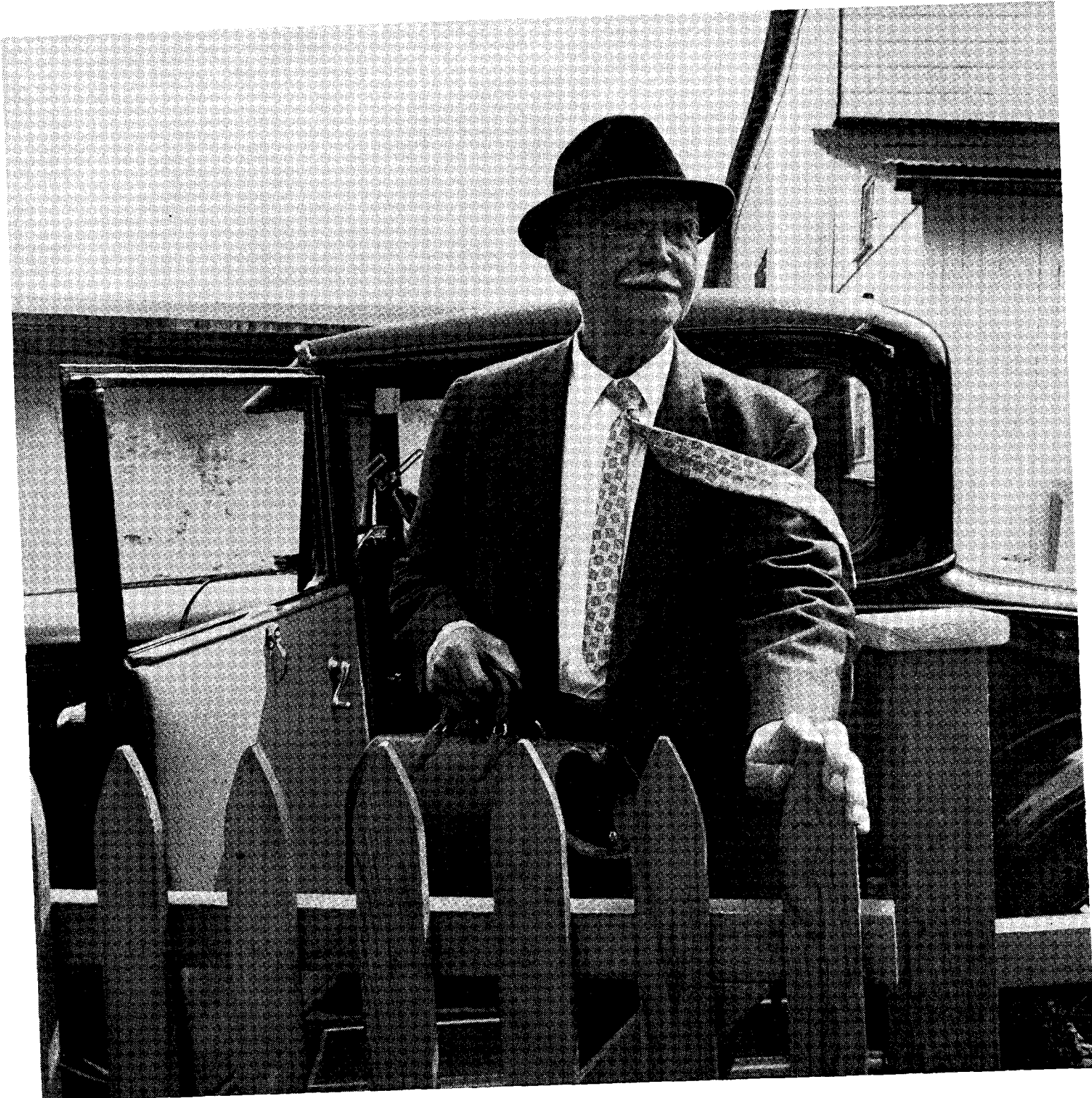
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CHILDREN WHO NEED ADOPTION

A Radical View

BY RAEI JEAN ISAAC

While the number of illegitimate children has been increasing, improved methods of handling infertility have cut down the number of couples seeking to adopt. Furthermore, state legislatures have been making adoption increasingly difficult. RAEI JEAN ISAAC is a graduate of Barnard College and received a graduate degree from Johns Hopkins University.

WHILE the number of illegitimate children, the chief source of adoptable infants, has been steadily rising, from 88,000 in 1938 to nearly 250,000 in 1962, improved methods of handling infertility have cut down the number of couples seeking to adopt. Formerly, dozens of would-be parents waited for each white infant, but the gap between supply and demand is now closing rapidly.

Furthermore, in the past fifteen years, state legislatures have been making it more and more difficult to adopt a baby. The pressure on the legislatures for the passage of restrictive laws has come essentially from two groups: the agencies, both private, so-called "voluntary," adoption agencies and state departments of public welfare, which wish to eliminate all private placement of children; and organized religious groups, especially the Catholic Church, which are determined to ensure that no child whose parents are of one religion should find adoptive parents of a different religion.

Traditionally, in the United States, there have been two ways in which a mother might place her child for adoption. She could either turn her child over to an agency or place her child for adoption directly with a relative or with someone unrelated to her. In the latter case, the mother customarily used the services of an intermediary, usually a doctor or lawyer, either of whom is likely to know of couples eager to adopt. Of the 107,000 children adopted in the United States last year, 49,000 were

adopted by relatives. Of the remaining 58,000 children, 60 percent were adopted as a result of agency placement and 40 percent as a result of independent placement, or, as agencies call it, "the gray market." Fifteen years ago the proportions were reversed, and the change reflects both an extension of agency services and the action of a number of states in outlawing or severely restricting independent placement.

In 1959, in a commendable if belated effort to test the truth of its own axioms, the Child Welfare League of America sponsored a study among its member agencies. An agency's initial interviews with five couples seeking to adopt were taped and sent to agencies around the country; the purpose was to determine the amount of agreement among professional caseworkers about the desirability of these couples. Each of the interviews was approximately an hour and a half in length; and caseworkers were asked to indicate not only if they felt the couple should be accepted for further study, but also how they would rank the couples in relation to one another. Twenty-eight agencies in thirteen states cooperated, with 184 worker-judges taking part. It was decided that the "correct" judgment would be defined as that reached by the majority of caseworkers. Three couples were accepted and two rejected by the consensus.

The agreement between caseworkers ranged from 89.13 percent for Couple A to 61.41 percent for

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Couple D. However, as the author of the study himself noted, the agreement, while statistically significant, was of little practical value. For example, while seventy-five caseworkers put Couple B first of the five, thirty-six rejected Couple B outright. In many agencies, moreover, there was an even split between the social workers as to whether to accept or reject a given couple. Workers wrote comments on sections of the interviews, and the range of reaction to specific statements illuminates the problem better than any statistics. At the close of the interview the husband in Couple B remarked:

Well, we're not perfectionists on this thing and if it's possible for us to get a child, we'd sure be very happy to have one. I mean if through your examining and cross-examining you feel that it isn't our time right now, that's up to you folks. We're not going to come down here swinging an axe at you.

While some social workers interpreted this remark as showing healthy objectivity, others thought it revealed a deep fear of rejection, while still others felt it showed a clear desire to be rejected. The hard fact seems to be that an adoptive couple's chance of acceptance by an agency is determined not so much by objectively discoverable merits as potential parents as by luck — luck in being interviewed by a congenial agency staff member.

Occasionally a couple will find out why they were turned down, perhaps through being accepted by another agency. One couple, rejected after two years of study by an agency in New York, on moving to New Jersey, applied to an agency there, which in turn asked for the records of the previous investigation. The second agency gave the couple a child and also revealed (presumably, contrary to agency ethics in such matters) the reason for the original refusal. The social worker in the first agency had decided that the woman, when she became a mother, would be overprotective of the child.

Although agencies are most commonly criticized for insisting upon middle-class bank accounts and home ownership, a couple who are "too desirable" may also have trouble. A well-to-do and highly intelligent professional couple applied to a New York agency. After two years the applicants were told that the agency had decided they would not be able to love a child who had intelligence inferior to their own. Since the agency could not be sure of providing a sufficiently intelligent child, they would have to be turned down. On being told this in the offices of a social worker, the overly intelligent husband seized a paperweight and crashed it upon the glass-topped desk, breaking the glass and no doubt convincing the social worker that the agency had indeed acted wisely.

This case is cited because it illustrates an attitude of the agency, on the surface reasonable enough, but fundamentally open to serious question. When it is

not dealing with handicapped children or racially mixed children (and the agencies have made admirable if tentative strides in placing such children), the agency seeks to match the child to the family. Color of hair and eyes, intelligence, religion, national background, and social background are all characteristics that the majority of agencies feel require "matching." Both philosophically and practically speaking, such an attitude is hazardous. It assumes that a couple who are able to love an adopted child as their own cannot adjust to a color of eyes or hair or a measure of intelligence different from what the agency thinks a biological child would probably have had.

Color of hair and eyes can be determined shortly after birth, but intelligence, which many agencies feel is the most important characteristic to match, cannot be determined early. Until recently, a great many agencies waited for between one and two years before placing children, so as to use the Cattell tests of infant intelligence. Further studies have recently shown that the correlation of the results of intelligence tests taken at one year and at four years is zero. Since no agency advocates keeping a child four years before placement, the question has begun to occur to the agency, why wait at all?

Even now, with earlier placement the rule, the United States Children's Bureau reports that only 9 percent of children placed by public agencies and only 22 percent of children placed by private agencies went into their adoptive homes at under one month of age, while 70 percent of children placed independently were less than a month old. According to Dr. Harold Skeels of the National Institute of Health, the frequency of defective children being placed independently, at a much younger age, is no greater than in agency placement. In any case, such studies as have been made of the relation of intelligence between children and their adoptive parents indicate that the children tend to approximate the intelligence of the adoptive rather than of the natural parents. Thus, the evidence seems to indicate that intelligence is strongly subject to environmental influence.

IN THEIR latest efforts to be scientific, agencies have been considering the use of personality tests to screen applicants. But if the personality test takes over the task of adoptive-parent selection, judgments may be no more scientific than at present, since a great deal will depend upon the definition of "good" parents. If the "best" parents belong to a political club, those who belong to a political club become by definition best parents. Certainly anyone who questions the procedure will become by definition a bad parent. For the time being, if appli-

cants grow scarce, personality tests for adoptive applicants will probably remain in the unformulated stage. The majority of applicants will be accepted — at least the majority of those who conform to the basic criteria which the agency demands be fulfilled before the evaluation of a couple is even begun.

These basic criteria constitute the core of that definite body of standards of which an agency speaks. While requirements vary from agency to agency, the list of initial requirements of the Talbot-Perkins agency, which is nonsectarian and reputed to be one of the best in New York City, is fairly typical. The initial letter sent by the agency informs a couple that only if they fulfill the following requirements should they answer the enclosed preliminary questionnaire.

1. The age limit for the adoptive mother is thirty-eight years, and for the adoptive father, forty years.
2. That it is impossible, or highly unlikely, medically, of [sic] having a child of their own.
3. That the couple have residence in New York state, and within easy access to our office.
4. There is a state requirement that children must be placed in homes of their own religious persuasion.
5. Applicants must be members of good standing in their respective churches.

Each one of these requirements, none of which has any obvious relevance to a couple's capacity to love and care for children, successfully eliminates a large number of applicants. Notice that the age limit manages also to disqualify the woman of twenty-nine who is married to a man of forty-two. The stipulation that a couple be unable to have children is interpreted with varying degrees of rigor from one agency to another. The Talbot-Perkins agency will consider a couple with one or more children, provided they can have no more of their own; the Spence Chapin agency will permit couples with only one child to apply; and the Louise Wise agency, New York's Jewish agency, will not accept a couple with any children of their own. Even where there are no children, the agency demands that a couple prove that they are unable to have children. Some agencies tend to suspect that in cases where organic reasons for infertility have not been established, the prospective adoptive parents do not really want children.

In the case of the religious requirement, the Talbot-Perkins agency's letter passes the buck by noting, quite correctly, that New York state law requires that children be placed with a couple of the same religion as the natural mother. However, even in the great majority of states which have no religious requirement in their adoption law, agencies bow to the pressures of local religious groups and rarely place a child with adoptive parents of a different religion. Many agencies are far from hap-

py about this situation. Privately, agency social workers will confide that there are a great many cases where a mother will say she has no religion. While the logic of religious matching should reserve such children for atheists, the agency, of course, merely finds out what the religion of the girl's parents was and places the child accordingly. At a recent National Adoption Conference it was asserted: "None of us are born with cultural characteristics, we must learn them or be conditioned by them. In matching then, we may safely dismiss cultural differences as of little or no importance." But because of religious pressures, the agencies are simply unable to follow their own principles.

Whether the policy of religious matching is that of the state or the agency or a combination of the two, it has the effect of eliminating large numbers of Jewish applicants (there are never enough Jewish infants available) and discriminates against mixed marriages and against anyone who is not a regular churchgoer. While Catholic children are the most plentiful, nonreligious Catholics may have the most difficult time of all in finding a baby through an agency.

IRONICALLY, the critical failure of agency philosophy and performance is best seen in an area with which the agencies have had very little to do — Negro adoption. In Chicago only 4 percent of the Negro children offered for adoption find homes, and the proportion is little better in the rest of the country. As infants, these children lie for months in crowded hospital wards only to proceed to overcrowded children's shelters and, if they are lucky, to a succession of foster homes. In all too large a proportion of cases the almost total absence of stimulation they receive as infants has resulted in retarded intelligence; although care and love in a permanent home could probably repair the damage while the children are still very young, no such homes are available.

The situation is a desperate one, and in recognition of this fact, a number of agencies in the past few years have made a genuine effort to recruit Negro adoptive homes. The progress and results of several such recruitment programs in the nation's large cities have been published by the Child Welfare League of America. The results indicate that social workers in the adoption field suffer an almost total divorce from reality; while babies visibly deteriorate in intelligence, the workers indulge in amateur psychiatry in session after session, dragged on over months and years.

The study made in Pittsburgh is the most revealing because it concerns itself with the problem of why so many Negro couples withdrew their applications from agencies after showing initial interest.

The agencies found that over a five-year period 60 percent of a total of 224 applicants withdrew their applications; the agencies rejected another 20 percent; and only 42 couples ultimately obtained children — less than 20 percent of those who applied. Yet it was discovered that these Negro applicants came from higher educational, occupational, and social strata than those found in the community at large.

The greatest single barrier to adoptions was found to be the agency demand that the couple prove their infertility. Twenty-six couples withdrew their applications because they were unwilling to submit to tests of infertility, and thirteen were rejected because, although they took the tests, the agency was unconvinced by the results. The abysmal ignorance of cultural mores — Come on now, *prove* you're not a man — is all the more unforgivable when one considers that it makes no difference whether the couple are organically infertile or not. White couples with the most glowing testimonials to infertility frequently produce a natural child shortly after adopting one, and invariably their single terror is that the agency will take the adopted child away. The agency very rarely does so, but it is obvious that the demand for proof of infertility makes sense only as a device for dealing with an oversupply of applicants.

Apparently nothing could make the agency workers come to an awareness that an oversupply was not their problem. They rejected two couples because the woman in each case was employed, four couples because their religion was wrong, two couples because their housing was wrong, five couples because their age was wrong, eleven couples because of "psycho-social factors," and six couples apparently for no reason at all — at least, Mr. Fanshel, who made the study, could not discover from the records of the cases what the reasons were. The perseverance of the couples who did obtain children is little short of astounding. More than half of the couples accepted were required to have between eleven and fifteen interviews, and eight couples, one fifth of the total, were not deemed mentally prepared until they had had between sixteen and twenty interviews. In some cases, agency pressure ultimately wore down a couple until they abandoned their style of life for what the agency deemed appropriate.

Mrs. Jones smiled in an embarrassed way as she told the worker that she felt silly coming to the agency again when she had thought that everything had been resolved six months ago. At that time she had decided that she just couldn't give up working and have them live exclusively on her husband's salary, but she hadn't bargained on this "pain inside my heart" every time she saw a child.

The Chicago study at first looks more hopeful,

since there is an apparent effort to make adjustments; for example, the Negro mother is allowed to adopt even if she goes on working. Any optimism is dispelled by the case studies, for although some of the arbitrary criteria have been relaxed, the social worker's enthusiasm for wild psychiatric flights has not been dimmed at all.

Mr. and Mrs. Yander are described by the agency worker as a young couple who have been married nine years and were referred to the agency by a fertility clinic. She finds them poised and spontaneous and extremely eager to adopt. They are active in their church. Mr. Yander has a job in the civil service, and Mrs. Yander says she enjoys just being a housewife. The worker is not satisfied. Mr. Yander is himself adopted, and although he learned this only through boys on the street, confirming the fact later from his adoptive parents, he denies the experience was traumatic. She finds that Mr. Yander has had vague and multiple maternal figures and has lacked a father figure, that Mrs. Yander too has had disappointing experiences with her father.

What finally convinced the worker that they were not a suitable couple was Mr. Yander's report that he had a recurring vision calling him to the ministry. The worker decided Mr. Yander's reality adjustment was so tenuous as to constitute a serious risk for parenthood. To the reader it is the social worker's reality adjustment that seems in acute peril — she obviously has a fixed image of twenty candidates waiting in line outside her office for each child at her disposal.

The social worker who interviewed Mr. and Mrs. Crawford found that, although the couple were so well-off they were buying the building in which they lived, and although they expressed a keen desire for a child, they had too many outside activities. While official policy was that the wife might go on working, the social worker was not happy that Mrs. Crawford wanted to continue her job of fourteen years' duration. She decided that Mrs. Crawford was ambivalent about motherhood because of her years of early excessive responsibility. In Chicago the agencies were so concerned with maintaining good public relations that they went on with interviews after they had decided against placing a child, so that on being turned down the couple would know the agency really cared!

MORE common even than rigid religious restrictions in state law are prohibitions against independent placement. Its total elimination by law remains in the view of agencies around the country the single most important challenge confronting them. Approximately thirty states have laws which make independent placement by an intermediary

a punishable offense. Typically, a state law will provide that only a licensed agency or a natural parent may place a child. The snag is that the parent may place her own child, and although it is unusual for a mother to make the placement herself (unless with a relative), there is little difficulty in making it appear that she did so. The intermediary is therefore not prosecuted.

Of course, laws aimed at the intermediary in an independent placement, for all their weaknesses, can act as a substantial deterrent if a state is willing to prosecute under them and the courts will convict. In Washington, D. C., the so-called Baby-Broker law is effective because of convictions that have occurred under it. In 1947 Harold Goodman, a lawyer, assisted a mother then being sued for divorce for adultery in placing her child. When the mother later changed her mind and Mr. Goodman refused to help her in regaining custody of the child, she enlisted the support of the Board of Public Welfare, which filed a complaint against him on the ground that he had no license to place children for adoption. Although he had acted without compensation from the natural mother and had received less than \$100 as a legal fee from the adoptive couple, he was found guilty.

In a number of states, while departments of public welfare may be eager to prosecute under licensing or other statutes, attorneys general have dampened such proposals. In Indiana, for example, the attorney general has asserted that placement of a single child now and then does not put an individual in the category of an agency, which has to be licensed. In South Dakota placement by an individual to whom the power of attorney has been given by the mother is interpreted as direct placement. In New Hampshire the attorney general has taken the position that an individual is acting as an agency (and, as such, in defiance of the licensing statute) only if he knows one party and actively seeks the other. If he happens to know both parties, he is not acting as an agency.

In the last decade, in recognition of the failure of statutes aimed at the intermediary, new ways of curbing independent placement have been sought. The logical inference was made that if the difficulty with enforcing laws against independent placement arises from the fact that the mother may place her own child, the mother's right to do so must be taken away. State attorneys general have expressed skepticism concerning the possibility of convicting a mother on the charge of placing her child, so enforcement has been secured by regulating court procedures. The statutes of both Connecticut and Delaware provide that the court may approve an adoption only if the petition is presented by a relative of the child or by a licensed child-placing agency. The mother's right to place her child is

effectively, if somewhat deviously, removed, since no couple seeking to adopt will take the child if they cannot then legally adopt it.

The effectiveness of the law in eliminating independent placement (as well as in severely reducing the number of adoptions in the state) is well illustrated by Connecticut. In 1959 there were 1092 adoptions, of which 58 percent were independent placements; in the following year 96 percent of all adoptions were agency placements, but only 573 adoptions were made, about half those in the preceding year. Similarly, adoptions in Delaware, whose law is older, dwindled from 254 in 1959 to 144 in 1960 and were down to 128 in 1962.

Because of the "success" of Connecticut and Delaware, the pressure of agencies, both public and private, has been brought to bear in other states in an attempt to secure passage of similar laws. Iowa, Michigan, and North Carolina currently have pending before their state legislatures laws which would take away the mother's right to place her own child except with a relative. Minnesota, which prides itself on its advanced social legislation, plans a complete revision of its adoption law in what no doubt will be the same direction. Recently, a legislative package has been proposed by the United States Children's Bureau which it hopes all states will eventually incorporate into law. The proposed law would ensure that only agencies could place children: in terminating parental rights the court would at the same time turn the child over to an agency.

Actually, apart from its central purpose of giving the agencies a monopoly of the adoption market, the proposed law suggests several needed reforms, including provision for court termination of parental rights before placement. In many states, including New York, the intrinsically separate issues of the child's availability for adoption and the suitability of an individual home are hopelessly confused, the child becoming available for adoption only at the moment it is adopted. What this means in practical terms is that parents who have adopted independently must be prepared to relinquish the child on demand to the natural mother until the final decree is signed, generally a year or more after they have assumed custody of the child.

Whereas surrender to an agency gives the agency final custody of the child, in an independent placement the natural mother must not only sign the initial surrender, but, in a state like New York, must appear in court on the day when the final decree is made. Since women frequently leave their own state to have a child out of wedlock, the necessity of producing the natural mother a year or so later causes all sorts of difficulties for adoptive parents, who often find themselves subject to blackmail or are unable to find the natural mother. Although

New York expressly forbids the payment of money to the mother except for medical expenses connected with the child's birth, the absolute refusal of the courts to grant an adoption without the final appearance in court of the mother not only condones blackmail but creates the very conditions in which it necessarily flourishes. In New York even the hospitals have joined in the harassment (sectarian pressures are strong there); the Federation of Jewish Philanthropies has recently decreed that any doctor who cooperates in an independent placement will be debarred from using Federation-sponsored hospitals.

THERE is another method which states have used to control independent placement — namely, a registration technique. One objection to independent placement is that investigation by the court of the suitability of a home generally occurs after a placement has been made, and this is too late. Maryland, Kentucky, and Nebraska now provide that a couple must register, generally with the Department of Public Welfare, *before* taking a child into their home, and be investigated *prior* to placement. Despite the fact that registration techniques provide quite strict controls on independent placement, agencies do not wholeheartedly advocate them. Indeed, the agencies fear that providing approved avenues for independent placement — thus “legitimizing” it — will serve to increase the number of such adoptions. From another viewpoint, the danger of registration techniques is that they can become a vehicle for enforcing the same arbitrary requirements now made by agencies and for making sure that sectarian interests are enforced.

Completely overlooked in the effort to eliminate independent placement is what the result of a really successful campaign on a nationwide basis would be. The now substantially defunct black market, against which laws regulating independent placement were first directed, would be revived. If the present trend of an increasing supply of white in-

fant and a diminishing demand for them continues, there will be a large number of infants awaiting adoption in foster homes or hospitals under agency auspices. In fact, at the moment in Massachusetts there are four thousand children in foster care, a substantial number of whom are eligible for adoption but cannot be placed because the state will permit them to go only to Catholic homes.

As the agencies press so urgently for what seems to them indisputably wise legislation, they would do well to remember legislation that seemed wise to leaders in the adoption field earlier in this century. They might remember the legislation urged by Dr. Hastings Hart, onetime director of the Department of Child-Helping of the Russell Sage Foundation, who wanted the states to make it “obligatory upon each mother of an illegitimate child to care personally for her child at least one year, and if physically able to do so to nurse it at the breast for not less than six months.”

Further, the agencies should recognize independent placement for what it is — not, as they assume, a monument to the cupidity of doctors, ignorance of mothers, foolish impatience of adoptive parents, and criminal negligence of the public at large, which has failed to clap those responsible for it into jail in sufficient numbers, but as a genuine and essential alternative to the social agency.

The author of one of the studies on Negro adoption urges that the primary function of the agency may well be to “ritualize” the adoption procedure; that even if agencies are unable to distinguish between better and poorer adoption risks, the function of lending dignity to the adoption procedure makes the agency role vital. The public may wonder, if the major agency function is ritualization, whether agencies should be given such immense legal advantages over those who adopt privately. And if, as the evidence indicates, behind the elaborate and expensive rituals of selection the method is essentially haphazard, the public may well hesitate before bestowing upon the erring individuals of a social agency the final godlike power to decree who shall be parents and who shall not.



Bernard Berenson:

A Summing Up

by Iris Origo

An American by birth, IRIS ORIGO and her husband, Marchese Antonio Origo, made their farm in Tuscany a stronghold of the Italian underground during the war. She is widely respected as a biographer, and her books include a life of Leopardi; THE LAST ATTACHMENT, a brilliant account of Byron's love affair with Countess Guiccioli; and two biographies of fourteenth-century Italy, THE MERCHANT OF PRATO and THE WORLD OF SAN BERNARDINO. The essay which follows is her introduction to SUNSET AND TWILIGHT: FROM THE DIARIES OF 1947-1958, by Bernard Berenson, to be published by Harcourt, Brace & World.

THIS autumn will see the publication of the diary of the last eleven years of Bernard Berenson's life, between the ages of eighty-two and ninety-three. By that time, however vital and eclectic a man may be, a process of selection has taken place. With every year, the holes of the strainer become finer, and less is allowed to pass through them. What — in this man of quite exceptional intelligence, vitality, and self-awareness, living a life conditioned to shelter and protect him, physically and metaphorically, from every chilling blast — what remained at the bottom of the bowl?

In this diary, kept almost daily, a few dominant themes soon become apparent: an enjoyment of beauty which old age, far from diminishing, had only rendered sharper and more subtle; an unquenchable intellectual curiosity; a great many personal relationships (though not all satisfying); an almost uncanny self-awareness; and one dominant, indispensable human affection. These form the leitmotifs of this record of old age, but before attempting to follow them, it is perhaps already necessary, five years after his death, to say who Bernard Berenson was and what he and his legend signified for his contemporaries.

No one would more freely have admitted this

necessity than Berenson himself. In the last year of his life, he wrote: "I rarely open a book today without finding something that increases my sense of having survived my world, of having been left behind — of being a tolerated ghost in a society 'that knew not Joseph.' " And he went on to reflect that, if he, while still alive, already felt himself to be an unwelcome guest, how great an illusion it is for any of us to believe that we would have been happy in the Athens of Socrates or the France of the eighteenth century. Perhaps, indeed, it would even be true to say that the values of the world which B.B. created at I Tatti are already as remote today as those of Athens or Versailles; and for this reason, too, it may be interesting to inquire what their nature was and what sort of man could spend more than seventy years of his life in defining and preserving them — the last true humanist, perhaps, of Western Europe.

The external outline of his life falls naturally into three phases: the period of youth and ascension; the years of achieved success, during which the legend took shape; and finally, in the period covered by this diary, the rediscovery, always lucid and sometimes merciless, of the true figure, as a tree sheds its leaves, leaving the tracery of its

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branches bare against the winter sky. In the words of one of his greatest contemporaries, Yeats:

I made my song a coat
Covered with embroideries
Out of old mythologies
From heel to throat;
But the fools caught it,
Wore it in the world's eyes
As though they'd wrought it.
Song, let them take it,
For there's more enterprise
In walking naked.

In his first years in America, the Lithuanian Jewish boy, whose family had emigrated to Boston in 1875, when he was ten years old, went through Harvard as the pupil of Barrett Wendell and William James, the friend of Santayana and Charles Adams, and the protégé of the Tom Perrys and of Mrs. Jack Gardner, whose collection later on owed its greatest masterpieces to him. Then, returning to Europe at the age of twenty-two, he found in "the glamorous adventure" of his first visit to Italy the inspiration which set the pattern of his future. The books which first made him known — *The Venetian*, *The Florentine*, and *The Central Italian Painters of the Renaissance* — and the monograph on Lorenzo Lotto all appeared between 1892 and 1901, before his thirty-sixth birthday. Then came the profession of *expertise* and the partnership with Duveen; soon, in the great international art market, the value of an Italian picture came to depend upon its authentication by Berenson. With the very considerable profits he transformed a rustic villa of the *quattrocento* near Settignano into his famous villa, I Tatti — as pure and exquisite a quintessence of Tuscan architecture, art, and landscape as only a non-Tuscan could have conceived — and this, for the rest of his life, became his home.

It was at this point that the myth began to be woven, and its protagonist to become, with his house, its pictures, and its library, one of the "sights" of Italian travel. Here came disciples, friends, and (in his own phrase) "enemy-friends" from every part of the world: poets and painters, philosophers and historians, the elegant world of Paris, London, and New York and the royalties whom he felt to be a little different from other mortals, the pretty and silly fashionable women whom he desired and who made him talk better than anyone else, old friends from Boston and Harvard, and uncouth young students whom he pronounced to be "*un-Salon-fähig*" — unfit for polite society — and yet to whom he gave the free run of his photographs and his library.

And meanwhile the myth was taking shape: of Berenson's brilliant talk — witty, merciless, exhibitionist, but always "life-enhancing" — of his

encyclopedic memory for all that he had ever read in seven languages, of his exquisitely cut pale-gray suits and the dark-red carnation in his buttonhole, of his indulgence with the young, his ruthlessness with his equals, of his love affairs, his travels, his fabulous art collection, of summer nights in his jasmine-scented garden. The habitués of the house covered a very wide range. There were Logan Pearsall Smith and Bertrand Russell (Mary Berenson's brother and brother-in-law); there were writers as diverse as Robert Trevelyan and Lytton Strachey, Gide and Valéry, Santayana and Vernon Lee, Percy Lubbock and Edith Wharton. There were Italians of such widely different types as Croce and D'Annunzio, Ugo Ojetti and Salvemini, Guido Cagnola and Francesco Papafava, and later on, Umberto Morra, Guglielmo Alberti, Giovanni Colacicchi and Arturo Loria, Elena Carandini and Clotilde Marghieri; there were the varied and often bizarre owners of the villas which crowned the neighboring hills, among them two men whom B.B. prided himself on having "brought to Florence" and who subsequently enriched that city with their collections, Charles Loeser and Herbert Horne; and there were, at different periods, the young men who acted as his secretaries or architects and who owed to his influence much of the future shape of their lives: Cecil Pinsent, who rebuilt his house and designed his garden; Geoffrey Scott, who wrote *The Architecture of Humanism* in his library; John Walker; and Kenneth Clark, who wrote of him after his death: "I owe him far more than I can say, and probably more than I know."

WHAT was it that attracted to I Tatti so many different kinds of men? Just as there are what Salvemini used to call "*libri fecondatori*," so there are men who have the gift of sharpening the faculties of everyone who comes near them. Perhaps in B.B., in addition to his wit and culture, it was largely a question of intellectual vitality, which gave spice to his talk even when one was disagreeing with every word he said, and which still pervades this diary. "The life of Berenson," wrote a critic after his death, "is the story of a mind"; and it is the full maturity of this mind that these pages reveal. But which of the threads that made up so intricate a pattern was gradually discarded, and which of them remained part of the woof until the end?

The enjoyment of beauty was perhaps the chief of the pleasures that never failed. "While everything else physical and mental seems to diminish," he wrote in his eighty-third year, "the appreciation of beauty is on the increase. I enjoy looking not only with ecstasy, but like a wine or tea-taster."

He prided himself, too, on having at last acquired a painter's eye, on seeing objects "in their three dimensions, not in two only. And colours, every day I see more and deeper."

His descriptions of landscape were often formulated in terms of a familiar work of art: the convent of Vallombrosa at sunset, "looking through the grand entrance on the right at the tunnelled road leading down to Tosi," reminded him of "Velasquez's Villa Medici sketches, but ever so much finer"; the landscape from his room at Portofino at dawn appeared to him "exactly as in Giorgione," with the foliage above the cove "feathery, yet exquisitely massed"; while the coast near Amalfi recalled to him Mantegna, "to such a degree that one could almost believe he had sketched and reproduced it." On another day, when a white fog had veiled the Val d'Arno, the scene looked to Berenson like "a landscape more of foreplan even than a Pompeian, more estampé than a Chinese one — almost like a denser Seurat."

In comparison with this intensely perceptive delight, his enjoyment of the other arts was comparatively flat. He read, or was read to, omnivorously, but his literary comments were often commonplace and his references to poetry in his last years almost entirely confined to Shakespeare, Goethe, and the nineteenth-century English poets. As for music, he himself wrote that, though he often listened to it (and with such chamber music in his own house as that provided by Menuhin and Cassadó), he honestly doubted "whether my ear is very good," and admitted that after a comparatively short period "the music serves mostly to liberate various trains of thought in free and fantastic association." The admission shows an agreeable absence of humbug — but this is not how a musician listens.

AN UNFAILING source of pleasure, however, was his pride in his library. "I have been building up," he wrote, "a library in which a student of White Man's civilisation would find any essential book at hand, and I hope to leave it to American students, who would grow by using it. . . . Any book is worth while if it has even one illustration not to be found elsewhere, one text not easily to be had in other books."

Yet at times he had misgivings — and so also had his friends. Sometimes, in visiting I Tatti, it seemed to me as if B.B., like one of the Pharaohs, by his gift of his house to Harvard, were deliberately turning it into his own mausoleum, and many passages in the diary show a similar doubt. Sometimes, indeed, in moments of optimism, he would picture the house after his death as a "lay

monastery for leisurely culture," in which a number of students "of between twenty-five and thirty could enjoy the leisure to nurture their own talents, and their gifts as writers and talkers," young men who would "live in the present as a continuation of the past, study the past that is still alive or deserves to be resuscitated, and live in and study the present as the matrix of the future" — a nest, in short, for dozens of fledgling B.B.'s. But at other times he foresaw the fate overtaking it which sooner or later affects most institutions, when the spirit which animated them has fled: "Gardens neglected, indoors necessarily institutionalized. All the odds and ends, the flowers, the trinkets, that gave intimacy to a room will have disappeared. A dreary abstraction will reign. . . . And who will preside, what kind of biped will replace me and mine? Unimaginable how little one owns, how swiftly it goes over to others, who make other use of it."

Yet another pleasure never failed him, that of asking questions. When he talked to his friends, as in his diary, the subjects for speculation were unending. How many works of art (such as the Romanesque churches in Aquitaine) owed their preservation merely to the fact that they stood in a region too poor to adopt a new style swiftly? (He would have liked the story, told me by an Italian archaeologist, of the sacristan of the cathedral of Otranto, who, when complimented on the remarkable preservation of the fine mosaic pavement, replied: "It has been saved by poverty. Worshippers in this church, for centuries, have not worn shoes.") Was it true that in generations of men, as in crops, there were good seasons and bad? Why did he himself prefer upper-class to middle-class people? Was it pure snobbery or only that contact was easier? Why do "the great Unworthies" (such as Byron, Napoleon, Alcibiades) make us insatiable for information about them, while the Worthies only obtain lip service? How did Socrates, as an old man, keep clean? "So my idle thoughts wander to and fro through time and space, asking questions, and vainly trying to reach in every field "beyond, *jenseits, au delà*." "I recall vividly how, as a little boy, I wore out my thin legs, running as hard as I could go, to get beyond the horizon."

And he described (wishing that he had Dante's pen to render it) a dream in which he had found himself struggling in a dark, deep wood. Some of the great trees in it, which were pushing out smaller ones, "were topped with crooklike growths some ending in a mitre, and others curved like a question-mark." He stumbled about, entangled in the undergrowth and terrified by the darkness and by the sound of great trees creaking and breaking, and became aware that "a desperate struggle was

going on," until at last only the question marks remained. "They replaced all other growths, an infinity of question marks, nothing, nothing but question marks — questioning what and questioning whom?"

One subject for speculation to which he constantly returned was the character of his own people, the Jews. "Peter Viereck," he wrote, "asked who and what was a Jew, and at last I think I have an answer. A Jew is the product of being cooped up in ghettos for twelve hundred years. His conditioning from without and within, the outer pressure driving more and more to defensive extremes, the inner clutching to rites, practices, and values only for union and for safety, the struggle for food and survival, the lust for pre-eminence and power: all have ended in producing the Jew, regardless of what racial elements originally constituted him."

In the beginning, he wrote, he himself used to be anti-Zionist, being by nature an assimilator and seeing "no reason to establish a Jewish ghetto anywhere and least of all in a hornet's nest like the 'Holy Land.'" But gradually his mind was changed by his awareness of his people's need, not only for security, but self-respect. "The fact that contempt is felt for them by the majority of non-Jews not only makes them resentfully unhappy or cringingly eager to be good bourgeois toeing the mediocre line in every land, but also to feel this contempt for themselves. The remedy may be found in statehood, plus military glory."

As old age crept on, it was an aged Hebrew patriarch or prophet that his visitors would find, wrapped, over his elegant gray suit, in the soft woolen shawl that lay always upon his shoulders, and with a little cap of burgundy velvet upon his head. He described an old friend who came to see him as "changed, after a separation of six years, from a still youngish Frenchman to a white-haired elderly Jew," and soon afterward he remarked that, not only was a similar transformation overtaking himself, but that he enjoyed it. "How easy and pleasant the atmosphere between born Jews like Isaiah Berlin, Lewis Namier, Bela Horowitz and myself, when we drop the mask of being goyim and return to Yiddish reminiscences and Yiddish stories and witticisms! After all it has been an effort . . . to act as if one were a mere Englishman or Frenchman or American, and it is something like home-coming and reposing to return to 'Mother's cooking!'" The significant word is "mere."

AMONG the visitors to his house in his last years, some of those whose company gave him the greatest pleasure were Yehudi Menuhin, "the sort of per-

son I could wish to have access to every day," Walter Lippmann, and Isaiah Berlin, of whom he said: "We come from the same kind of ghetto, came under similar Anglo-Saxon conditioning, and have both been readers, writers, thinkers. Yet . . . he is a fellow of All Souls and I have never belonged anywhere. He is idolized in official society, and I have no place in it. Whence the difference? Temperament, endowment, happier than mine, more genial in short, perhaps also more brilliant, more entertaining, more good-natured, although with no less malice in his talk. Why then a Berenson legend and not a Berlin one?"

A few other old friends, too, were always greeted with genuine pleasure: Countess Hortense Serristori (a friend of sixty years' standing), Freya Stark, Francis and Katherine Biddle, and, above all, Judge Learned Hand, the only man whose photograph, showing his leonine features and bushy eyebrows, was permitted to strike an incongruous and refreshing note in the impersonal little sitting room in which guests waited before meals. His attraction for B.B. was partly one of contrast. "He can clown, mimic, sing like a lively and entertaining youngster. . . . Free from exhibition too. How different from myself, not only held in by all sorts of snobbish habits, but by a psychophysiological economy which . . . certainly has nothing left over to play with."

Yet on the whole it was not his intellectual equals whom he most enjoyed seeing. Indeed, he described Salvemini after his return from exile as "one of the brightest, sunniest, as well as best-intentioned to be fair and just" of all his friends, yet even in him he "smelt the smoke and stench of animal competitiveness"; Bertie Russell and Santayana, he complained, never really listened to what he was saying, and besides, Santayana had no sense of humor, "kept his heart on ice," "and all of a sudden told me to my face that he did not want to see me any more"; Croce, though undoubtedly a great man, "never has asked me what I felt, what I thought." He was "much more the *Duce* in matters of the mind than Mussolini ever was in politics." Gide was too solemn, "too unwilling to recognize me as an equal," while on his side B.B. refused "to submit to him as a master."

The audience which B.B. really liked to address was of a very different kind: young people, students, experts in an entirely different field, royalties, and, as indeed he had already admitted in his *Self-Portrait*, admiring women, young or middle-aged, sophisticated or innocent. "Interlocutors with better brains," he wrote, "do not stimulate but intimidate. . . . For my part it is the adolescent mind that stimulates me and . . . with rare exceptions, women remain adolescent-minded through all ages." Moreover, he frankly confessed

that, whereas in his youth he had often been puritanical, at eighty-four he had become "painfully aware of the sex or lack of it in all women except septuagenarians" and desirous of their caresses — "*pourvu que tout se passe en douceur*, and with a touch of nostalgia" — and conscious of "the never-diminishing hold that sex has upon us — sex, its decorations and disguises." But, above all, it was to brilliant talk that women stimulated him, and talk he must. "At the end of talks that have gone well, I find that I have enjoyed them far beyond the value of what was discussed. It was the satisfaction of physical need, and call of nature to chatter. . . ."

Not until his last year did he admit that he no longer felt that call. "At my age I know that my words are no longer winged and that there is little profit in trying to correct the nonsense, the absurdities, the malice, the calumnies, the self-assertion, the challenging dogmatism of one's younger fellow-bipeds."

These comments refer to only one aspect of the general process of dissatisfaction with most human relationships, which the latter part of his diary plainly and painfully reveals. It was not that the flow of visitors decreased; there was in fact scarcely a day in which the visits of old friends or new pilgrims to the shrine were not recorded, and among the latter, it was the most exotic, or simply most unlike himself, who caught his interest: Katherine Dunham, "looking like an Egyptian queen, dressed in stuff that clings to her . . . draping rather than clothing her, a work of art, a fanciful arabesque"; or a young beautiful Greek woman, "with the build — the breasts wide apart, the articulated profile," of classic Greek sculpture; or, at the other end of the scale, President Truman, "as natural, as unspoiled by high office as if he had got no farther than alderman of Independence, Missouri. In my long life I have never met an individual with whom I so instantly felt at home."

Such encounters satisfied his unfailing appreciation of whatever he felt to be completely genuine, firsthand, and first-rate of its own kind, such as "the impression of integral innocence given by certain American young women, who look as if no material feeling could prevail, no unseemly or evil thought approach them. . . . It is not a look void of experience only, but as of a gentle veil of goodness over the features." So, too, he observed with equal appreciation the quiet modesty of Yehudi Menuhin, the boyish, indefatigable zest of the King of Sweden, and "tea with Miss Wilson, an elderly American spinster dressed in black, bespectacled and not interesting in talk" but who, by the manner in which she gave him his tea, "like a sacramental ritual," turned herself and her surroundings "into a conversation-piece, a little masterpiece of art."

In particular, he noted how difficult it was to get into touch with strange young men. "They come for the first time with a lump in the throat and trembling with awe, to encounter the myth the old man has become." He was well aware, too, that sometimes it was not only his age but his own manner — too cold or too flowery, too dogmatic or simply too finished — that prevented his guests from being natural with him. Some "spread the butter of adoration too thick," others defended themselves with "stupid dumbness or flushed impudence and bluffing." "So, like royalty, I seldom get to know what people really think." Often he wondered why such visitors came at all. Perhaps, he concluded, they felt him to be "the last survivor of a former civilisation, a former way of being. . . . Perhaps I have become a Curiosity."

THROUGHOUT the diary, the dichotomy continued: the complaints that all these stray contacts were barren and exhausting, and yet the realization that he could not do without them. "*Vorrei e non vorrei*. . . . I feel worried, harrowed, besieged by people who want to have a look at me, who ask for time, books, papers, recollections etc. . . . Yet I am sure I should feel neglected and even forgotten if I really was left alone. I feel for instance an infinitesimal moment of resentment against anybody of mark, or any budding art historian, who comes to Florence and does not 'ask for an audience.'"

Perhaps part of the spiritual isolation of his later years was caused not only, or even chiefly, by his awareness that much of his art criticism was now considered outdated, and also that many of "*les jeunes*" thought him "superficial, lacking in depth, ignoring the problems that they sweat to solve and totally out of sympathy with their caterwauling," but, above all, by his own incapacity — stated with bloodcurdling frankness — to find any comfort in old friendship just for friendship's sake, when a friend had become dull, prosy, or out of touch. "A friend is someone who stimulates me and to whom I am stimulated to talk. . . . When the stimulation no longer occurs, it is a spent and exhausted friendship, and continues as a burden and a bore. . . . Unfortunately in a long life one gets barnacled over with the mere shells of friendship and it is difficult without hurting one's self to scrape them off."

Even the death of friends, he now openly admitted, moved him only insofar as it could affect himself. "Am I then utterly heartless, or am I simply the average man? Are there individuals who love others . . . without reference to themselves? The human heart is a quicksand, and one sinks into it."

What, then, in human terms, was left? Above all,

one vital, necessary affection — that of Nicky Mariano, who had come to work in his library as a young woman forty years before and, after his wife's death, had become his inseparable companion. Of all the pages of the diary, those which bear witness to her goodness and his gratitude make the most agreeable reading. In them she is "the necessity, the solace, the happiness of my life," his counselor, his nurse, his almoner, his collaborator, his partner in "a union that could not be nearer perfection." When for a few days she was laid up, the house seemed "like a reel of thread when the reel is taken away"; when he was ill, she hovered over him "with a face beaming with love to give me courage," and slept beside his door. "She works with me, she thinks with me, she feels as I do, she is the complete companion. . . . She takes every material burden off my shoulders, and yet makes time to read to me, to edit what I write, to housekeep, to tolerate my flirtations. . . . I cannot imagine life without her." During his illness, "her self-controlled cheerfulness, her encouraging smile, the love she radiates, make me happy as I seldom have been, despite my self-disgust. . . . How I love her face! I have been looking at it for nearly forty years, and every time I find it *herrlich wie am ersten Tag*. . . . There is 'no damn merit' in life and Nicky gives me endlessly more than I deserve, almost makes me feel that I do deserve her."

Eventually he came to feel that "my ideal would be to settle into a life of almost complete *solitude à deux*, with Nicky keeping me company, reading aloud. I then could get the calm and repose which would allow me to think things out and bring them to black and white. I know . . . that writing is the only self-indulgence, the only satisfaction, left me."

Again and again, this desire is repeated — a nagging, driving need to fulfill himself in writing, and to achieve at last the clarity and conciseness of expression that he so much admired in others. "I am humiliated," he wrote, "exasperated at my impotence in finding words and phrases. . . . It makes me suffer from a kind of spiritual constipation." Later on, he complained of a constantly diminishing vocabulary. "I never had one adapted to my purpose, and it has been a handicap." (This, strange as it seems in a man of such wide reading, was true.) Sometimes he wondered whether the reason that he went on writing at all, in spite of "derisory profits, annoying misprints and malignant reviews," was not merely "to justify my claim to be still a useful member of society . . . in short, that I am still able to pay passage in the ship of life." But in truth he knew that it was to *himself* that writing was still essential, "almost as necessary as eating and drinking, certainly as much as love-making in the past." Even when the great success of his *Self-Portrait* had brought some satisfaction, he was still goaded on

by the merciless taskmaster within. "What I have written, what I have stated, counts as nothing. What I still want to be, what I still want to write, absorbs my thoughts, my daydreams to the exclusion of any self-complacency with my own past."

This, surely, is not the self-criticism of a man dissatisfied with his own articulacy, but rather of a writer thoroughly aware of the intricate difficulties involved in the attempt to translate one art into the terms of another and passionately eager to convey to eyes less sensitive and less trained than his own what he himself had been able to perceive. "A letter congratulating me on my success in life. It hurt me, because I now realize how much I could have done and said. Almost from infancy I have had a feeling about self, about life and later on and for the last seventy years about art, which I have not remotely communicated to others." This, from a man who had dedicated so much of his life to the transmission of knowledge and ideas, is surely a remarkable admission, and it was by an equally exacting standard that he measured the actual content of his mind, firmly repudiating the reputation for deep and universal scholarship which his library and the brilliance of his conversation had foisted upon him. "How limited," he exclaimed at eighty-eight, "is culture, how limited is mine without Russian, let alone Chinese. . . ! Except in the very small and narrow acre of Italian painting of the 15th and 16th centuries, where I have wider knowledge than anybody now living, I feel anything but self-satisfied." But he added, too: "How few are as aware as I am of all they miss!"

BY THEN he had definitely decided what paths, in the time still left to him, he wished to tread. "I no longer read metaphysical or theological books, nor psychology, since it has become so overwhelmingly Freudian." He preferred, in all fields, information to interpretation. "Generalisations bore me. . . . But anything concerning peoples, climates, life in all possible places, still keeps my attention. So does gossip about the expanding universe, archaeological finds of any sort . . . the history of language . . . a good novel, a short story. I can read the Classics with delight. If I had the leisure, I would read them every day." And at ninety-three, he was still eagerly questioning a nuclear physicist about "where science is going," and admiring his modesty and the strictly defined limits he set to his knowledge. "How I envy the scientists, and how I wish I were one of them and not the magician I am taken for, because of my disreputable profession!"

Here we find a standard similar to that which, when he was over ninety, made him feel it worthwhile to revise his list of Florentine pictures only

on condition that each decision and attribution should be reconsidered afresh, as if it had never been reached before. And it was in a similar spirit that he embarked upon the last task he had set himself, the study already begun in his *Self-Portrait* but now pursued far more ruthlessly. For so many years he had been considering the attribution of works of art; now he was studying a last one, the one best known to him — himself.

In a sense, it might be said that his whole life had been a preparation for this task. "As I look back," he wrote about his youth, "I want to note how much I have thought of becoming, of being rather than of doing. In the vocabulary I use today, I wanted to become and be a work of art myself, and not an artist." The ideal he held before himself — and in this, one cannot fail to be aware of the two major influences which had shaped him in his youth, Goethe and Pater — was one which had much in common, he claimed, with "the *kalos k'agathos* of the Greeks, the knight of the Middle Ages, the French *honnête homme* of the 17th century, and later on the English gentleman and above all the Goethian *gebildeter Mensch*. I need no other myth."

It is the story of his attempts to fulfill at least a small part of this ideal and, finally, of the divestment of all the trailing clouds of glory that success had brought, to lay bare, lucidly and mercilessly, the true persona, insofar as he could find and fathom him, that is the true achievement of this remarkable document of old age.

The question that he asked himself was the one that sooner or later troubles all highly self-conscious human beings: "Who is the real I, and where does he hide from Me? I know who he is not, but what and if at all he is, I have never discovered, although for more than seventy years I have been looking for him." Among the many strands of which the tapestry of his mind was made up, the many societies in which he had moved, which was the one to which he really felt he belonged? The answer was, not any. There was no single phase of his past to which he could go back and say, "'This is Me. . . .' Not the ghetto I emancipated from, not the New England where I spent the most formative years of my youth; not England and France, nor even Italy, although I have resided there for sixty years. None of these entities would have me on my terms, nor indeed any church. . . . *Ich bin ein Fremder überall.*" Yet still the long, haunted journey into his own consciousness continued, and he sought for the fit epithet to describe it. Rejecting "self-absorption," "self-interest," and "self-awareness," he decided that "My case is well described by the word 'self-curious.'"

Egotism? Of course, but an egotism of singular lucidity and frankness. "*Alle denken an sich, Ich nur*

denke an mich. ME FIRST is the instinctive cry of little ones, and I for one at eighty-nine am still there." Even the small, mean faults which we are most disinclined to admit are here laid bare: the grudges and resentments "which steam up from the depths"; the admission of vanity, of having reached "the Age of Boasting," of being unable to talk about his own past "without fabricating, exaggerating, idealising and downright lying . . . like the trills and sequences of a soprano," of his deficiency (which he believed to be common to his race) in the quality "which the Greeks lacked, and envied the Romans for having, *Gravitas*." And then "every kind of lâcheté, meanness, pettiness, cowardice, equivocal business conduct (due more to ignorance of the ethics of art-dealers than to my own nature), humiliations, furtiveness, ostrichness, etc. Yes, all these and more and worse, that rise and denounce me in the hours of the night." Once again he might have taken for himself Yeats's words:

. . . and not a day
But something is recalled,
My conscience or my vanity appalled.

And meanwhile, Time's chariot was drawing near.

THE very first page of the diary holds an entry about Time, "flying swifter and ever swifter." "I dare say if I live long enough, perhaps another twenty years, Time might cease to exist for me. The longest day is so shortly followed by the equinoctial one and that by the shortest. . . . The single days slip through my fingers." Each birthday marked — partly according to that particular day's state of health and mood — a stage in the progress. On his eighty-second birthday, he was asking, "Shall I still be alive a year hence? I am resigned to not being," but by the eighty-fifth he was "less surprised to be alive and looking forward to this birthday with less questions. *Encore une année, Madame la Mort.*" By the eighty-sixth, "It is an adventure keeping alive against all the powers of destruction that beset me," and on the eighty-eighth he exclaimed, "I want another and another. . . . There is still so much I want to do and could write, so much in nature and art and people I could still enjoy." But twelve months later, the year that had just passed was recorded as "one scarcely worth living. I have given up speculating about the coming year."

It was then that he began to be conscious of memory becoming blurred, "like a clouded night sky, with a star here and there piercing the darkness." "All is a blur," he wrote. "Day follows day, does not follow, swishes by, so that it scarcely seems worth while to button and unbutton."

Gradually, lucidly, the ravages of time to each organ of his body were noted, with a scientist's precision: difficulties of digestion, ever-increasing deafness, shorter and shorter walks over the hills and then only in his garden, and at last — as he became more sensitive to hay fever and to cold — complete relegation indoors, “an in-dweller in a well.” And worst of all, the constant sensation that he was losing hold, that any serious work led swiftly “to utter exhaustion, to over-sensitiveness, to bitterness, despair, and dissatisfaction with everyone except Nicky. I live out of regard for her.” There were bronchial attacks, one or two alarming falls, and on Christmas Eve, 1955, a frightening attack of vomiting and collapse, during which both Nicky and Emma — his devoted maid and nurse — sat by him all night long, and kept on smiling. “Their smiles somehow seemed rouged on their faces rather than real. I caught Capecechi [his doctor] giving a desperate look to the others. I laughed out loud and said, ‘Why do you try to hide from me that you despair of keeping me alive? If you think I am dying, tell me so, for I have matters to attend to!’” On the next day he added that the expectation of immediate death, “perhaps because I did not believe in it,” did not frighten him at all. “The whole drama . . . took place in less than twelve hours. At the time I felt as if years were passing and slowly. I could not have believed in the subjectivity of my feeling. On the contrary, I *knew* it was real DURATION.”

From that time, however, the awareness of death's approach was always with him. “Serious illnesses,” he wrote, “are to individuals what wars are to the public. They are as it were landmarks . . . not merely calendar dates.”

There were, of course, better days and weeks, and then worse ones, each bringing with it a change of mood. Sometimes he had whole days of complete relaxation, without either physical discomfort or mental stress. “I was not questioning, I was not dozing, I was enjoying perfect bliss. . . . Did the Fathers who developed the Christian idea of Heaven know like experiences, and erect them into the condition of the Saved?” Certainly what are commonly known as the consolations of religion were not within his reach — indeed, far from drawing closer to the Catholicism to which he had adhered for a short period of his youth, he felt less and less in sympathy with any theological dogma or metaphysical theory. “The vaccination,” as his wife had dryly remarked at the time, “did not take.” He considered that there was something in the very structure of his mind which rendered it averse to what he called “Beginnings and Endings.” “Hence my hostility to Christian theology in general and to Catholic in particular. It overshadows ritual, which in all churches has found in the course of

ages the way for the poor human heart to cry its anguish. . . .”

In the bad days he would be so oppressed by nausea and gloom, “*broyant le noir*,” that he longed “for easeful death.” He would then be overcome by a sense of the vanity of all he had done, all he had made. “I have made a home for myself, furnished it for my comfort and pleasure. Some supreme pictures, some real works of art from China. . . . I have got together a library. I have built up a garden. If I had a deliberate purpose, it was to enjoy it all with a sense of timeless leisure in my old age. . . . Now I am like the peasant in *The Good Earth*, who, owing to his passion for tilling the soil, becomes a great landowner, and deprived of the one occupation that gave him satisfaction: digging and tilling.” Often a wave of longing would sweep over him for the places he had once seen, “from Upsala to the Sahara, from Gibraltar to the Euphrates. . . . Not only would I see again all that I have seen, but read again all that I have enjoyed, all that has fed my spirit. . . . I long to hear again all *die alten Weisen*. Infinite yearning.”

Occasionally, in passive contentment, he would remember Santayana's mother, who, when asked how she was spending her old age, replied, “In keeping hot in winter and cool in summer.” But more often his restless, yearning, eternally curious mind would go on roaming to and fro — sometimes haunted by what he called the Furies, sometimes aware that neither the torments nor the joys of memory were any longer important. “If only one could call up all that in the past was absorbing and what it meant, and how each in turn was replaced by another — if one could look at the landscape of one's whole past, what would it add up to? What am I but a leaf on the Man-tree? The leaf falls and has had all it can, if it has weathered storms and enjoyed sunshine and is allowed to fade and fall to the ground. Why, what, has given me the presumption to believe that I am worthy of being put under glass?”

So, one by one, each spurious garment was discarded: the motley of the cosmopolitan man of the world, the universal scholar, the irresistible lover, and the sage. We are left with the outline of a man of infinite vitality and sensitivity, endowed with talent and knowledge of the very first order in one strictly defined field, and of intuitions and perceptions which covered a far wider range, but which he himself felt he had never succeeded in fully developing or expressing; a man haunted, like the rest of us, by a nagging sense of failure, by remorse, fear, and loneliness, but upheld by one tender affection, a man who had outlived his time. A figure who, just because he knew all this and set it down, has gained in stature. “For there's more enterprise in walking naked.”

*Essence of a statute passed in 1660
in the Massachusetts Colony.*

PUBLICK NOTICE

*The Observation of CHRISTMAS having been deemed
a Sacrilege, the exchanging of Gifts and Greetings,
dreffing in Fine Clothing, Feafting and similar
Satanical Practices are hereby*

FORBIDDEN

with the Offender liable to a Fine of FIVE SHILLINGS

Even in Boston, times move along. Today, not only is celebrating Christmas very legal hereabouts, but one of the season's most welcome gifts comes from the Back Bay. That gift is The Atlantic—offered now for as little as \$6 a subscription (regularly \$8.50). Bestow The Atlantic on doctor, lawyer, professor, minister, employer, client, undergraduate, relative, neighbor, and the editors do the work of creating not one, but twelve superb presents for each friend:

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THE WOMAN ACROSS THE STREET

BY MAY DIKEMAN

A Vassar graduate and the mother of three children, MAY DIKEMAN made her first appearance in the ATLANTIC in 1961 with her short story "The Tender Mercies," which won an Atlantic "First" prize. Her second story in our pages, "The Sound of Young Laughler," has been selected for the Martha Foley collection, THE BEST AMERICAN SHORT STORIES.



SOMEbody is trying to get me" sounded too wild for Rachel to say even to herself, much less tell anyone, least of all write home to her panicky, all-female family who lived on the outskirts of Boston.

But this was the third night it had happened. Someone was standing in the hall outside the door to her apartment. She knew he was there by the slight creak on the tile as he shifted his weight, a swallowed cough, and the blotting of the crack of light that showed along the side of her door. Three times now since she had come to New York he had stood there, with just enough time lapse in between for her almost to put it out of her mind.

She looked at the clock. It was twenty minutes to eleven. She had just washed her hair, which she did every other night for her job as a college-shop floor model. She had been sitting rubbing it with a towel. Now a drop ran down her spine inside her terry robe, but she caught the shiver it gave her in order to hold herself motionless, as if she could defeat the purpose of the man outside by getting rid of herself.

She always felt less vulnerable close to the door, even with the man on the other side of it, and she drew herself together to get up and slip barefoot into the foyer. But just as she put her foot to the floor, she saw the doorknob slowly turn. It was an old, oval brass knob outlined with a wreath of hammered protuberances like beads, and its nor-

mal position was horizontal. As Rachel watched, without moving, the blade of light on the knob turned clockwise till nearly vertical, as if aimed. For the first time, the man was trying her door.

The turning knob made no sound, but the quiet became pulsatile like a metronome. The thought of the things that other people, strident, righteously deadpan New York people, would do — call the police, demand through the door, "Who's there?" — seemed as jeeringly remote as the drone of the bus down on Third Avenue, only sealing her isolation. She looked at the telephone, she imagined her voice calling "Who's there?" But what good would it do? She could not get a man locked up for life on her charge that he had tried her door. Once challenged, he would be her enemy. She felt safer as long as he didn't know she knew, as long as he stayed unidentified. "I'm afraid of vengeance!" her elderly mother always said of any neighborhood trouble, as she might have said she was afraid of infection, and this phobia about vengeance seemed to thicken the air with another element, more noxious because it was unspecified and humanly motivated.

At a quarter to eleven, the man went away. His step was so easy that Rachel could not be certain whether he went down or up the stairs.

She felt it had to be the superintendent. Rachel was contentiously tolerant, and her letters home suggested that all her New York acquaintances

Etching by Armin Landeck.

were Puerto Ricans with Ph.D.'s. But actually she was afraid of opaque skin, tapered, high-insteped male feet in counterless shoes, and the risqué music of Spanish. Once, as he brought her up in the tarnished-gilt manual elevator, which, like the rest of the building, had been ornate and showed stages of decline through paint parings and detached egg and dart, the superintendent touched her elbow, shrugged invitingly, and said, "My wife says she wants a divorce." And in her fright, Rachel almost said, "But I'm terribly pro Puerto Rican!"

Still, just because the case against the superintendent seemed strong, Rachel knew it might be someone else. Growing up seemed to her to have been chiefly learning that inevitability meant the loopholes in it — mystery gifts never came from the right person, and betrayals came not from the suspect but from the friend.

She thought of the other men tenants in the building, about whom she had written home very literarily funny letters. She thought of Good Joe, so-called, although he was a lawyer named Maurice Fischer, because he liked to be called Joe and because of his continual petty good works in the neighborhood. If it suddenly rained, Joe was seen helping the newsstand man hoist his tarpaulin. When a driver parked, Joe stood in the street shouting, "Cut your wheel! You're OK. Cut your wheel!"

She thought of bald Mr. Einstein, upstairs, who composed scores for juvenile productions. Banging on his piano, he would sing in a hoarse, terrible bass, "I don't want to play today, I don't want to play; I take my dolls and go away," or "Raumschlager, raumschlager, scared to come out!"

Only by improbability itself could it be one of these people. But the possibility now blighted Rachel's jokes about them in her letters home, and peopling letters with mad characters was the only real company she had.

As for the store where she modeled, there was Bill, the photographer, a sullen clown in a Tyrolean hat, who seldom uttered anything but onomatopoeic comments like "Whoosh!" when she or another model swept past him. And there were the two window dressers, Harold and Schuyler, who were queer.

It seemed to leave only the superintendent. But by its contraction, the shadow of a doubt saturated to a pall over each of the others. The embarrassment, if it were one of the unlikely ones, seemed more terrible than real danger. What if it were Good Joe? "Good evening, how do you do, I was trying to fix your doorknob for you, it's a fire violation." Or Mr. Einstein? Would he sing, "Raumschlager, raumschlager, scared to come

out"? In reaction from the fright, Rachel felt light-headedly gay and started to giggle to herself. Then the very fact that, like many lonely people, she often made up things to laugh at reminded her that when she was a gangling, solidly red-haired child, everyone had let her alone for a waif. Now that undulations in her height and hair color had transformed her into a flintily delicate beauty, photographing as shell chips of cheekbones and shoulder blades, they still let her alone for a snob, except when they did worse. Even her name had not been the result of the modern caprice by which girls were named Rebecca, Melissa, and Jennifer. She was named Rachel in naïve good faith, for her grandmother and the Bible. You're a *real* Rachel, she thought, not a piquant Rachel, and it would be easier if everybody still thought so and thought you were too weird instead of too "stunning."

SHE started to cry to herself in outrage as she brushed her hair in front of the mirror, and the electricity of the hair and the tears in her gray eyes reminded her of how Harold the window dresser had hugged his chest, shuddering, as he exclaimed, "But, darling, only the *absurdity* of such beauty saves one from its *terror*." She thought, only queers dare to say things to me. She threw down her brush and went over to the window.

Brought very close by the stereoptican effect, the lit-up window across the street showed the young couple whom Rachel often saw this way. Week-nights, they were sloppy. Husband-and-wife jeans, thought Rachel. The boy was lounging on the bed, with one ankle crossed on his knee. He was in sock feet. By the precision of surmise with which one divines details in a stained-glass picture, Rachel knew the socks were Argyles. His wife would have knitted them. She was sitting upright, fondling his foot as they talked. Give his foot one more twist, thought Rachel, and it'll come unscrewed. Then you can unscrew his head. They would be discussing what to name their planned, spaced children when they had them: Rebecca, Melissa, and, of course, Rachel.

Both of them had a lot of black hair. This made the boy seem a poet. On the woman, the fluffed effect looked as if a beautician had told her it would shorten her nose. Rachel saw her as a little thick in the middle, with too-tapering legs, a girl who would sign "Save Bleecker Street" petitions, cook with basil, study folk dancing at the New School, and have read an editorial apropos of anything said to her.

Why should you have an Argyle ankle to hold? thought Rachel. Why should it be candles on the

table for you, and somebody always breathing next to you?

Jealousy restored Rachel. Her hands were warm and steady as she set her clock and laid out her things for the morning. She checked the lock and chain on her door again, set a chair under the knob as an extra precaution, and screwed the bolt on her fire-escape window a little deeper into the sash. Actually, she was perfectly safe. Nobody could get in as long as she was all locked up, and of course she would always be sure she was.

When she lay back in her bed, the lit-up window of the young couple was out of her sight. But she still thought about them. Tomorrow night would be Friday, so the woman would suddenly be in black and pearls, holding a glass and pressing the flat of her hand to her scoop neck in protesting social hilarity ("Oh, *no!*"), and there would be too many people to distinguish the husband at all. The next night, Saturday, the window would stay dark. Saturdays they went out themselves. On Sunday they would give a party again, a cocktail party. Monday, and through the work week, they would be back in jeans, talking. I suppose it's my New England conscience, Rachel said to the imaginary husband she conjured up to talk about other people to, but where does this lead? Her imaginary husband agreed that it seemed a meaningless life.

And having made their happiness seem their delusion, Rachel forgave them and got to sleep.

A FEW weeks later, Rachel went to a movie by herself and got home later than she expected. It was a paint-water pink night, threatening rain, with tree shapes of mist cowering in the street. Rachel's building had a porte-cochere effect in front, casting a pit of darkness of which every gradation was a lurking man. The entrance looked like a trap no one could get through. Then Rachel saw the superintendent, with his back to her, rolling the cans into their formation at the area railing. He went down the steps into the basement. This was her chance. She dashed into the house and ran up the stairs, taking out her apartment key as she went.

On her own landing, just as she started to put her key into her door, she became aware that someone was waiting on the landing above her. She turned to run back down the stairs. But before she could take a step, the lights in the hall were blotted out momentarily by something like a flying monster bird. She screamed wildly. The man had jumped down the whole flight of stairs onto her. Pain shot through her like electric shock as her kneecap hit the tile floor. She thought he

had stabbed her, and she felt hot and oozing in the middle as if she were bleeding. She screamed the name of a woman neighbor whom she hardly knew. "Mrs. Hoffman!" she screamed. "Mrs. Hoffman, Mrs. Hoffman!"

Doors crashed and echoing voices filled the stairwell. Terrible apparitions like gigantic mechanical baby dolls or bunnies, with big springs come loose from their heads, the women tenants in nightclothes and hair rollers, armed with pop bottles, all lunged for the man.

Rachel caught one flash of his face before he escaped. He was young. He had a lot of black hair, like a poet. As he dived for the stairs, she looked down and saw, as she knew she would, the Argyle socks of the husband across the street.

"Stop him!" yelled the women, thundering down the stairs after the man. Rachel was put on someone's red-painted kitchen chair underneath an ivy-planter wall clock. A woman wet her forehead and started braiding her hair tightly. More to avoid having her hair braided than anything else, Rachel said she wanted to join the chase. "I'll need to identify him," she said. "I'm all right, I'm all right."

The tenants, all eager to go, were easy to persuade. The hall was full of broken bottles. On every third step, Rachel saw a big drop of blood.

The superintendent came out of his apartment with no shirt on, his tragic eye-whites suppliant for any news he could deplore. Why, he's a sweet little man, thought Rachel. He has a crucifix on.

The evening had come to life in a drizzle that ignited the streets, with Christmas balls and stars shining in the macadam. Rachel was swept along by two sturdy women in toggle coats over their flannel pajamas, who told her repeatedly, "Just so he didn't *harm* you." Sirens rose like a serenade, and the rain fused the lights of Second Avenue to a beacon. Rachel had never seen New York so beautiful.

Three women neighbors came out of the big hospital at the corner, hauling Rachel's attacker, the young husband who lived in the apartment across the street. They had caught up with him as he tried to hide in a phone booth of the hospital lobby.

Standing at a safe distance on the far side of the Avenue, Good Joe, neatly dressed, with his checked wool scarf and fedora on, called, "Have you got him, girls?" The officers getting out of the police cars and the women howled with laughter.

Just before the police put him in the car, the man turned to Rachel. Thickened blood like paint was coming out of his black hair where the bottles had cracked his head. "I didn't do anything to you, did I?" he said to her, in an entreat-ing, boyish voice.

An hour after she had signed at the hospital that she refused treatment, Rachel's body started to throb all over. Besides the bruises that showed, she had a pain in one breast and she found that when she flexed her knees or lowered her head, a sharp pain paralyzed her spine. The neighbors had stayed with her, vying with each other in offerings of tea, sherry, and soup, laughing at Good Joe, who had gone promptly to the prisoner's wife to offer his legal services and returned home to report to them, "I can't make out why that fellow should want to do it. He's got a wife who's a good-looking girl. Not strikingly gorgeous like yourself, but she's not bad!" "He's sick!" Mrs. Hoffman explained to the lawyer.

The neighbors now insisted on taking Rachel back to the hospital. "Anything with the breast I don't like," said one. They went and got a cab, and two of the women, still in pajamas and toggle coats, rode with her. Mrs. Hoffman promised to call the store for Rachel in the morning.

In the emergency ward, a doctor fingered Rachel's breast and spine at great length, then said, "I can't tell anything by manual examination." Rachel said, "Well, Doctor, it was a terribly good try." She had never said anything like that before, and never heard such applauding laughter.

Rachel was admitted to the hospital for observation and had the best time she had ever had in her life. When she was in bed, nobody could tell how tall she was, five-ten. They could only see her face. Everybody said over and over that it was good he hadn't "harmed" her, and she realized that having just escaped "harm" made her more desirable than anything else that could possibly have happened to her. The doctors grouped around her bed and said to each other, "You know, I don't blame that guy!" Rachel giggled chidingly in a way she never had before and told them to wait till she was back on her feet and they found out she was six-foot-three. The house doctor said if she were his girl, he'd never let her get on her feet. One doctor added musingly, "I love the name Rachel."

The store sent flowers. A buyer, wearing what appeared to be a fresh pineapple in her hat, came and told her, "Usually they only do it for a death!" Her floorwalker and her section manager came with gifts from the store, expressing thankfulness that she hadn't been "harmed," and Snookie, the junior-sizes model, brought her a black velvet halter hostess gown she had admired, bought with the 40 percent discount, but still expensive. "I knew you liked it," Snookie repeated, contentedly. "So I figured, what the hell."

Bill the photographer came in, saying "Wheee!", with his wife, Billie, who brought a

mason jar of her bean and barley soup, which she said was "binding," and a kit packed with a week's supply of every possible cosmetic, including dry shampoo.

Best of all, Harold and Schuyler, the queer window dressers, came bearing a replica of the store, complete with awning and customers going in (one recognizable as an eccentric rich old lady who wore sneakers and prodded the models in the stomach with her umbrella), made entirely of flowers. While the patients on the floor flashed their lights frantically, the whole hospital staff congregated in Rachel's room to admire Harold and Schuyler's flower department store. "Schuyler never stopped wiring mums all *night*," Harold boasted fondly, hiccuping with pride. "I spoon-fed him vodka till dawn."

The neighbors also visited and reported that Rachel's attacker had been committed to someplace upstate, while Good Joe remained nonplussed that the attacker had had a wife who was "not bad" right in his own home.

Rachel's X rays didn't show anything, and she was discharged. But even when she was back on her feet, taller in heels than many of the men, nobody seemed afraid of her and she was not afraid of them. She joked with Good Joe, and when she heard Mr. Einstein howling his children's songs, she laughed and laughed. The superintendent still told her, shrugging seductively, that his wife wanted a divorce, but she told him firmly that he must preserve his marriage for the sake of the children, and he subsided with a disappointed air.

But in the apartment across the street, everything was changed. The first night Rachel glanced from her window, she thought the wife was getting ready to move, which seemed natural enough. Everything seemed dumped out over everything. A heap of clothes or bedding or curtains was over the big chair, with a big green thing, possibly a cotton shag rug, draped on top. The ironing board, with another mountain of things on it, stayed up in the middle of the room. What had been walnut cantilever bookshelves had become catchalls for boxes and laundry, with stockings hanging.

But as time passed, the woman never packed. The heaps of things only rose higher. The bed was never made. Apparently it was never even changed. It seemed that the woman was going to go on living there, by herself, but had stopped doing anything at all. The kitchenette of the one-room studio, also visible through the window, was a stack of pots, dishes, and rags. The whole place was like a giant laundry hamper. The woman lay most of the time on the unmade bed. She always had on a speckly black thing that looked as

if it were made of quilting, stiffened by soil. When the woman occasionally sat in the chair holding a magazine, all Rachel could see of her was one hand flicking a cigarette and a bare foot jerking a loose mule.

RACHEL decided to give a party, her first party, a small one, and asked Snookie, Bill and Billie, and Harold and Schuyler.

She had been in New York long enough now to know her way around with sour cream, chervil, artichoke hearts, and vodka. The night of the party, after she had her casserole sprinkled with Parmesan and ready to run under the broiler, the avocados mashed for the dip, and the spray of eucalyptus poised to cast an Oriental shadow on her single dramatic vermilion wall, and had put on her black halter hostess gown, she was so happy that tears came into her throat. She knew that her life was not factually changed and might never be, but she felt that she could stand for years posed ready to run casseroles under the broiler in a perpetual glossy print of purest hospitality, even if nobody came for the rest of her life.

But everybody came, and everybody gave themselves completely to the party. Snookie praised the yummy dip and the yummy vermilion wall. Bill sat on the rug saying "Swoosh!" when Rachel's skirt accidentally swept his head, and Billie attributed long stories to him while everybody stared at him, trying to picture him telling these stories. Harold and Schuyler had apparently had a minor tiff due to one of them accusing the other of Trotskyist tendencies, but when Schuyler took off his loafers and skipped softly around the room singing, from *Greensleeves*, "Alas, my love, you do me wrong, to treat me thus discourteously, when I have lov-ed you so long —", it was evident that Harold had melted. ("They're kind of cute," Snookie said, and Billie said, "They are cute. I mean, they are darlings. I feel, who are we to judge?") Billie told freakish narrow-escape stories, such as that of a man nearly catching a woman's ice skate in his cornea on the subway. Schuyler leaped to the radiator-cover top and sang, "I did but see her passing by, and yet her ice skate gouged my eye," and Billie was not offended.

Even the neighbors cooperated unconsciously in the party spirit. Good Joe came up to ask Rachel if her water pressure was troubling her, and Mr. Einstein sang ferociously that he would take his dolls and go away, and challenged his raumschlager to come out. Schuyler said, "How neo-Humperdinck!"

The neighbor business led to their talking about the woman across the street. They all went over to the window and looked.

"Housekeepingwise, she is in mighty bad shape," said Billie.

"What I can't figure out is what is that big green thing on the chair?" said Rachel. She felt guilty, but the woman didn't know. The woman had not been able to keep her own husband away from Rachel, and now she was a conversation piece at Rachel's party, but she couldn't know, and it couldn't hurt her. And they had all had enough vodka so that anything they did seemed cauterized of malice.

"Oof!" said Bill.

"She should pull herself *together!*" said Snookie.

"Psychologywise, she should take herself in hand," said Billie.

"The green thing is a sleeping bag!" said Schuyler. "She's camping in."

"The voyeur looks into the mirror, merely," said Harold. "What is that big green thing? What, what is that big green thing at the vortex of my being?"

"She sure has let herself go," said Snookie.

"*Floom!*" said Bill.

"She should take up something," said Billie.

"She could pluck chenilles with tweezers!" said Schuyler. "Chenille by chenille she could pluck, in patterns! Wait. I have a marvelous idea. Billie, may I borrow your brooch? Rachel, may I pierce your coasters?"

"Schuy is ophthalmologically sound," said Harold, belching. "A pinhole reduces virtually to the optic axis, forming a telescopic lens!"

Stabbing the coasters through the centers with Billie's pin, Schuyler passed them out for everyone to look through.

"Oh, Schuy, we shouldn't," protested Rachel. "This is so deliberate. The poor creature!"

"We must identify the big green thing!" said Schuyler. "I was wrong. It's not a sleeping bag. It's a bolt of Easter-basket grass. She's very beforehand, actually. It isn't Easter for months!"

"Rachel, aren't others' windows our looking glass, ultimately?" said Harold. "In every view, every visitation, don't we seek to fracture our own image?"

"She needs *help*," said Billie.

"Can't *we* do something?" said Schuyler. "We could take her a kitten! We could serenade her. 'Dradle, dradle, dradle, I made it out of clay, and when it's dry and ready, then dradle I shall play!'"

"We could take her some *Brillo*," said Snookie.

"Oh, nothing abrasive, Snookie," said Schuyler. "A flowering plant. An azalea with a bow. A sea horse with guaranteed live delivery. Oh, if we had some fireworks. We could shoot them for her on the fire escape."

Harold cried with laughter and sat down, spill-

ing his vodka. "Lose your self-respect, and it's the end," said Billie. "I have a cleaning woman in twice a week," said Snookie. "You cannot go to pot," said Billie. "There's such a thing as a fire hazard," said Snookie.

"Volunteers are always needed," said Billie. "The hospitals are always yelling." "Even a pay job is better than nothing," said Snookie. "Better than *nothing*, Snookie?" said Harold. "Better than nothing whatsoever, *truly* better?"

"We could take her a mason jar of bean and barley soup," said Schuyler. "It's binding, it's very binding. We could all do a play reading. I see her in *The Inca of Perusalem*."

"Nothing's wrong with bridge to kill an evening," said Snookie. "But *nothing*, darling!" cried Harold, choking. "Nothing's wrong with bridge to kill an evening!" He and Schuyler collapsed, chorusing, "Nothing's wrong with bridge to kill an evening!"

Snookie said, "What I'd like to know is, where does she get her dough?"

AFTER everybody had gone home and Rachel had set the dishes and glasses in the sink, she was too tired to feel anything. But the calculations of zeros and figure eights of glass imprints on all the furniture tops left autographs of life in the room, and the echo of the talk and laughs of her company made her hum as she got out of her clothes. When she went to raise her window, she saw the woman lying asleep on her bed with the lights on, as she often slept. Her position made Rachel quickly look away. The woman was lying on her face with her legs spread and feet toed in, a position of abjectness embarrassing even when that of a young child or a big, fallen doll. "Oh, *dear*," murmured Rachel, as she fell asleep.

She got up late, fixed her breakfast, and cleaned up from the party. It was nearly three when she looked out the window. She thought instantly how they had stuck pinholes in the coasters and aimed their focus at the woman. Oh, no, she thought. What did we do? Oh, what did we do to you?

The woman was lying in the exact position she had been in fourteen hours before. She couldn't be, thought Rachel, but she stared till her eyes stung, trying to see some change from last night that showed that the woman had moved. But nothing was changed. The woman still lay in the position that did not look any longer like sleep.

But she could have moved around a lot in between and just be lying like that again, thought Rachel.

Rachel had to go out to the delicatessen for cigarettes and something for her supper, and she

decided to go now and then see if the woman had moved by the time she came back. She deliberately prolonged her errand, as if to give the woman an added chance. She bought the papers and hunted for a drugstore open Sundays, where she might buy stamps.

When she got back, the woman was lying unchanged. Rachel's heart felt as if it had just started to beat. She thought of all the possible things to do. The police? The woman superintendent of the building across the street? The nicety of her own concern that the woman not be found by the police in the position in which she was lying made Rachel feel close to her. Then it struck Rachel that she could call the woman and see if the phone roused her. But she had put the name out of her mind after the attempted attack. She went down to Good Joe's apartment to ask him the name. But Good Joe wasn't home. Rachel went back up. The woman hadn't moved.

Rachel decided that the thing to do was to go and look at the nameplates in the house across the street. Then she could look up the number, and phone — unless, of course, it was unlisted.

Rachel was very excited when she worked out this simple plan, but she didn't act upon it. Agitation gave her the sense that the right name was flashing around the edges of her thoughts and would light up clearly at any moment, and for a while she walked around, trying different names to herself.

She was doing this when she passed the window and saw that the disheveled bed was empty.

There was the woman, standing up, then moving slowly through the mess of the room. The late Sunday afternoon light turned the very color of disappointment, the flaunting flat blue of survival when all had been guaranteed lost, of crisis ended with nobody's services needed, and all the watchers thrown back on their routine. This was the feeling Rachel had when she saw that the woman was not dead.

Held by fright at her feeling, Rachel watched the woman attentively, as if required to do so. She watched the woman grope through the debris toward the first thing all lost people crawl toward, water. She turned the faucet and filled a kettle. Certainty colored in every detail for Rachel. The woman struck a match, lighting the cigarette between her lips, then the gas range, and spooned instant coffee into a cup.

Rachel shut her blinds. What she could not look at was the will, the will that got up at five P.M. from a dead-doll sprawl, that crawled through the wreckage of its life to reinstall itself with all the little waking-up supports, to meet an absent poet's face that pleaded, "I didn't do anything to you, did I?"

OGDEN NASH

Yum Yum, Take It Away

Do you wonder why, when you sit down to eat, you start twisting in your chair
and drumming on the table with your digits?
Because of dysphoria, which is a state of dissatisfaction, anxiety, restlessness, or the fidgets,
Which is caused by anticipation of dysphagia, or difficulty in swallowing,
Which is caused by two hazards of dining with friends today, namely, the following:
Hazard number one is the hostess who fancies herself as a gourmet, or should I say gourmette;
Hers is a table at which even between courses you first take out and then
hastily put back your cigarette.
When does a housewife blossom into a Brillat-Savarin? I will tell you when;
It is when she has a newspaper or magazine clipping, a clove of garlic, and a Rock Cornish hen.
Herbs are another status symbol, so as you work your way through the tossed epicurean forage,
Why, you are supposed to detect and appreciate the difference between the oregano and saxifrage,
and the chervil and the borage.
Frankly, I don't know whether I'd less rather eat them or guess them;
If these be Herbs, I'm willing for Herb to repossess them.
Hazard number two is no gourmet, she is the backbone of the economy in this land of the free;
This hostess serves nothing that isn't displayed wrapped in cellophane at the supermarket
exactly as advertised on her TV.
Even before by the first mouthful your palate is mortified
You know you will be confronted with substances presliced, processed, tenderized,
polyunsaturated, dehydrated, or fortified.
You are in an evil humor;
If, as Sir Winston has said, the good is the enemy of the best,
so is the just-as-good the enemy of the bemused consumer.
This truth is so evident that even the advertiser will occasionally resort to it
as a final expedient;
Witness the less expensive spread that is promoted as better than other less expensive spreads
because it boasts of containing some of the more expensive natural spread as an ingredient.
You know your desire is foolhardy, it is the essence of foolhardihoodness,
But you desire to eat something that tastes like something, rather than something you are told
will zestfully stimulate your taste buds with its mouth-watering goodness.
Which last is an eventuality not to be trifled with;
I heard of one consumer who consumed a product so mouth-watering that his taste buds
got over-mouth-watered and grew to the size of chrysanthemums, which he was stifled with.
This is the only exception I can give
To the paradoxical rule that the more insipid and unappetizing our diet, the longer we seem to live.



The Eisenhower Administration: *A Self-portrait*

BY OSCAR HANDLIN

A Harvard historian who has specialized in American history, OSCAR HANDLIN won the Pulitzer Prize with his book THE UPROOTED, and after ten years' preparation has just published his illuminating single-volume history, THE AMERICANS. In the following article he makes an assessment of the Eisenhower Administration based upon the former President's new book and on other recent volumes written by those close to Ike in the years 1952-1956.

DWIGHT D. EISENHOWER accepted a grave challenge when he returned from Europe in 1952 openly to seek the Republican presidential nomination. The greatest war in history had come to an end only seven years earlier and had left the world still smoldering from its damage. The ideological, economic, and social combustibles for a renewed conflict were everywhere perilously close to the blazing point; and the United States itself was engaged in a costly and seemingly interminable conflict in Korea. At home, widespread uneasiness belied the apparent prosperity of the post-war years, and the tension generated by unresolved problems presented a standing threat to political order. Few statesmen in our times have fallen heir to as difficult a situation.

Ike himself recognized three pre-eminent problems. The GOP, embittered from twenty years of defeat, had to be modernized to preserve the traditional two-party system. "Federal paternalism," which bred disillusion and cynicism, had to be ended. And a new foreign policy had to defend human liberty without distortion by the alternating pulls of adventurism and isolationism. The times called for a revitalized Republican Party to clean up the "mess" in Washington, to eliminate the

encroachments upon traditional liberties, and to safeguard the free world.

To these tasks Eisenhower brought substantial talents — patriotism, dedication to public service, and an extraordinary capacity to direct a military team derived from his experience in SHEAF and NATO. Knowing the horrors of war, he was eager to preserve peace and to prevent the United States from becoming an armed camp. His long military career had earned him tremendous popularity among men of every party; his bearing, his warm grin, an inner personal charisma drew others to him. Even his opponents preferred to direct their fire not at him but at his followers. As a result, he consistently attracted and retained widespread support. (In 1963, as in 1953, the polls reveal him to be the most popular political figure in the United States.) The ability of his Administration to draw upon these personal assets accounted for its significant achievements and also helped to explain its failures.

Ike's accomplishments can be assessed only in the light of the hazards of the years in which he held office. It was no mean feat simply to have avoided disaster while the Communists acquired a nuclear armory and consolidated their hold on

Photograph courtesy of Wide World Photos.

Eurasia between the Oder and the Pacific. From the start the President was eager to help preserve the peace as he had helped to win the war. His speech to the American Society of Newspaper Editors in Washington in April, 1953, was an imaginative effort to reach for a fresh positive policy, and it evoked immediate sympathy in every part of the world. His "open skies" and "atoms for peace" plans groped toward a constructive resolution of the armament dilemma. He deserves credit for the truce in Korea, for the final ratification of the Austrian peace treaty, and for the happy outcome of the difficulties over Trieste. If relations with the Soviet Union remained unstable, it was not through want of trying on his part.

Domestically, the economy remained prosperous; social tension was contained, even if it did not abate; and there were tentative efforts to deal with the problems of civil rights, housing, transportation, and education. Above all, Eisenhower made palatable to most Republicans the social welfare legislation of the preceding two decades. In the 1950s, the New Deal ceased to be an active political issue and became an accepted part of the American past. No other figure could have achieved that transformation. The extent to which Ike was responsible for the acceptance of the social changes of the 1930s may be measured by the abhorrence in which the right-wing extremists still hold him.

The effort to mute dissension and avoid conflict in both domestic and foreign policy confirmed the faith of Americans in their President. Millions of his fellow citizens were eager to be reassured; and Ike, who already commanded their confidence, strengthened it by his unruffled certainty that the dangers would pass by. He elicited the same feeling of trust as had FDR and aroused little of the antagonism the New Dealer had. At a time of great pressure, when decisions in the United States could affect the future of mankind, it was heartening to be told that all was going well.

But the kindly figure who spoke in these terms seemed content to compromise rather than exert the leadership which was his. The dangers did not pass by but, submerged or hidden, remained a threat to the republic. The shortcomings of the Administration were much less noticed than the successes; but they were also reflections of the President's personality, and in time they were to generate dismay. We catch glimpses of these shortcomings, some of which led to failure, in the books by the President and members of his Administration.

WITH unprecedented speed, a succession of volumes has provided the data for an evaluation. In

1956, a knowledgeable reporter, Robert J. Donovan, who obviously had access to sources in the government, published *Eisenhower: The Inside Story* (Harper). Governor Sherman Adams, the President's chief aide until 1958, put together his account of national affairs in *Firsthand Report: The Story of the Eisenhower Administration* (Harper), in 1961. A year later Vice President Richard M. Nixon's *Six Crises* (Doubleday) touched on his role in the Administration. Recently, in *The Ordeal of Power: A Political Memoir of the Eisenhower Years* (Atheneum), Emmet J. Hughes, for a time a speech writer close to the President, presented a perceptive analysis of some phases of the first two years in office. Still another look at Ike in action came in *Black Man in the White House* by E. Fred-eric Morrow (Coward-McCann).

To these narratives the President now adds his own story of his first term in *Mandate for Change, 1953-1956: The White House Years* (Doubleday, \$6.95). This book, which draws frequently upon quotations from Ike's diary, from correspondence, and from public papers and speeches, contains no startling revelations. It is valuable mostly for the light it casts upon its author. Its emphases, its interpretations, and its omissions go far to explain Eisenhower and the motives and beliefs that guided the nation's destiny through most of the 1950s.

The satisfaction with which Eisenhower sets forth the record of his first term tends to conceal his failures. Yet complacency and the unwillingness to make hard choices did prove costly in both foreign and domestic policy between 1953 and 1956. Before the President left office, he listened tight-lipped in Paris to an insulting scolding from the Communist boss; he came home from the Far East having suffered the indignity of a retracted invitation to visit Japan; and he found Russian influence penetrating to the Near East and Africa, and to Latin America, where it had never before had a foothold. Surely it is unjustified complacency to write that in 1956 "the rolling advance of Communism came to a stop."

Eisenhower was unwilling, and still is, to recognize that his Administration was deeply divided on foreign policy. Contradiction and confusion were the inevitable results of the inability to reconcile the discrepancies among the various forces that shaped his diplomacy.

From the start, other objectives distracted him from his goal of peace. A deep-rooted suspicion that earlier Democratic Administrations had been too easy on Communism had substantial political value in the election of 1952 and accorded with the mood of a nation which could not understand why the fruits of victory were being withheld. It was tempting under these circumstances to call for a more aggressive posture. Hence the fiasco of the con-

gressional resolution to repudiate FDR's non-existent "secret agreements" for the enslavement of Eastern Europe. Hence the talk about going beyond containment to the "liberation" of the subject peoples. Hence the implied promise that a visit to Korea would lead to a new turn in the war. Hence the brinkmanship of the eight years which followed.

The President deluded himself in the belief that he could talk liberation for the satellites and still seek peace with the Soviet Union, just as he hoped that unleashing Chiang Kai-shek for an attack upon the mainland, in February, 1953, would help end the Korean War. In fact, the two policies canceled each other out.

A third and formidable element affected the situation. The Administration took office with a promise to balance the budget, reduce expenditures, and lower taxes. But substantial savings could come only through a reduction in military expenses. Although the new look in defense was not complete until 1958, Army manpower was cut by fully one third in the eighteen months after December, 1953. To attain that objective and still maintain American strength, it was necessary to place greater emphasis than formerly on the deterrent and destructive power of nuclear weapons. The logic of massive retaliation called for a refusal to fight conventional brush-fire wars and relied instead upon the threat of a nuclear holocaust to achieve national objectives.

In his book the President seems unaware of the incompatibility of these objectives. Pursuing both peace and liberation, he confronted a powerful antagonist with but one weapon which he always hesitated to use. American representatives abroad, kept busy answering questions about McCarthyism, were in no position to wage the ideological battle for freedom; and the concern with the balanced budget inhibited any bold, novel, nonmilitary acts of initiative. The result was an incoherent foreign policy confusing to both enemies and friends and ineffective in Asia, Europe, and the Near East.

Eisenhower entered the White House heir to the disagreeable consequences of the Communist takeover of mainland China in 1949. A full-scale war raged in Korea; Chiang Kai-shek held precariously to Formosa and its adjacent islands; and the French were bogged down in a struggle with Red guerrillas in Indochina. Perhaps no President could have achieved more satisfactory results than Eisenhower did in 1953 and 1954. But the news from Laos and Saigon is still grim.

Eisenhower, for instance, does not recognize that the price of peace in Korea was the loss of Indochina. No one should have known this better than he. His State of the Union message in February, 1953, had pointed out "that there was a definite

relationship between the fighting in Indochina and that in Korea," and the next month he had warned that "a cease fire in Korea would free the Chinese Communists to reinforce their support of the rebels in the Indochina area." Toward the end of that year, after the armistice, those effects were indeed felt; the artillery that helped reduce Dien Bien Phu was no doubt released by the settlement in the north. In the end an armistice gave the Communists a foothold in Southeast Asia which they are still actively exploiting. Eisenhower, however, confidently believes that "much good, along with much sadness, came out of the Indochinese struggle" — the formation of SEATO, for instance. How much good, recent events in Laos and Vietnam have eloquently revealed.

The President also regards the Formosa policy as a triumph. The massive Red Chinese bombardment failed to reduce Quemoy and Matsu. But the United States acquired an ambiguous commitment to intervene on Chiang Kai-shek's behalf which hinged upon the assumption that we would be able to read the minds of the Red Chinese. We would come in if the Red Chinese attacked the offshore islands with the intention of using them as stepping-stones to Taiwan; otherwise, we would not intervene. The subsequent stalemate left unresolved the larger issue of the relationships of China to the United States. They are still unresolved.

Eisenhower did not supply the consistent policy toward East Asia which the United States had lacked since 1949 and still lacks. In the whole of this vast area, Communism was a threat, to which we could respond either by active resistance or by an accommodation of some sort. The President was unwilling to make the decision. His desire for peace and for fiscal stability and the limitations of our defense resources inhibited any effort at liberation such as Chiang and Rhee and Senator Knowland called for. But neither would Eisenhower take the steps to learn to live with the enemy; he simply ruled out any suggestion that the Red Chinese participate in the great-power negotiations. To have done otherwise would have hopelessly divided his own party and made a mockery of the campaign charges that the Democrats had betrayed free China.

IN EUROPE the choices were less clear-cut. Talk about liberation continued to enliven Republican oratory; but when the moments of truth arrived in the chain of popular uprisings that began in East Berlin in June, 1953, and extended through the satellites to Budapest in 1956, discretion was the better part of valor in Washington. Significantly, Eisenhower's account is totally silent on these matters.

As the Marshall Plan sped the recovery of Western Europe we faced the need for a more equal accommodation with our closest allies, France and England. Eisenhower entered office with three fixed ideas, derived from his experience as NATO commander: the continental European countries were to move toward unity; they were to contribute more substantially to their own defense in order to relieve the burden on the United States; and they were to make a place in their future plans for a sovereign West Germany. The device that would further all three objectives was the European Defense Community, a scheme focused on the "sludgy amalgam" (Churchill's phrase) of a supranational army. Ike had attached so much importance to this plan in 1952 that he had been unwilling to leave Paris to become a candidate until the French negotiators had accepted it.

There remained ratification by the Chamber of Deputies, however, and it quickly became apparent to all but the Americans that the action would never come. Yet the United States made this the acid test of the friendship of any French government. The United States threw its weight behind the pathetic Laniel because no one else would take a stronger position on the defense of Indochina or in support of the European Defense Community. By the same token, Eisenhower failed to recognize in Pierre Mendès-France the one leader who might have stabilized the Fourth Republic. Mendès-France brought the fighting in Indochina to an end, extricated his country gracefully from Tunisia, allowed EDC to die mercifully in the Chamber, and took the decisive steps that would ultimately give a firm basis to European economic and political union. But the Americans refused to come to his aid in the Geneva negotiations, were cool to him during his visit to Washington, and generally stood aloof until his downfall, brought on, in part, by disgruntled EDC supporters. Germany, by 1956, however, was in NATO without the EDC for which the Americans had fought so hard. "I was highly gratified by developments," Ike now writes, "as was Foster and the entire administration." But why?

The consequences of misunderstanding with Britain were more grave, although not more clearly perceived by the President. Already in March, 1953, Eisenhower and Churchill were talking at cross-purposes on the question of Suez. The English had presented the United States with their proposals for settlement and had asked for help in the negotiations with the Egyptians. The President refused to become a party to the dispute, although he expressed approval of the proposals. Churchill graciously accepted the refusal but went on to say that, even if we could not help him openly, he hoped that we would not let it appear that we were help-

ing Egypt. "He had missed my point," writes Eisenhower. "So far as the plan was concerned, we supported him fully." But no action! That "support" had a different meaning on the two sides of the ocean became increasingly evident in the next three years; and the culmination of that failure of understanding which opened the way to Communist penetration of the Near East and Africa came in October, 1956, with the invasion of Suez, at the point where this book ends. No hint of that tragedy, however, casts a shadow across these pages, although it was well in process early in 1956.

IN THE outline for his first inaugural address, Eisenhower underlined the phrase "readiness to sacrifice"; and later he called for broad programs to improve the national transportation system, aid distressed areas, and raise the level of education. Very little came of these suggestions.

The major responsibility for the lack of action falls certainly upon Congress. Any Chief Executive compelled to deal with that body in the 1950s deserves sympathy. Unrepresentative of the country as a whole, bogged down in anachronistic procedures, led by mediocrities, it would have tested the tactical skill of the ablest President. Despite their own experience on the Hill, Truman earlier and Kennedy later discovered the dangers of tangling with the national legislature. Ike, furthermore, had to face a Congress in which hostile Democrats were a majority during half his term.

But he nevertheless must share the blame for inaction; his generally negative attitude toward government encouraged a complacent people to believe that problems left alone would somehow solve themselves. The reiterated insistence upon a balanced budget, the assurance that private efforts could cure recessions, and the warning that political interference produced "a mess" took the urgency out of his occasional suggestions for action. A President who doggedly believed that a strong federal government was a threat to liberty could hardly excite voters or congressmen in favor of extending federal influence in education or transportation.

The clearest demonstration of the failure to reshape the GOP came from his posture toward Joseph R. McCarthy. Eisenhower had no respect for the senator from Wisconsin but was unwilling to risk an open battle. A decade later he still does not understand the consequences of his restraint. During the campaign of 1952, for instance, deference to McCarthy induced Ike to delete from a speech a favorable reference to General George Marshall. "When this became known," Eisenhower now writes, "it gave the opposition and some

segments of the press an opportunity to charge that I had 'capitulated' to the McCarthyites. This was, of course, completely untrue." The "of course" in that statement is even more staggering than the certitude that the charge was untrue. But most staggering of all is the unawareness of what Sherman Adams reported — that not only the opposition but some of Ike's staunchest supporters were greatly "disheartened" by his action.

There were few causes for encouragement thereafter. Without intending to, Eisenhower fell in with some features of the McCarthyite line. He took up, and still repeats, the accusation that Truman's Administration had shown "either a complacency or a skepticism toward security risks in government." He still boasts of his dismissal of thousands of government employees and is oblivious of the results. The discovery, for instance, that the President and the Secretary of State were ready to throw the Foreign Service rank and file to the McCarthyite wolves reduced the Department of State and its Information Agency to a shambles at a critical period in our relationships with the rest of the world. The President's position, down to the very censure of the senator, was inglorious and for a time wrecked the prospect for a new Republicanism.

Eisenhower's attitude toward civil rights revealed another troubling deficiency in his understanding of presidential responsibility. The breakdown in inherited patterns of prejudice against the Negro made rapid progress in the decade after 1945 and culminated in the Supreme Court decision of 1954, which struck down the doctrine of "separate but equal." The defenders of segregation at that point seemed utterly routed. But the movement toward equality then slackened, with consequences we have all regretted since Little Rock.

It is difficult to pin down Eisenhower's personal attitude. He appointed a Negro to the White House staff, but the commission was withheld for five years; and even "at that," says Frederic Morrow, "the swearing-in was not done in the usual style," for the President, who usually attended such ceremonies, was not present. Hughes reports a conversation in 1956 in which the President complained that "the Supreme Court decision *set back* progress in the South *at least 15 years*." Sherman Adams describes Eisenhower as a moderate who considered the Supreme Court decision correct but who was convinced "that progress toward school integration had to be made with considerable deliberation." One could not "change the hearts of people by law," the President argued — not a surprising view from one who quoted Senator Harry Byrd of Virginia as an authority on the subject.

Eisenhower never thought the matter through. He accepted the judgment of the Court and urged the District of Columbia schools to obey the law

immediately. But he found it unnecessary to express "either approbation or disapproval of a Court decision." There was no inkling — either at the time or, retrospectively, in the book — of the urgency of the issue, of the way in which its First Citizen might voice the conscience of a nation dedicated to equality and freedom, of the difference a positive affirmation might make in the border states. He might have done well to ponder more often the meaning of the promise, in his acceptance speech, to "keep nothing in reserve" in the crusade "for freedom in America and freedom in the world."

ONLY unwittingly and by indirection does *The White House Years* touch upon these failures or their causes. It is thus dismaying to find calmly repeated in the book Ike's protests against the tendency to think that we "should all eat caviar and drink champagne throughout our lives, where hot dogs and beer might be more appropriate." Those phrases reflect a remoteness from the real people and the real issues of the United States of 1953 and of 1963, perhaps accountable for by the Army officer's characteristic isolation from the common experience.

An undertone of complacency runs through the book, which admits to not one single mistake or error of judgment. Eisenhower's faith in himself is a substantial element in his popularity, but he did not show the same mettle in his presidential leadership as he did in the war. Bland reassurances, comforting as they were, did not move men to action.

Perhaps Ike never doubted himself because a military commander could not afford the luxury of introspection or inner questioning. But his placid self-assurance was also the attitude of the self-made man conscious of his own success. On his first day in the White House, he smiled, remembering his beginnings. "If my chances of walking into this room had been calculated when I was born in Denison, Texas, in 1890, they would have been approximately zero. And yet the homely old saw had proved to be true: in the United States any boy *can* grow up to be President." Ike liked other successful men who thought as he did, and he gave them places in his Cabinet and in the upper echelons of his Administration. Among the Democrats, he felt close to Senator Byrd of Virginia and Senator George of Georgia, but he quite clearly did not understand his own Secretary of Labor, Martin Durkin, who seemed to think that the laboring population had distinctive interests to uphold.

Eisenhower's refusal to use the patronage constructively prevented him from effecting significant changes in Congress or in his party and reflected attitudes carried over from his military career. The

armed services handled cantankerous senators and representatives not by a headlong assault, but by persuasion, conciliation, and patience. Eisenhower never realized how different the President's role was. Deference to congressional authority and willingness to compromise again and again sapped his strength in conflicts with the Hill. Even in matters about which he felt strongly, such as the confirmation of Charles E. Bohlen's appointment or the defeat of the Bricker Amendment, he made concessions without knowing that he did so. He thereby taught the congressmen that they had little to fear from opposing him.

Ike's book points, by omission, to still another weakness of his Administration. There is not a word in the book about the divided counsels and personal antipathies within the official family to which other accounts refer. Of some of this dissension he was no doubt unaware at the time. When he entered the White House he thought that it would be enough to select an efficient staff and to organize a coherent chain of command, so that critical problems would filter through to him for decisions which, once made, would automatically be implemented. The President himself was unflinchingly loyal to his subordinates and assumed that they would always act together as a team. He did not realize that politics was not a field within which military discipline operated.

It is quite credible, therefore, that he did not know about the imbroglio between Edward Corsi, John Foster Dulles, and Scott McLeod that sabotaged his refugee relief program in 1955 until he read about it in the papers. Perhaps he did not even know, in 1953, of Dulles' efforts to alter the foreign policy speeches Emmet Hughes wrote for the President. If so, that would explain the frequency with which the crosscurrents that swirled beneath the surface of the Administration pulled well-intentioned programs to pieces. If he did know about these matters and is simply unwilling to discuss them now, as he was unwilling to deal with them at the time, that markedly reduces the value of his account.

The stories written by insiders make titillating reading, but they are difficult to evaluate because they reflect the emotions of the events with which they deal. Donovan expresses the disappointments of some of the President's early supporters. Sherman Adams is apologetic, Richard Nixon defiant. Emmet Hughes writes with the bitterness of one whose point of view was disregarded; Frederic Morrow with the frustration of one not permitted to do the job he wished. And Ike himself speaks with the assurance of the successful hero who cannot believe that anything went wrong. No matter how honest the author, sentiments influence memory, the selection of material, and the interpretation of what transpired. These books therefore have informed us of little that was not already in the public record; and they may create myths that will obscure the understanding of future historians.

The haste with which the actors in public affairs have rushed into print raises some question about the propriety of these rapid disclosures of confidential information. Emmet Hughes, for instance, quotes often from his minutes of Cabinet meetings and from private conversation. It would be unfortunate indeed if the key figures in government were to be distracted from the business before them either by the urgency of taking notes for their own inside stories or by the fear of being quoted in someone else's. The gain in public information is too slight to justify the loss in staff confidence; and future Presidents will no doubt find it wise, as President Kennedy has done, to set some limits on freedom of confidential disclosure.

When the balance is struck on the record of the Eisenhower Administration, there will be substantial entries on both the positive and the negative sides. It did not solve, or even face, all the problems that beset the nation in the 1950s; but it made a significant endeavor to preserve the peace and to maintain the well-being of the people. It would be unfortunate if these hasty volumes, of either exaggerated praise or exaggerated criticism, were to befog our understanding of those momentous eight years.

BOOK CENSORSHIP

IN PARIS *by Peter Lennon*

Dublin-born, PETER LENNON worked for the IRISH TIMES before going to Paris in 1955 as a teacher of English in a French school. For the past three years he has been cultural correspondent in Paris for the MANCHESTER GUARDIAN, and in addition he has been working on his first novel.

IN 1742 France had sixty-nine censors, including one for geography and navigation. In 1810 Napoleon, against all advice, reinstituted censorship, but soon had reason to complain, "I blush for the Nation, my censor is indeed inept!"; and in 1815, on his return from Elba, realizing too late what an unreliable weapon censorship is, abolished this institution. Since then, for almost one hundred and fifty years, with the notorious exception of the period of Vichy control, France has informed the world, at times with superb confidence, at times a trifle furtively, that it is the country of intellectual freedom. Any adult may write what he likes, and any publisher may have it printed and circulated for adult consumption. This is still true.

There is no censor, but if Flaubert were to come today before one of the tribunals which deal with offenses against decency in literature, instead of the one which acquitted him in 1857, not only would he probably not be acquitted but, under the system which has been operating since December, 1958 (a few months after De Gaulle came to power), his book could disappear from public knowledge. The title *Madame Bovary* would become an undesirable phrase, and any attempt to print or display the book would render the offender liable to prosecution. There is every reason to believe also that Celine's *Voyage au bout de la nuit* would not survive, and even *Ulysses* in English would not escape expurgation in Paris, since it could be suppressed by a law covering "all writings of foreign origin susceptible of troubling public order."

Every country has a residue of obsolete or eccentric laws which it rarely draws upon; France, particularly in recent months, has been using its

eccentric laws erratically, unreasonably, and even ruthlessly, to such an extent that publishers — Catholic and nondenominational, avant-garde and fashionable — have seriously considered strike action to draw attention to the menace hanging over them.

In recent months a number of books have been stigmatized as pornographic by a commission whose activities come under the jurisdiction of the Minister for the Interior. The commission operates administratively: no one knows how the members reach their conclusions; there are no editors or publishers on the commission; and the members are not obliged to justify their decisions publicly. Jurisprudence has no authority in the matter.

Paris publishers have repeatedly appealed to the Minister for the Interior to come to some reasonable terms on this matter. The bland response is that books are not banned, they are only forbidden to be put within reach of children.

It is true that the commission is operating under a law of July 16, 1949, covering "publications destined for children and adolescents," which was introduced primarily to protect French youth from the flood of sex-and-sadism American comics which inundated France in the immediate post-war period. But in December, 1958, the Gaullist regime considerably aggravated the risks run by publishers by actually enforcing a clause in the law of 1949 which covered "all writings which present a danger to youth because of their licentious or pornographic character." Adults are still not forbidden to purchase or read such books. But another clause in the law denies the right to expose the offending publications to the public view either on the ex-

terior or in the interior of a bookshop or kiosk. And no form of publicity is permitted.

The titles may not even be included in a publisher's list. Although adults are permitted to buy these books, how are they going to find out that they exist? This is clearly the most effective way of not merely banning but annihilating a book, while keeping up the fiction that there is no censorship. The authorities are so sensitive that one is liable to prosecution for saying that there is a censor. A short time ago Jean-Jacques Pauvert, a Paris publisher, decided to see how strictly the Minister for the Interior was prepared to enforce the letter of the law. On the dust jacket of one of his books he indicated the existence of *Les Larmes d'Eros*, a philosophical work by the far from frivolous Georges Bataille which is illustrated by reproductions of works of art and which had incurred the displeasure of the commission. Pauvert simply printed Georges Bataille's name on the dust jacket, and in place of the title of the book there was an asterisk referring the reader to a footnote which explained that "the blank title is the work of the censor."

Pauvert was prosecuted because the dust jacket was held to be publicity and because he had said that there was a censor when officially there is no censor. Fortunately, a Paris tribunal threw out the charges without more ado.

WHAT French publishers are facing is not just the danger of losing a book or two, but total extinction. The law states that once a firm has had three books banned during the course of a year further publications must be submitted to the Minister for the Interior three months before publication date. At the end of this period the publisher must look in the current *Journal Officiel* to find out whether or not one of his books is banned.

It is hard not to believe in the deliberate bad faith of the minister when one discovers that the publisher is not allowed to submit a manuscript to the Minister for the Interior. Instead, he must take the costly risk of printing an edition and then wait three months to see if he is going to suffer a complete loss. Before the publisher can sell a single copy his printing fees fall due.

The effect of this kind of threat is naturally to make publishers extremely circumspect about putting anything into print. It could result in a breed of timorous and ultraconservative French publishers.

One publisher, Maurice Girodias, is, to all intents and purposes, already out of business. He is existing on borrowed time by carrying on through appeal courts long-drawn-out and expensive battles which he has no chance of winning.

A monthly magazine, *Olympia*, which he began producing last year, has to be submitted to the Minister for the Interior each month, and Girodias must wait three months to see if it will be banned. It generally is, but this magazine, which is in English, has been accepted as decent by the United States and British customs.

Girodias has run into trouble partly because he has a way of irritating the administration — for example, by taking actions for damages against the Minister for the Interior, which he never wins — and partly because, although we are indebted to him for publishing such books as Beckett's *Watt*, Nabokov's *Lolita*, and the works of Genet and Donleavy, he also publishes books which he frankly admits could be called pornographic.

In the January issue of the excellent Paris magazine *Preuves* he gave a hilarious account of his encounters with the censor. He was of course prosecuted and fined for writing this article, entitled "*La Censure et moi.*"

It was because many publishers did not want to be associated publicly with the defense of a colleague who could be said to be a little less than extremely respectable that things were allowed to go so far. But last November the situation took an alarming turn. The respectable, prosperous, and highly commercial firm of Gallimard, to its horror, had a book banned. Then came the turn of Julliard, an equally respected and prosperous firm, and later that of La Table Ronde, whose *\$100 de Malentendu*, a translation of a novel by an American, Robert Gover, was banned.

It now became clear that the mysterious commission was not going to restrict itself to small firms or books intended for children. None of the books involved was intended for youth. None could be said to be pornographic. The publishers began to realize that they might very easily find themselves in the position of the near-bankruptcy of Girodias.

Christian Bourgois, a director of Julliard, told me recently that he was profoundly convinced that the activities of the ministry have nothing to do with the protection of youth, but are clearly an attempt to intimidate publishers. "If these books undermine good morals," he said, "then let them bring us to trial. But that does not happen, the book is simply banned. If I wrote erotic passages into a child's book, then certainly I would be misrepresenting my merchandise and deserve prosecution. But our books are not for children.

"Many of the methods employed now," he went on, "were used to suppress books which embarrassed the government during the Algerian war. We were always shocked of course when newspapers and books were seized then, but the truth is that we got used to it. The danger is that this kind of activity will enter into the *moeurs* of our society."

Early this year the authorities attempted to go even further: there was a project to introduce a law which would give a policeman authority to seize any book. This caused such an outcry that it was temporarily abandoned.

Then the Maspero case in April of this year showed how far the authorities were willing to go.

François Maspero, a thirty-year-old bookseller in the Latin Quarter, was charged with having sought to corrupt the morals of youth by putting pornographic books within their reach. He was tried, convicted, and fined by a tribunal of three judges. This serious offense carries penalties of from one month to one year in prison and fines ranging from \$200 to \$3000. He was actually fined only \$60. But the implication of such a conviction was that Maspero had been carrying on a trade in dirty books which he was selling to adolescents and even to young children. It was clear that most respectable people would think twice about going into a bookshop run by this young man, and the case was a warning to booksellers throughout the country who had thought of stocking those books now publicly branded pornographic. After the trial Maspero told me that the experience was like being convicted of having taken his pants off in public.

But this allegedly disgusting young man was defended by one of France's most eminent lawyers, Maurice Garçon, a member of the Académie Française. And a number of the most respected publishers of the country — Paul Flamand, a director of the Catholic *Éditions de Seuil*; Jerome Lindon, Beckett's publisher; and Bourgois of Julliard — signed a petition in his favor. One of the character witnesses for the defense was a Dominican priest.

From the very start there was no way by which Maspero could be acquitted. The judges, incredibly, were not allowed to concern themselves with the contents of the books in question. They were simply working on a list of titles in the *Journal Officiel* supplied by the commission, which operates, as we saw, independently of jurisprudence. Nobody denied that Maspero had in his shop some books forbidden to children but available for adults. But he was convicted in spite of the fact that the books could not reasonably be said to have been put *within reach* of children, since one of them, Georges Bataille's book, costs \$24, and the cheapest, \$2, and in addition they were locked out of reach in a showcase. Maspero, a very serious young man who is considered by his colleagues to be slightly puritanical, did not wish these books to fall into the hands of young people, although respected British bookshops saw no objection to displaying them openly. Apart from the Bataille work, there was *L'Erotisme au cinéma*, a collection of film stills, and the *Métaphysique du Strip-tease*, erotic certainly, but not pornographic. But the official climate of Paris is now

such that this kind of book is considered to be very objectionable.

Maspero tells how one of the policemen raiding his shop, seeing a book entitled *Sexual Symbols*, warned him paternally that he should be careful about such books, that the title alone was pornographic and could earn him a \$1000 fine. This conscientious civil servant clearly uses the word "pornographic" in a rather generous free-for-all way.

There is another side to the Maspero affair. During the Algerian war Maspero stubbornly insisted upon selling books like Henri Alleg's *La Question* and *La Gangrene*, which exposed cases of torturing by the police and the army. He was raided more than one hundred times, charged fourteen times, but never brought to trial because of what a court case could bring to light, since the allegations made in the books were, as we all know now, perfectly true. Maspero feels that the police paid special attention to him because they felt it would be useful if they were able to point out that here was the man who was selling banned books during the Algerian war, still peddling banned books. As if it were all done in the same spirit.

Maspero is now worried about what might befall some of the books in the sociological and psychological sections of his bookshop. Such authors as Margaret Mead and Freud may be banned.

There is a story, probably apocryphal, of how Paris, of all cities, found itself in the grip of a puritanical wave. Madame de Gaulle, straying to an unaccustomed corner of a respectable British bookshop in Paris, is supposed to have been horrified to find herself face-to-face with a display of erotic books. The *vague de pudeur* was on.

Presuming that the authorities are sincere in trying to protect youth, are they going about it efficiently? While no youth under eighteen is allowed to know of the existence of the *Métaphysique du Strip-tease*, any schoolboy coming home from the Lycée Montaigne can look as long as he likes at the stills of stripping girls in showcases outside the clubs at Vavin. Or children can wander around Pigalle at any time of the day or night and find, covering the walls of innumerable clubs, pictures of nudes. If a schoolboy cannot afford \$24 for Georges Bataille's *Les Larmes d'Eros*, he can spend five cents on the *France-Soir* any night and see the celebrated figures of history (even Richelieu) clawing the clothes off demure ladies in the strip cartoon "*Les Amours Célèbres*." Or for twenty cents anyone can indulge in the shallow titillation of "*Ici Paris*." But in such cases the censorship commission would be coming up against powerful newspaper trusts, the tourist trade, and, of course, gangsters.

Then there are curious anomalies: Raymond Queneau, the author of *Zazie in the Métro* and him-

self a director of a publishing house, had his scenario for a film called *Un Couple* published. It was banned, and the title was suppressed. But at the same time, the film was running openly in Paris with the same title and dialogue. The English version of *Lolita* was banned in France while it was circulating freely in the United States and Britain; but it was also circulating freely in France in a French translation brought out by Gallimard. This is a curious state of affairs.

But these recent developments have more serious implications: they have much more to do with authority than with morals. When De Gaulle goes on one of his periodic tours of his dominion, and in the famous cheese district of Cantal, for example, says, "*Ici vous faites du bon fromage*" (which he did say), one has the distinct feeling that he is not so much indulging in careless talk as issuing a royal edict. One's attitude to Cantal cheese can perhaps become a test of one's patriotism. A young man watching the President pass down a Paris boulevard suggested in a loud voice that it was time he retired. The young man explained to the police that he was simply reminding the President of a fact known to all, that the President had passed the retiring age. Yet he was charged with insulting the head of state. Recently, the number of such cases has increased, which does not necessarily mean that people are doing this kind of thing more than they used to, but that the action is now considered as an offense.

Even more ominous, in May a number of journalists, both right-wing and left-wing, published a manifesto for the "defense of the freedom of the press," in which they complained of the "systematic and arbitrary repression" of political news and reported that in the preceding weeks newspaper managers, cartoonists, writers, and publishers had been charged with insulting the head of state in articles or cartoons which (this group claimed) merely expressed opinion.

The new regime in France seems to be breeding a climate of solemn self-satisfaction, of self-righteousness, and of intolerance. The authoritarian state requires its citizens to be docile, and it is useful to be able to make outcasts of those who do not conform. The surest way of keeping the population docile is to limit the means by which the intellectuals can agitate. It is no coincidence that in the past most of the great names of modern literature, from Joyce in the twenties to Baldwin in the fifties, chose Paris as a place to live part of their lives. Liberalism was official. They found in the free atmosphere of the city an escape from the social intimidation, the oppressive puritanism, or the intellectual timidity of their own communities. They found a place to grow. There is a real danger that Paris may soon no longer be such a city.

THE MOMENT

BY PETER DAVISON

The summer day is kind. A breeze
Surrounds me, as if tenderness
Were its invention. Set at ease
With all my selves, I smile and bless
 These friends: the leathern sage, the mild
And unambitious aging man,
 The rebel boy, the gifted child.

I bring no trophies from the past
And wish for none. The Deathless Four
I was when young have merged at last.
Time was I wanted nothing more.
 Reduced to one, a single breath,
The weather breathes me in and out
Till I shall join with it in death.

Bordered by forest palisade
Whose stiffened hemlocks creak and groan,
A clearing keeps me in its shade
Until I come into my own.
 The waxwing grass has just the hue
Of glossy hair I loved the most.
That truth, at least, was not untrue.

I gave away what self I had
To love and loyalty. No doubt
What use they made of it was mad,
But could not self be done without?
 The breezes curry me as though
Their mind turned on a single breath
To keep me or to let me go.

The sky is higher now. The sun
Has dwindled to a coin of gold.
I cannot hear the river run.
The forest shade has lost its cold.
 The weather takes my breath away.
This is the place prepared for me
Where, without menace or decay,
The earth will set my body free.

THE NOBEL PRIZE WINNERS

A Story by W. J. J. Gordon

W. J. J. GORDON, a lecturer in the Engineering Department of Applied Physics at Harvard, is also president of Synectics, Inc., a consulting firm concerned with augmenting the creative output of industrial research organizations. Mr. Gordon has had two previous stories in the ATLANTIC, "The Pures" and "Mrs. Schyler's Plot."

WE WERE due in Portland, Oregon, at 9:00 A.M. their time, so I made a point of getting into the diner for breakfast by 8:00. I ordered prunes, poached eggs, and coffee. Then I looked out the window and thought about last night. What had Dr. Hurlbet called his research division? Research-O-Rama? He was the boss of it — I guess he could call it whatever he wanted; but when you're in my line you have to be more careful. No one wants a metal-fatigue expert to make jokes. I play it very no-jokes, with the pipe and the oracle-type delivery that make a client figure he's getting his consultant service straight from God. Hurlbet is the biggest man in American industrial research, so he can get away with anything. But last night he really took off like a bird. If his picture of industrial research was true, what an indictment! Maybe he'd been fried out of shape last night and would feel like a fool this morning. Or perhaps he wouldn't even remember. I lifted my arm to let the waiter put a clean napkin over my side of the table. It wasn't a napkin. It rustled like paper. Hurlbet! Honest to God, I was embarrassed for him. I didn't look up. I just pulled the piece of paper under my eyes.

A mathematician named Rose
Could do calculus on her toes;
IBM hired her,
Boxed her and wired her,
And rented her out when they chose.

It was a funny limerick — "calculus on her toes" — a little bitter, though. Still without look-

ing up, I said, "Good morning, Dr. Hurlbet." I heard him pull out the chair at my table and sit down.

"Good morning, Fairley." He was cheery as anything. I sneaked a look at him. There he was, smiling. He remembered last night all right, and he couldn't have cared less. "Perhaps you like this one better," he said:

An ecclesiast named Bob
Did calculus in his knob.
So they wired him into
Original sin to
Rent to the Pope for a job.

I really didn't plug in, but the sound of it made me laugh out loud. Hurlbet glanced at the menu.

"The tyranny of the egg," he said. He was off again, same as last night. He still had a hex on me.

"The tyranny of what?" There I was, playing straight man for him right off the bat.

"This is a free country, isn't it?" he asked. I got very interested in the prunes and didn't answer. "They say this is a free country, but every morning millions of good citizens are bullied by egg despotism. What are you having for breakfast?"

"Eggs. Two. Poached. On toast," I said. I wished I had ordered the trout they have on the Northern Pacific.

"See?" said Hurlbet. "You're tyrannized." The waiter came with my eggs and took Hurlbet's order — orange juice, tea, and two boiled eggs. He winked at me. "Me too," he said. "Egg-O-Rama!"

That “Me too” of his got me thinking. Last night Hurlbet had told me all about how lousy his research people were, a bunch of nine-to-fivers. Then he said he was sucked up in it himself. And now “Me too” on the eggs. I wondered whether he’d thrown in the sponge and all that was left was cynical jokes.

“I better hurry,” I said. “We’re nearly there —”

“What time are you due at your first appointment?” asked Hurlbet. I explained that I was expected after lunch. “I’d like to hire you for a half day,” he said. “How much?” I go at three hundred and fifty a day and two hundred a half day. I told him. “Fine,” he said.

“Have you got a metal-fatigue problem?” I asked him. He shook his head.

“Do you think I don’t remember last night?” I had a little trouble getting rid of a prune pit, so he went on. “I told you all about my research laboratory, right?” I was still tonguing around my mouth for the prune pit. I kept nodding like a lunatic. “Did I mention the toilets in the new lab — how elegant they were?” I found the prune pit and bootlegged it onto my plate.

“Have you got a metals problem?” I repeated. Was this one of those no-fee lab visits?

“We must have a metals problem somewhere, but that’s not why I’m hiring you. I want to show you around and get your reactions,” Hurlbet said.

“Dr. Hurlbet, you know very well there are consulting companies who do nothing but help increase personnel efficiency.”

“Dr. Fairley.” He copied my tone, but it was all right, not nasty. “I just finished with the biggest in the business. They sent me a high-powered ‘task force.’ There was a fat man who claimed to be a physicist and talked like Sigmund Freud. He was very intense about ‘research operations in terms of the psychoanalytical model.’ There was a sociologist who talked like a mathematician. He kept giving me the statistical probabilities of an immigrant inventing the atomic bomb. And there was another man who said he was a chemist, but I couldn’t push him beyond expressions like ‘in-group,’ ‘out-group,’ and ‘the dynamics of innovation.’ Do you know how these sophisticated consultants operate, Dr. Fairley?” I didn’t know. “They come in and talk to everybody — to me, to my deputies, to group leaders. They’re smart, very smart, but they believe everything my people tell them. And you know what’s worse? These men on the task force — they never call each other anything but ‘Doctor,’ by the way — these men are as bad as my people. They’re all part of the Research-O-Rama Guild, and they have an agreement about not showing each other up. After about six months of this they presented me with a report eighty pages long, in three parts.” I was getting

fidgety. We were in the outskirts of Portland already. Dr. Hurlbet let his eggs get cold. “Three parts. Part one said how morale was good, how comfortable the lab was, how everybody loved me. In fact, except for the parking place, everything was perfect.”

“I better get back to my compartment,” I said.

“They told me there should be a ‘status-oriented’ parking space — that’s how they talk! Status-oriented, so that senior staff people could leave their cars nearest the lab, with the shortest distance to walk. If I would see to this, I wouldn’t have a thing to worry about. Can you meet me on the platform?” I said OK, I would, and hurried back to my compartment to pack.

THE porter had put away my stuff, so all I did was shut the bag. When we pulled in, I overtipped the porter and jumped down onto the platform. There was Dr. Hurlbet. He started right out where he had left off a few minutes back. As we walked down the platform he put his non-bag arm through mine. He had a stride like a Maine guide. I had to hop a couple of times to keep up.

“These personnel consultants made me feel that they were really working for the FBI, that if they cleared me, I should feel good — and I was paying them. Part two of their report said there should be more communication between basic research and development and engineering. It took forty pages to give me the truth, the whole truth, and nothing but the truth. Let me tell you something, Dr. Fairley. Once the Consult-O-Rama boys zone in on the communication problem, they’ve got you! And they told me what to do about it. ‘Make it better,’ they told me.” He squinted into the morning sun. Way down the street was a big, low sports car. “There’s Mother,” he said. That was like him, I thought, calling his wife ‘Mother.’ I wondered what she’d be like. He was lean and tough. She ought to be on the plump side. What the hell! I know my Rockwell Kent.

“But part three was lovely.” He took a step out in front of me. I had to stop quickly to avoid bumping into him. “They suggested I remove one particular person because he didn’t have ‘growth potential,’ because he was not ‘scientifically sophisticated.’ They wanted to be sure that a ‘certain level of technical competence’ was maintained. The person they wanted me to get rid of is the only man in the lab who really pushes his nose right down there and produces. But he isn’t a guild member, no Ph.D., so they dared attack him. Here we are.” Dr. Hurlbet opened the trunk of the snappy car. He threw in his bag and reached for mine, gently. He smiled at me. He was asking

whether I'd come out to his lab with him. I let him take my bag, and he said, "Good."

When two people who are fond of each other meet after a considerable separation it makes me nervous to be around. Dr. Hurlbet hadn't seen his wife for quite a while, so I fiddled in the trunk, giving them time to say hello. But he hailed me from up front. "They'll ride all right, Dr. Fairley. The lab's only a couple of miles from here."

I slammed shut the trunk and stepped around to the front. "This is Mother. Dr. Fairley — Mother." The car was so low that I simply stuck my arm in the window and waited for a handshake.

"How do you do, Mrs. Hurlbet?" I couldn't find her. I was waving my hand around inside hoping she'd grab it before I hit her in the teeth. She did. For an older woman, she had quite a grip. I couldn't get a look at her until I fitted myself into the little buckboard seat in the back. Dr. Hurlbet got in the front alongside Mother, who stayed behind the wheel. He put his arm around her and drew her close. They kissed. Man! It was like an old movie. A real kiss. Not just hello. It was sexy. I squirmed a little. Then I got a good look at 'Mother.' What a bimbo! About forty, full lips and everything. Hurlbet was at least sixty, but these two had what they call a Relationship.

She put the car in gear, and they held hands — not à la St. Petersburg, Florida; shuffleboard; retirement for older citizens. I mean they *held hands*. The old man and the bimbo. She was fine. A nice laugh and easy way. She was wearing a big diamond bracelet and driving the fancy car. Maybe Dr. Hurlbet was disgusted with his research personnel, but he wasn't starving. And with Mother to support, he had better not throw up the whole thing and go back to inventing in a cellar. They talked about kids and ponies till we got to the lab.

THE lab! It was out in the country. A lot of lawn to cut. A monument to research. Out in front some sculptor had nailed together a thing about thirty feet tall — big balls, all connected with rods. Great! It was an outsize molecular model. Mother let us off in front of a glass and aluminum entrance. I gathered up my bag and said good-bye to her. There was a man who opened the door for us and touched his hat to Hurlbet. Like El Morocco. We hurried down the hall to Hurlbet's office. His secretary swarmed all over him, wanting to know if he had a good trip and how things were in Washington, and had he given her regards to the President, hah, hah. No joke, by the way. He sees the President all the time. He hung up my coat and said, "Follow me." Out we went and turned in at a MEN sign. Hurlbet led me up to a row of w.c.'s.

"Look at the doors," he said. "See? No measly half doors! Down to the floor and up to the ceiling." He knocked on one to show how solid it was, then he went over to the washbasins. "Look at the towels — it's the Ritz! No paper towels in Research-O-Rama. Last night you thought I was exaggerating, didn't you? Come on, I'll show you around." And we left the Ritzy men's room.

We were going down the corridor. "I told them we needed a research center, and we've got one — from Cartier's!" Hurlbet waved his hand down the hall. It was spotless and quiet, like a hospital. As we walked along I looked into the open doors. The people were nice and clean in their lab smocks, very serious and busy-busy, and they whispered together. Over each door was the group name: Operations Research, Physics, Organic Chemistry, Inorganic Chemistry, Electrical Engineering, Mechanical Engineering — the works!

"Each group has its own warren, like special rabbits," Hurlbet said. "We keep the strains pure here — and you know what happened to the collie. Its nose got sharper and its head thinner till its brains were pushed out through its ears. A terrible, terrible thing. But what can I do? They've all got families to support."

An intense young man stopped Hurlbet. He was very excited. "Guess what?" he said, like a kid.

"What?" said Hurlbet.

"You'll never guess," the young man said.

"What?" said Hurlbet.

"We've got the apparatus in the lab set up so we can run six hundred tests a day." The young man's eyes gleamed.

"That's nice. This is Dr. Fairley. Dr. Letter. He's in charge of our Pure Research." I said hello, and Letter kept going.

"We used to squeeze out a measly two hundred tests a day using the old spectrograph," said Letter. "Now we're up to six hundred a day. Beautiful data. Beautiful."

"Very nice," said Hurlbet. "Do you suppose you could ever get up to a thousand tests a day? It would make an interesting paper." The thought of so many beautiful data threw Letter, and he went mumbling down the hall.

Hurlbet turned on me. "It's the equipment," he said. "The damn Research-O-Rama equipment! The minute they're in a jam, my people scream for fancy instruments and tools, big enough to hide behind." I laughed because I thought that was what he was after.

"Don't laugh," Hurlbet said. "That's how we get the big government research jobs. Monumental cyclotrons and well-behaved, competent people to use them. God save us from competence! Isn't there one nut around? I gave a lecture last summer to my staff on the importance of individuality in

research. The next morning seven of my people showed up in yachting blazers." He shut his eyes tight the way he does and led me back into the office.

"Who's your best man?" I asked. "The hottest?"

"You mean best-known?"

"All right, best-known."

"Oh, oh! Dr. Fairley, so you don't think we've got any big names?"

I happened to be looking at Hurlbet's desk. It didn't have a paper on it. The ashtray was a pond lily sitting on a spotless lake. He noticed my sudden interest in the desk.

"Oh, yes, my secretary read in *Fortune* that top executives — she loves that word 'top' — should never look messy-busy." He leaned over his desk to get nearer me. "About the big names. A couple of years ago at a board of directors meeting — I'm on the board. I'm the dean of research directors, don't you know that?" I said that I knew that, and he said that was better, because he hoped he hadn't worked forty years for nothing. After all, what other research director had a clean desk? He winked at me again in that warm style of his, and I would have signed anything.

"At the board meeting," he went on, "they asked me why I didn't have any great men around to sort of dress up the lab a bit. They wanted the star system, like the movies. So I hired Cole and Hart, the Nobel Prize winners. Now we have our own private Nobel Prize winners in residence."

I'd heard of Cole and Hart. About twenty years ago the two of them had done some great hormone work. I remembered seeing their pictures. Beards and vests. Old-school Nobel Prize winners! Venerable — not the young crew cuts you see today. But what the hell were they doing here?

"Aren't Cole and Hart old men?" I asked.

"They have a little age on them, yes," said Hurlbet.

"And aren't they biologists — in this lab?"

"Certainly they're biologists!" said Hurlbet. "In the first place, what does the board of directors know? In the second place, Cole and Hart were way past their prime, so I got what you might term a good buy. But a funny thing happened, Fairley. The two old codgers are a gold mine."

I pointed out that Cole and Hart hadn't published anything in twenty years and wanted to know if they were about to make a breakthrough.

"Of course not," said Hurlbet. "But look here. This lab is funded from the Defense Department — almost all of it, that is. You must show competence — not brilliance, not commitment, but competence. 'Competence' means that in your research stable you have personnel with academic backgrounds in the technical areas implied by a research contract. Never mind whether these personnel bother to roll

out of bed in the morning. Their degrees must appear on a laundry list of people who will make up the task force. The Defense Department loves the expression 'task force.' They eat it up."

Hurlbet was climbing away from me again. He kept doing that. "I still don't see what you need biologists for," I said.

"Ah, ah!" he said. He put his finger alongside his nose like a mock Santa. "Up there" — he raised his eyes — "there's the moon. Right?"

"Right," I said. I really loved this guy.

"Right," he said. "It's going to take a long time to get there. Right?"

"Right," I said. Hurlbet was great. Even if he did have me playing straight man again.

"Right," he said. "And people have to live, survive, endure. Right?"

I nodded. He lifted his arm. "That's what I mean. Biology. Those two old Nobel-O-Rama gentlemen have put me over the top on contracts more than once. Star system." It turns out that with Nobel Prize winners' names on the billing, Hurlbet snatches the front money. He looked at me hard. "It's a terrible thing, technical competence. Come on down and meet them, they're a grand pair."

DR. HURLBET led me out of the office and down the hall. There were loudspeakers squeaking people's names, but I noticed some men had little units in the breast pockets of their Hollywood white lab jackets.

"What are those little things?" I pointed to a guy with one.

"That's the latest thing in status around here," Hurlbet said. "My deputies just sold me on the idea. Research personnel rating as senior staff and above don't get called on the loudspeaker. They get contacted by their own private intercom. Honest to God, Fairley! They've got me. I can't stop it. You tell me how, and I'll stop it, but I don't know how." He shook his head. I felt sorry for him again, like last night. Here he was, the biggest in his field. He put his hand on a knob of a door with an opaque glass top.

"Get ready. Here are Cole and Hart."

He opened the door into a room about sixty by thirty feet. Spotless. Ready for an appendectomy. That sterile. And the equipment. A vacuum pump was going *phoom, phoom, phoom*. And green liquid was having a hell of a trip for itself up and down a row of glass tubes. There was more damn bubbling and complicated splashing than in *Jekyll and Hyde*. A long row of stainless steel animal cages, doors open. The floor was covered with white mice, a few dogs, and some rabbits.

"Follow me," said Hurlbet. He waded through

the animals to the end of the lab, where there was a kind of tiny living room. A pipe rack, bookcases, easy chairs, and a fireplace. Two old men were sitting next to each other; they both had canes. One of them had a lapful of bread, and he was feeding the animals.

"Good morning, gentlemen," said Hurlbet.

The old man with the bread jumped. His body was obese, little and fat, but long, thin legs stuck out from him stiffly. Like a drugged spider.

"Dr. Cole," said Hurlbet, "I'd like you to meet Dr. Fairley."

I shook hands with Dr. Cole, who leaned forward but didn't get up. "And this is Dr. Hart." A guy about seven feet tall wound out of his armchair with lots of cane work. He didn't weigh a hundred and thirty pounds.

"A pleasure to have you here, Dr. Fairley," said Dr. Hart.

Dr. Cole didn't even turn around. "Sam," he said to Hurlbet. "Is this young man with us?" I thought he wondered if I was on the staff, but Hurlbet's answer made me see they had a code going.

"He's all right," said Hurlbet.

"Thank God!" said Dr. Cole. "I really didn't feel like a floor show this morning. Besides, I let everybody out for a romp." He fed a piece of bread to a fat dog. Dr. Hart sat down again. Hurlbet and I went around and used chairs alongside the fire. The old men with the canes were sitting facing directly into the fire.

"Did you like yesterday's performance? It started slowly, but how about the finish? How about that nonsense on 'The Mathematics of Life-from-not-life?'" Dr. Cole's feet were hidden in a swirl of animals. The mice piled themselves up in mounds that kept toppling when the dogs nuzzled them. The rabbits hopped around, absent-mindedly bumping into the chairs and other rabbits and mice and dogs. But there was no squeaking or barking. Just a lot of scuffling. Suddenly one of the dogs separated his back legs and raised his tail. In a flash Dr. Hart snatched a big glass ashtray off a table and caught the droppings. He moved like an outfielder. But his face squeezed with pain, and I knew his sudden movement hurt. Still, he was proud he had made the play. He put the ashtray back on the table with a professional flourish.

"Dr. Hart, I've never seen you in better form," said Hurlbet, "but let me tell you something funny." He turned to Dr. Cole. "You made a little trouble for me. The space people want a rush proposal for research based on your 'Mathematics of Life-from-not-life.'"

"See, Cole, I've warned you and warned you and warned you." Dr. Hart leaned over to give Dr.

Cole's cane a sharp rap with the tip of his cane. The nearest animals were startled. Two mounds of white mice fell. Dr. Cole tapped back with his cane.

"Your jokes have gotten us in trouble at last. You've lost your dignity, sir. We are Nobel men, after all!" And Dr. Hart returned Dr. Cole's tap.

"The trouble with you, Hart" — another sharp tap, cane tip against cane tip — "is that you've no feel for show business."

"That's just cheap!" said Dr. Hart, and he gave Dr. Cole's cane a good sharp crack. "Cheap! Both of us!" Now the tapping was continuous, with canes scraping back and forth in battle, never getting off the floor. Only the tips in action. I looked over at Hurlbet to see how he was taking all this. He was wearing that sad smile of his, but he was relaxed. So I sat back.

"What would you rather have us do?" asked Dr. Cole with a long sigh. "Look here, Hart. I'm seventy-six and you're sixty-nine. Do you think we've got another Nobel Prize in us?" The cane tapping stopped. "What bothers you the most? Please tell me!"

Without looking around, Dr. Hart put his cane over his shoulder and jabbed it at the colored liquid bubbling in the big glass tubes. "That fake stage set," he said.

"Don't you think it's pretty?" asked Dr. Cole.

"It's a fake, it just bubbles around and around. It's a damn lie." Dr. Hart was yelling. "The same with the animals. They're just pets. Not one of them has served science."

"All right," said Dr. Cole. "Do you know of a home for old Nobel Prize winners?"

"Very funny, Dr. Cole. Very funny. Have you no sense of form?" He banged his cane tip down on his partner's. A good whack this time. "No dignity?"

That was the ball game, right there! Cole returned the whack, and the two old men went at it, never leaving their armchairs. Crack! Crack! Crack! Hurlbet didn't move a muscle even when it really got bad. By now the canes were flashing through the air. Wham! Wham! The two old men started to have trouble breathing. Dr. Hart had the reach, but Dr. Cole was pretty cute at that, catching Hart a couple of good ones up near the hand. They never touched each other — the whole fight was with canes. A flurry, then things slowed down. They were puffing. Finally Cole dropped his cane arm to his side and closed his eyes. He put a hand over his left side. Hart kept his cane at the ready. Cole had probably played possum before. In a minute Hart dropped his arm also. The two old men just sat there, pooped. With his eyes still closed, Cole turned his head toward Hurlbet.

"They are too fat," said Dr. Cole, pushing his cane under a mouse hill, "too fat to serve science." And he threw the rest of the bread at the animals. "When's the next floor show, Hurlbet? How about doing the whole thing in blackface? Sort of research in Mississippi riverboat style. A period piece."

"God!" said Dr. Hart.

"Oh, Hart," said Cole. "I'm sorry." His cane touched Hart's cane very softly — a kiss. Hart just sat there. The two canes lay on the floor quietly, one tip lying over the other.

"The chairman of the board is flying out here next week," said Hurlbet.

"What does he like?" asked Cole. "Does he like smells?" Hart shook his head. "No class, eh? Well, I guess you're right. Something new. Let me think. Come on, Hart. What'll we give him?"

Hart shook his head. Opened his mouth, then closed it again. No words.

"How about another technical paper — you know, the stuff these young government consultants put out. How's this? 'The Arithmetic of Animal Claustrophobia.' I'll tell you what we'll do for the chairman of the board. Oh, boy, he'll love it. We'll put all the animals in the cages, but the cages will have shades on them. No light. We'll open the cages, and of course the animals will stagger out. Then I'll read a few paragraphs from 'The Arithmetic of Animal Claustrophobia.' How's that for dignity, Hart?" Dr. Hart's hands were clenching and unclenching. Hurlbet broke in as he got to his feet.

"Gentlemen. Dr. Fairley has an appointment crosstown." Cole shook hands sitting down. Hart got up, but he had to push his cane right down between his feet to make it.

"Delighted to meet you, Dr. Fairley," said Hart. "Please excuse us. We're old men, you know." I didn't say anything. I couldn't even look him in the eye.

WE WENT out and up the hall. At a bulletin board, Hurlbet stopped. "Hey, look at this," he said. I glanced along to where I could read a thumbtacked memorandum. It said:

TILL FURTHER NOTICE NO MORE THAN 10 MINUTES WILL
BE PERMITTED FOR COFFEE BREAKS. THIS APPLIES TO
ALL RESEARCH PERSONNEL.

Signed: Dr. Hurlbet

Dr. Hurlbet took my arm, sighed, and we went back to his office. I didn't say a word as he helped me on with my coat.

"Some edict, eh?" said Hurlbet. I carefully fitted my scarf around my neck. "But that's what it's come to. The mass approach. No coffee and discovery-making talk for these peasants. They wouldn't know what to do with it." He grabbed my arm. "The Russians have done it again."

"And what does that mean?" My coat was on by now. It was warm in there, but when Hurlbet pulled a statement like that, I was a goner.

"What's our biggest effort — research effort, I mean?" he asked.

"The moon shot?" I was guessing, but it had a Washington in-the-know ring to it.

"Right," said Hurlbet. "That means that all the science graduates for the next four years must be dragged into the program. It's that big. You know what I think? I think the Russians aren't even going for the moon. While we're going broke on the moon shot they'll pick up three dozen more small countries."

"Are you sure — dead sure?" I asked.

"Of course not, but it could be. Not only that, but look at how we attack a research problem. We put an army into it. We hope that enough mediocrity will add up to talent. Me too, by God. I cancel coffee breaks because my people don't know how to use them. So I'm banking on the mass mediocrity too."

"What do you think the Russians are doing?"

"They pretend to use the mass approach, but I bet they work in little competitive teams, the way invention used to work in America in the early days. I tell you, they're making fools out of us."

"Well, thank you for showing me around, sir. I don't feel I earned any fee."

"You see what we've come to, and I don't know how to stop it." He hadn't even heard me. He waved an arm around to take in the whole building, toilets and all. "One of these days," he said, "I'll set it on fire and run by the light of it."

I certainly wasn't earning any fee.

"Perhaps I've lost the quality of courage," Hurlbet said. "But I've got responsibilities, too, you know." I thought of Mother and the sports car. I looked at my watch.

"I've got to get going, sir," I said.

Hurlbet grabbed my hand and shook it a long while. "Think about it. What can I do? I'll try anything!" I nodded and went out.

I went down the hall till I got blocked by a cleaning wagon. It was parked in the middle. A janitor took out a mop and went along the corners. A sign on the wagon said "Maintenance Engineering," and there was the Maintenance Engineer himself with the mop.

TV IN THE COCKPIT

The Control of Landing Aircraft

BY MARIUS LODEESEN

Now flying B-707's on round-the-world flights to the Far East, MARIUS LODEESEN learned to fly with the U.S. Navy at Pensacola, Florida, after getting his master's degree in aeronautical engineering. He was a member of the crew of the CHINA CLIPPER on the first transpacific flight from San Francisco to Guam in 1935. He has more than thirty years of experience as an airline pilot and executive.

THE shadows are lengthening, the last rays of the sun caress the wings of a jet airliner as it speeds homeward near the end of a transatlantic voyage. In the cockpit the crew sits relaxed — Big Brother is watching over the flight.

"Flight X, we have a traffic advisory for you. A B-52 will be crossing your track from left to right, one thousand feet above your altitude," comes the voice of the radar ground controller. Three pairs of eyes peer ahead.

"There he is!" calls the second officer. "There, at ten o'clock." Penciled against the sky, a black silhouette draws near, crossing the bow of the airliner so close the crew can read the insignia on the bomber's fuselage.



Photograph courtesy of Dave Lawlor.

"Radar, have you another aircraft on your scope?"

"Negative," answers radar.

Jet Flight ZYZ is cruising in brilliant sunshine.

"Hey, what's that? I saw something out of the corner of my eye," exclaims the first officer, looking up from copying weather sequences.

"That," growls the captain, "was a jet passing us at spitting distance. I think I recognized the skipper."

"Radar from Flight ZYZ, we nearly center-punched another airplane. Do you see him?"

Radar had not.

Airplane traffic above a busy airport has been compared to a bottle full of flies. But flies know where they are going. Pilots do not. We are haplessly led about by a voice from the ground, a voice coming from a figure hunched over a radarscope. Every blip on that screen represents a six-million-dollar machine and a hundred or so lives. Pilots feel trapped, like flies in a bottle.

Aircraft traffic is being controlled over the airways much as it has been done for twenty years. Airplanes cruise between radio beacons as ships steer through a buoy-marked channel. These beacons allow pilots to fly radial courses by means of a direct indication in the cockpit. Pilots jump, in a manner of speaking, from one beacon to the next. Airways are twenty miles wide, and they have to be, because of errors of radio stations, aircraft receivers, and instruments. Radar stations scattered over the country assist pilots to keep separation, while precision radar at airports guides planes to runways.

But the present control system, already stretched to the limits of its potentialities, fits future requirements about as well as a grass airfield suits a jet transport. The azimuth (angular) error inherent in this system prevents close parallel tracking. Railroads cannot operate without parallel tracks, nor turnpikes without multiple lanes; nor are aerial highways practical in the jet age on a single Tooner-ville trolley right-of-way.

In 1960 there was a ghastly collision over Brooklyn of a Douglas DC-8 and a Constellation, both

planes under radar surveillance. In February of this year two jet transports missed each other by the narrowest of margins at thirty-three thousand feet, an altitude to which both aircraft had been assigned by Air Traffic Control. Only a few days earlier, a radar operator steered a Boeing 707 directly into a severe thunderstorm, causing the destruction of the airplane. Near-misses — those that are reported — occur at the rate of several daily. In this jet age, pilots fly at near sonic velocity, talk with machine-gun-fire rapidity, and stretch human endurance to the yield point.

To stake everything on radar and, in the final instance, on the human operator seems as foolhardy as taking off on an overocean flight without considering an alternate airport, in case the destination is weather-bound. Aloft, we constantly check and recheck, never relying exclusively on one mechanism or human action. If our landing gear does not come down with normal hydraulic pressure, we crank it down by hand. If one or even two power plants fail, we can manage on the remaining ones. If one pilot drops dead, there is another one to carry on.

With radar control it is all or nothing. What if a tube burns out? What if rain or snow blots out our blips? What if an overburdened operator makes just one split-second decision the wrong way?

Deficiencies of word-of-mouth navigation are clear. The human voice is an imprecise tool. There are slips of the tongue. On almost every flight operators can be heard telling a pilot to make a right turn when a left turn is indicated, or the pilot misunderstands and turns in the opposite direction. A voice is transitory, elusive, here one moment, gone the next. So are the blips on the screen, sometimes fading out within radar's range when planes fly through heavy rain, snow, or clouds.

A ground operator's perspective differs from that of the man in the air; his professional background is not comparable to that of the airline captain. The storm raged for years on the merits of GCA (talk-down by ground operators) versus ILS (approach system without assistance from the ground). ILS fortunately won this battle, though not before many of us had collected some startling experiences when heavy rain removed our blips from the radar-scope or when the GCA first team was out to lunch. A radar operator's affiliation with those blips is of a detached, objective nature. "Nobody," remarks my friend and colleague Gordon Wood, "has ever been killed in a radar operator's chair."

And what does it really mean when a pilot is advised of a "high-speed target, opposite direction, altitude unknown"?

Normally his eyes scan an empty sky, but it could be that this plane is boring directly at him. "Opposite direction" assumes the aircraft is on a col-

lision course; "altitude unknown" means that it might be at his level. "High-speed" implies it is a jet moving from six hundred to fifteen hundred miles per hour, or at a minimum closing rate of five miles in fifteen seconds. Even if the pilot can see the other plane, evasive action might lead to a crash.

A few months ago, over Belgium, my own aircraft met a supersonic Hustler. When I saw the four-engine blowtorch ahead, my hand reached instinctively for the autopilot turning knob, but before I could move it, the jet bomber flashed by. What purpose is served if the pilot is told that another aircraft is near without knowing its altitude or what action should be taken to avoid it?

If we persist in putting our faith in radar, we will be buying questionable safety at great cost. From rough calculation, it appears that at least one hundred radar stations will be needed to watch and direct the estimated twenty thousand daily air movements in the upper airspace over the United States. Assuming that each target needs a controller to look at raw radar and one for height radar, and that en route controllers take on several planes at once while precision controllers take on only one at a time, about two thousand men will be at the scopes continuously.

For every man at the controls, there may need to be five in the background: one resting between watches, one asleep, two shopping or baby-sitting, and one sick or on leave. Approximately ten thousand controllers will be needed to look at the upper levels, not to mention the middle and lower airspace. A tiny announcement appeared in the newspapers recently stating that the Federal Aviation Agency was beating the bushes for twenty thousand more radar operators.

Few will dispute that the price of this sort of control is high. But price is no deterrent when safety is at stake. Radar's gravest fault is that it turns the commander of the aircraft into a hapless marionette. The captain's responsibility cannot be diluted; it must be restored to the flight deck.

FUNDAMENTALLY, we need a device in the airplane with which we can check our position, a device giving us an accurate indication of our position relative to our surroundings. A glance should tell us where we are, where we have been, and where we want to go. A picture is worth a million words. This is what pictorial navigation does for the pilot; it takes the mental picture out of his head and puts it on a map before him.

Such systems are available now and have been for years, but not on this side of the Atlantic. To get the lowdown on a system which does fit the bill,

I drove to Gatwick Airfield, southwest of London, for a briefing. I was eased into an armchair, offered a cup of tea and a cigar, and exposed to a course in visual navigation. Here is how it works.

A road marker on a highway shows you the direction of your destination and the distance to it. All you know is that the road will take you there and how far you have to go. For more, a road map must be consulted. This is essentially the kind of navigation we use today.

Now, if someone sits beside you with a map on his lap and traces with a pencil the progress of the car, you can, by glancing at the chart, see where you are, how far you have come, other roads, cities—in short, the total picture. If you replace this person with an electronic setup, mount the map on rollers, and have a pen trace your path, then you have what hyperbolic navigation can do for the man in the cockpit.

Hyperbolic navigation is based on groups of ground stations emitting signals which produce a lattice of lines of position in space. The lines are shaped like hyperbolas, hence the name. As the aircraft flies through this cover, its receivers translate the information to a moving pen drawing the track on a rotating chart. The system is suited to long-, medium-, and short-range and to high- and low-level navigation as well. Surface ships also use it.

Several cups of tea and cigars later, my informant suggested we try the navigational system in the air.

"Let us simulate a search problem," said Captain Cameron, my pilot, handing me an ordinary map of southeastern England. "Just select a point on this map."

I chose a water reservoir we often use as a landmark when approaching London airport. Cameron transferred this point to the flight log (revolving chart) and placed the pen on our starting position. We cranked up the engines, took off, and the pen began to draw our path on the chart before us.

Cameron set course for the reservoir just as someone would steer a boat to a distant lighthouse on shore. When the stylus arrived over the point he said, "Now look over the side and see where we are."

Sure enough, we were directly over the center of the body of water. He then flew away, made some random maneuvers, and returned to the identical spot, centerpunching the water area.

"Not only can we find a spot a hundred miles away with a tolerance of a few yards," explained my mentor, "but we can take this chart, mount it in any other airplane, fixed-wing or helicopter, and any pilot can take off from anywhere and pinpoint this reservoir."

"I see your point," I said. "In other words, you could have aircraft flying at identical altitudes in

close proximity, if the accuracy is as good as you say."

"Precisely; in fact we are doing just that. We direct aircraft to fly along either side of a ten-mile-wide airway in opposite directions at the same altitude, like motorcars on a turnpike."

Over the Atlantic Ocean the long-range system is so precise that up to a range of fifteen hundred miles the greatest tracking error is only a few miles. As the airplane covers eight to ten miles a minute, what greater precision could be desired? I have seen the pen trace our track across the North Atlantic just as neatly as our navigator draws our course on his navigation chart.

Around busy airports this system really comes into its own. Instead of flying blindly about, the pilot is driving in full control, without mental gymnastics. When waiting for landing clearance, for example, when things are a bit sticky down below, we are stacked up over gateway radio beacons at one-thousand-foot intervals vertically, drawing a pattern in the form of a racetrack over the holding beacon.

If a pilot is holding with a dozen other airplanes over the same beacon, above the cloud deck, presumably flying identical patterns, he normally sees only two or three of the other planes. The others are somewhere off in the boondocks.

With an automatic picture display before him, he can see where he is, fly his airplane, and smoke his pipe if he is so inclined. Pictorial navigation thus allows close parallel tracking on airways, takes the guesswork out of close-in approaches, and reduces considerably the mental work load on pilots. What it does not do is to show other aircraft. For this we still need radar monitoring control.

Let me emphasize that professional pilots are grateful for ground radar. We owe a good deal to radar when our cockpit navigation fails or during emergencies. The occasional radar vector is also welcome to keep proper separation on the airways. We admire and respect the superb tongue-twisting performance of our scope-watching colleagues, whose functions are prodigious. The pressure under which these men work is altogether too strenuous. It is not even necessary.

One of the more articulate airmen is Captain Charles F. Blair, Harmon Trophy winner and recipient of the Thurlow Award for outstanding contributions to the science of navigation. The P-51 single-seater in which Blair flew over the North Pole in 1951 hangs in the Smithsonian Hall of Fame. His twenty-eight thousand air hours include more than one thousand Atlantic crossings and thousands of hours in commercial jets and Air Force fighters from the F-100 to the F-110. This is what he wrote in *Interavia*, and he speaks for many: "Any analytical pilot can tell you, this technique

of navigating by word-of-mouth is turning out to be the essence of navigational folly in civil air transports. In the U.S.A. special interests won the battle dictating that high-frequency radio beacons would do the job despite the countless problems introduced by the jets. The ground-oriented experts searching for precision not afforded by this method came to the conclusion that ground radar must solve everything, even our cockpit navigation. The final brush-off was an inconclusive, abbreviated test of a Pictorial navigation facility still causing informed Americans to squirm with embarrassment."

Here Blair refers to the grim tug-of-war which took place in 1959, behind the scenes and even on the stage, at the meeting of the International Civil Aviation Organization (ICAO) when it came to choosing a standard world navigation aid. The carefully analyzed requirements formulated by such authoritative bodies as the Curtis Committee, the Jet Operations Panel, and the International Air Line Pilots Association came to nothing.

The bitter truth is that our problems are not going to be cured by ground radar, which we already have in busy areas. No matter how perfect the machinery, its performance still hinges on the human element. We need closer parallel tracking within our airway structure, and we cannot have it with our present equipment.

Europeans place their hope in a new organiza-

tion named EUROCONTROL. This supranational organization sponsored by Great Britain, France, West Germany, and the Benelux nations is dedicated to the study of navigation systems. The directorate is determined to evaluate all proposals without pressure from national or business interests and submit the results to the ICAO. A navigation system can be adopted on a worldwide scale only by a two-thirds majority of the council of the ICAO. We wish them luck.

Before we can extricate ourselves from this *danse macabre*, our national policy must be purged of the false presumption that what was good enough for propeller aircraft is good enough for jets. We must dispense with the continuous inoculations that make us content with facilities producing single-track airways. Last, a fair and imaginative test of a pictorial navigation system must be made by a qualified organization using pilots free of heel-clicking subservience.

What would a pictorial display do for us that we cannot do now?

It would give us a foolproof airway structure with continuity and push-button navigation.

It would get rid once and for all of the chaotic confusion of radiotelephony, which makes airport approaches hell in the sky.

It would restore responsibility to the captain of the aircraft, where it belongs.

Can we afford to settle for less?

KINGFISHER

BY ROBERT NYE

His majesty the kingfisher bird often
Stands on the snow's wrist all night long,
Unbubbling at morning the film of fire,
The big chrysalis of his blue wings.

Kingfisher, fisherking, a melting music,
He falls, a sword-bright shadow, through the dusk,
A sapphire spark, a hole in Heaven, head-
long Lucifer, wanderer in new winds.

Minnows and other mercies serve the king,
Shoot down the frosty stream like spindrift stars.
My cruel flame, my lambent royal watcher,
Flickers above them, quick in the tight air.

BOOKS AND MEN

S. L. A. MARSHALL is one of the country's foremost military specialists. He was the youngest second lieutenant during World War I, became a combat historian with the rank of colonel in World War II, and as a brigadier general was infantry operations analyst in Korea. From his experience he is eminently qualified to give us his judgment of Samuel Eliot Morison, historian and fighting Navy man.



SAMUEL ELIOT MORISON: Admiral and Historian

BY S. L. A. MARSHALL

SAMUEL ELIOT MORISON is not just a historian turned sailor, or a sailor turned historian, but a fighting Navy man who has absorbed a great part of the wisdom of our own admiralty through osmosis. In *The Two-Ocean War* he brings to his summing-up of our naval history during World War II a ring of authority, a crispness of expression, and an acute critical faculty which make the narrative as new as tonight's weather report.

Only yesterday, or thereabouts, he finished his real backbreaker, the monumental fifteen-volume *History of United States Naval Operations in World War II*, begun in 1947 — fifteen books in fifteen years. The new volume is the recapitulation for those who have less space on their library shelves. They can have the Navy's war in one package, a large handful. The scenes are revisited, the actions reappraised; leaders of men and their decisions are re-evaluated in the light of full and final knowledge.

Here would be more than a lifetime of labor for any normally diligent scholar. Yet the Morison list shows twenty-three other titles published and two more books in preparation.

How explain the man? By what magic is it made possible that *The Two-Ocean War* unrolls as zestfully as if he had tackled his subject afresh, like a novice enchanted all the way by original discovery? Rewriting oneself is the most enervating and frustrating of chores. He thrives on it. I venture that his devoted readers who started with Volume I of the long series (*The Battle of the Atlantic*) and felt bound to continue will relish the abridged work above all others. While its pace is swift, it is not too hurried for balance. Though all major episodes are included, none ever seems half-told. Pearl Harbor, Midway, the Coral Sea, and Leyte Gulf, as examples, become more vivid when described in the

Photograph by James Avati.

shorter form. The profiles of the main personalities are also sharpened. Furthermore, owing to the compaction, main lessons, along with Morison's philosophical approach to an understanding of them, are more dramatically incised. Take one: his appreciation of the fact that command decisions are the product of an environment and, usually, of the sum total of the influences of a number of individuals on the person who must decide. In some cases, a chief of staff, arriving at his post at the right or wrong moment, may sway the commander toward resolution or retreat. Our military staff colleges have too little understanding of the nature of decision in war to support what Morison indicates. But he is offering nothing radically new. Napoleon said on St. Helena: "One man by himself is no good." He was reflecting on exactly the same fundamental truth. Any military reader will get that out of Morison's new book.

The scope of Morison and his significance as a sea-power prophet, I will deal with later. For the present, I am speaking of his authentic genius and that boundless energy and dedication to task which set him above all other military field historians of his period and century. Many of us did his kind of labor, no less ploddingly and in a few cases possibly with even greater inspiration, while the fighting was on. There were hundreds who made the try. Who remembers them now? They long ago wearied of the grind and got out. Their turning to other pastures was almost inevitable. In my own case, I was so fed up with World War II after almost five years of it that I decided never to write another line about it. Seventeen years went by before I resumed work on a book already 95 percent complete before the Normandy breakout. Fighting operations do fray the nerves that way. War is

boring enough. Why wallow in boredom by researching and writing what one has lived?

We had in the European Theater at least ten crackerjack combat historians who could have switched to the professional writing game after V-E Day. Among them were a former soap salesman, a radio repairman, and a nightclub operator. None cared to make the switch to do a volume of the official Army history. It was a typical reaction. The few pros in our division — men who had taught history before becoming officers — stayed on only long enough to write one or two books. Work standards were too demanding, and the writers had tired of their subject. In our day, the writing of military history and combat narrative attracts chiefly the individual who is fascinated by strategy and tactics though he has never been near a fire fight. This is not said disparagingly. At least ten first-class books about World War I have been published in the United States in the past year. As is the case with World War II and Korean War titles, most of the authors have had no military experience.

My point is that for twenty-two years Admiral Morison has kept rolling along, never straying from the channel, completing the delta. The end has not yet been reached. There should be at least one more book: his personal account of his working methods, his plans, the obstacles put in his path and how he overcame them. The rest of us may only regard him and marvel. We are not astonished that in Italy this year some wise men decided that his contribution to historiography and human knowledge was worth \$50,000 in special prize money. What is a little surprising is that his own nation has not more broadly acclaimed his achievement or acknowledged his stature, not simply as a historian but as a military thinker and exemplar.

Fidelity is the key word in every officer's commission. Morison stands out like Mars at perihelion when it is mentioned. His task would never have been finished had he vanished from the earthly scene. There was no standby. He had to keep going, and heaven had to favor him. He did it despite the spirit of the times. "I put my hand to the plow and did not look back" is an old-fashioned sentiment. "O Lord God . . . to endeavor any great matter, grant us to know that it is not the beginning, but the continuing of same until it is truly finished, which yieldeth the true glory" may be a prayer for sailors, but who now remembers that Drake said it to his men on the bowling green? No doubt Sam Morison would be among the few.

THE easy flow of his prose might suggest that all composition is for Sam a simple undertaking. He

writes as he talks, man-to-man, eschewing technical terms which might confuse the average reader and making ready use of slang where it fits. Words such as "boo-boo" and "blooper" and such phrases as "dishing it out" and "started the ball rolling" spice the new book. Most editors foolishly try to steer serious military writers away from the light touch, thereby causing a chronic pain in the author's neck. Another element of strength is the fact that Morison is always with his reader rather than talking past him. Artlessly, he drops in sentences such as this one: "If you care to go with me, keep one eye on our chart. If you do not, skip to read only the result."

But if Sam has some special secret which makes the task of reconstructing a battle anything else but hard labor, he belongs in a museum. He would be as unusual as a three-headed calf. True enough, no war historian may keep his work in perspective unless he is pervaded with that zestful interest in tactical operations and their attendant staff problems which energizes the good leader of battle forces. Morison has this quality abundantly, and to the degree that it possessed him, he must have felt many times that the play, not the reporting of it, was the thing. There's where the rub comes. In *Christopher Columbus, Mariner*, he said of himself, "My point of view is still that of a sailor," making nothing of the professor and historian. His great love of the fighting Navy is obvious to everyone who, by reading his books, shares his excitement and enthusiasm. Anyone who came close to his powerful, yet sympathetic personality during World War II must have felt that he would make a great commander of fighting men and ships.

It was in those years that I knew him best. He always reminded me more of Admiral Chester Nimitz than of other fellows in his own writing vineyard. He had Nimitz's salty manner, commanding eye, and oddly mixed presence, which is at the same time relaxed, yet somehow under total control. We crossed trails in the Central Pacific and later in Europe. We would sit on a fallen coconut palm or in a war room and swap stories about our two jobs, his of covering operations at sea and mine of following the land fighting. The main emotion at these conferences was our mutual astonishment. The factors in his business were almost nothing like mine. Our problems and our methods had as little resemblance as the fighting missions of the two most ancient services.

Navy history, like naval action, builds up around what happens to ships. So long as the warship, brought to battle, stays afloat, the pattern of human action which makes possible its survival becomes almost self-clarifying. In the land battle there is no warp and woof to the story. It is fractionalized from the beginning. Land battle is a freewheeling

enterprise. Troops, even when they fight collectively, do not know what happens to them or how their actions affect other units. There is no equivalent of the "Now hear this!" which keeps a ship's company thinking as one body. The historian is confronted with the thousand parts of a jigsaw puzzle and must somehow reassemble them.

But there was one common denominator in our work which we both recognized — the sustaining effect on Army and Navy people alike of heroic action amid crisis. In our different ways we were both following a trail lighted by human courage. Nothing else established the pivots of our research undertakings. If at the end we knew more about the heart of man than at the start, there would be no reason to repine about what we had missed.

Both the deeply spiritual quality in Morison and his superior technical grasp of Navy function were needed in his post. They find full expression in the new book as in the long series. Let me illustrate by citing one memorable passage from Volume XII, *The Liberation of the Philippines*.

To those of us fortunate enough to witness it, nothing else so well expressed the power and majesty of the United States as the great horizon-to-horizon spread of our convoys during the Pacific war. On the other hand, nothing else grew so monotonously dull so swiftly as the massive offshore bombardment which opened the battle. When the Navy went against the Luzon shore at Lingayen Gulf, the Japanese had ceased to defend at the waterline, there was no mighty shelling from offshore, and the landing was mild and undramatic. What was worth saying about it? Now hear this from Morison: "American bluejackets approached the landing beaches as men doing a job their country had called them to perform. Most of them were fundamentally religious and sentimental. All they now asked of God was to let them return home alive and unharmed. They were conscious of being part of a vast machine in the Pacific. But they also lived in a dream world of an idyllic future."

The basic motivation of Americans in war has never been more simply and tenderly stated than in these lines. But every senior military historian I know, except Morison, would shy from writing them. Though he has never been described as a naturalist, the word fits. His superb quality as a chronicler of human experience is that all of life charms him, and he responds by letting himself go in his writing. Amid battle, he will pause to devote a page to the heavenly glory of a sunset over troubled waters. This is as it should be. Man in his hour of supreme trial still remains sensitive to the whole of his environment, and any unusual instance of order in nature may redeem him and stay imperishably in his memory. Troop courage is easily lost when the gray clouds lower, and men's

hearts do leap up when they behold the rainbow in the sky.

This sentimentalist, who can so deftly employ a bosun's phrases when it pleases him, and who writes so gently and admiringly of Navy people as a whole, becomes the harshest of all critics when skinning a higher commander whom he deems gravely at fault. Here he speaks of Rear Admiral Robert A. Theobald, Commander of the North Pacific Force: "Fuzzy Theobald, as usual, thought he knew better. . . . This bad guess lost him all opportunity to fight. . . . The Japanese could have landed at Dutch Harbor, for all the protection it had from Theobald."

THROUGHOUT *The Two-Ocean War*, the vinegar and caustic are applied no less generously than the oil. All heroes are extolled for their inspired intuitions and bold strokes, even if they wore the enemy uniform. The boobs are called stupid when the word fits, whether they be friend or enemy: "Crutchley neither conferred with, nor issued a battle plan; and his disposition was faulty." Here he is talking about a British V.C., "a gallant and jovial figure," in the battle of Savo Island. Of Admiral Kelly Turner, that valiant American sea dog, who figured in the same fight, he says: "Dogmatically deciding what the enemy would do, instead of considering what he could or might do, was not his only mistake on that fatal night." The story of the action is rife with these personal details and harsh judgments. "Captain Rieckhoff of *Vincennes*, who had made about as many mistakes as a commander could make, was broken in spirit by the loss of his ship. He used to go about, like Kipling's 'Matun the Old Blind Beggar,' telling over and over the story to anyone who would listen, of how his ship had prevented Mikawa from attacking the transports. . . . Captain Bode of *Chicago*, whose stupidity was largely responsible for that cruiser's inglorious part in the battle, committed suicide." Reading these indictments, one might at first agree with what John Haverstick wrote of their author: "He has gone to unfashionable lengths unfamiliar to whole generations of historians." But then, five ships went down, 1270 souls were lost, and 709 sailormen were wounded in a horribly mismanaged action. Is it better to drown the mistakes along with the dead?

The traditional argument among scholars and within the military as to whether the historian at arms should exercise critical judgment does not grow more sensible with the years. It persists because the majority of individuals who are drawn to this field lack the experience, training, and understanding of human nature (the *sine qua non*

of generalship) which might qualify them for the postgraduate task of criticism. The historian who is steeped in tactics, strategy, logistics, and other staff subjects must feel compelled to undertake the larger task, knowing that it will never be done comprehensively otherwise. The schools and departments do not have time for it. Rotation is too certain; the tenure of the few truly gifted individuals is much too brief.

Admiral Sam was qualified before he started. Because he knew what he knew, and FDR and Admiral King adored his writings, by order of the White House the post was created which gave him an unparalleled opportunity. But astonishing as it may seem, no directive from on high automatically opens all high-command doors. Such a paper is merely a license to proceed and win full cooperation as best one can. There is no open sesame except mutual confidence, and that flourishes only from professional respect for the invader's competence. All services are alike in this; the inquiring reporter from outside is regarded as a spy until he is accepted as a member of the fraternity, having demonstrated that he knows its secrets.

Morison's orders, cut by the Bureau of Navigation at the order of Secretary Knox, sent him out to the fleet "to go anywhere and see anything." He did not comply by going everywhere and seeing everything, but no military historian ever came closer to doing the impossible. By the end of 1942, Sam had rolled and pitched in destroyers across the North Atlantic in convoy and escort duty, had served on board the *Brooklyn* at the pre-invasion bombardment of Casablanca. Leaving Washington again early in 1943, he arranged his place with another seagoing staff aboard the cruiser *Honolulu*, charging up and down the Slot in the Solomons in the South Pacific. He kept at it.

No other sailor saw so much of the fighting Navy in World War II. No other naval figure ever has been privy to the making of command decisions in as many varied critical situations in war at sea. None was better equipped to receive what he saw and heard and to interpret the ultimate meaning.

How he persevered is best seen through the eyes of an old shipmate. The Navy was asked for an official appreciation of Sam Morison. The task was delegated to a companion of his labors, himself a distinguished scholar, Rear Admiral John W. McElroy, USNR (Ret.). He writes:

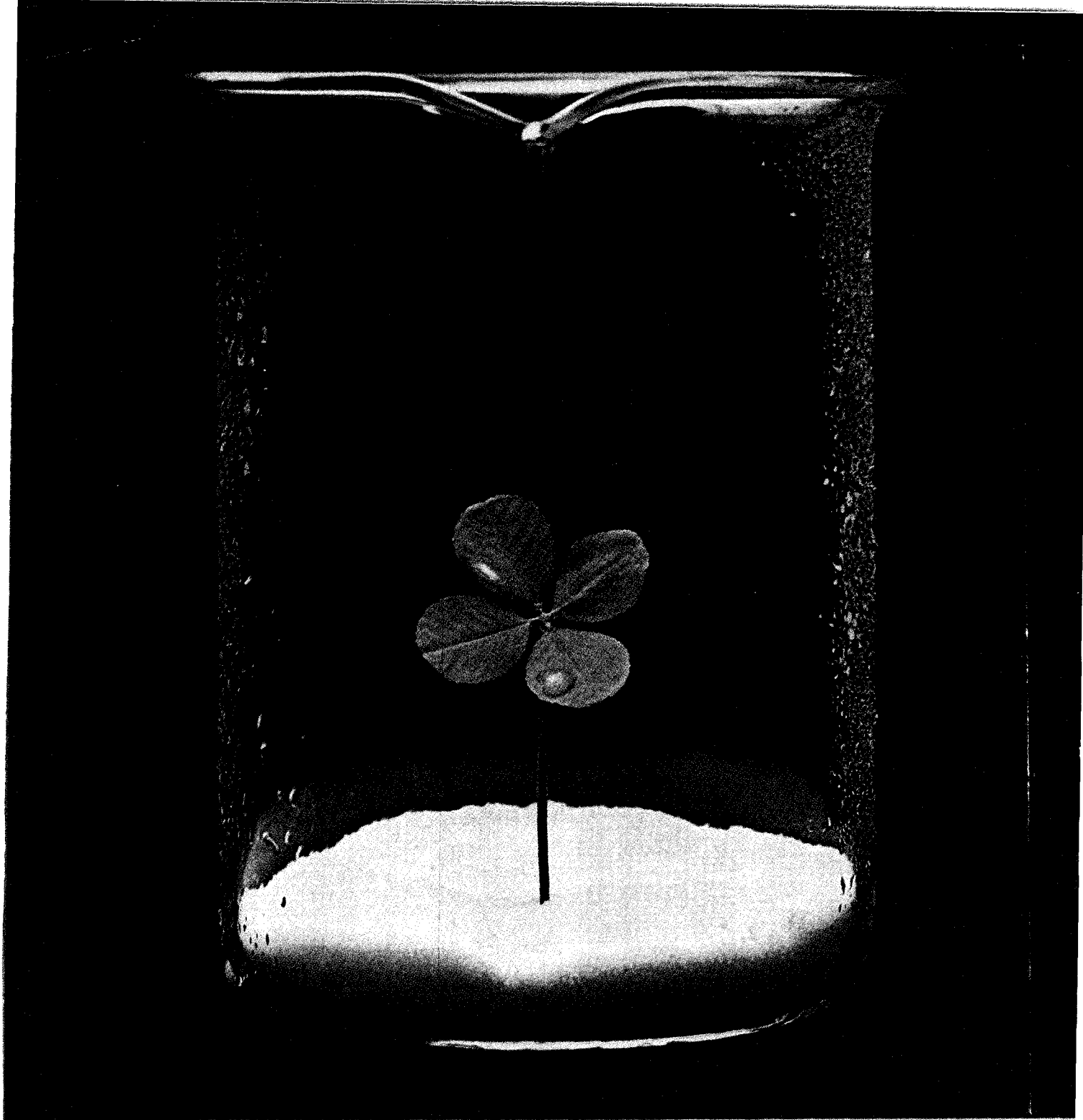
Sam was in the midst of it. In flag quarters afloat, or on the bridge, when on deck or down below, he was seeing much, saying little and jotting down voluminous notes in pocket-sized memo books. These hundreds of first-hand items spliced out official action reports or war diaries and are the stuff that make his fifteen volumes a joy to read and re-read. Afloat and

ashore new friends and shipmates passed the word that here was an officer who knew his job — the highest compliment in the Navy. By the close of World War II most of the Navy's better known flag officers had come to know of Sam Morison's tremendous project and to respect him as a scholarly seaman and a fine mess mate with an inexhaustible source of topical knowledge. Not one top commander ever suggested he change so much as even a punctuation mark in anything written about his campaigns. He accepted suggestions and corrections of his text based on careful research or even irate letters, whenever facts were indisputably clear and unequivocal. But he was adamant and firmly declined to alter one word for the sake of vanity or to soften criticism when he considered his original conclusions were a matter of record or of sound professional judgment.

How do the Navy's flag officers look today upon Rear Admiral Samuel Eliot Morison USNR (Ret.)? They appreciate that he earned his keep under difficulty and his promotions under fire; that whatever he wrote was from the point of view of a seaman; that he was an incorruptible scholar and a damned good shipmate.

To Admiral McElroy's bouquet, I would add my personal view that Morison's great strength as a war historian is that he aims straight at the mark, never hedging or ducking as he writes. His critics make much of that fact when they catch him in some marginal error or chance upon something which he has overlooked. But Morison has to write that way because he is that kind of man. He believes that others have a right to know how he feels and what he thinks; any day, he would rather be proved wrong than be guilty of ambiguity. As Justice Holmes said, it is not enough to be an idealist; one must also have courage.

Because he towers as a historian, less attention has been paid to his other role as a profound seapower theorist. That is a pity. A devotee of Admiral A. T. Mahan, Morison has updated the major prophet, extending and applying his ideas to this fantastically complex present. Morison's Navy has come through the air age, into the atomic age, and helped blaze the trail into the space age. Morison was aboard through the dramatic four years when the amphibious method developed more phenomenally than in all prior centuries. The battleship went out and the supercarrier and Polaris submarine came in as decisive weapons during his time. Since he retired from the Navy, the fresh major menace to the fleet has risen in the form of land-based weapons — the ICBM and the strategic bomber. All of these changes have but fortified Morison's original faith and added to his influence as Mahan's most persuasive disciple. Appropriately, he closes his latest book with a reaffirmation: "If the deadly missiles with their apocalyptic warheads are ever launched at America . . . the nation or alliance that survives will be the one that retains command of the oceans."



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CATALINA CAT

BY ELIZABETH R. CHOATE

ELIZABETH R. CHOATE's life has been a varied one, mostly devoted to horticulture, blue-ribbon livestock, and collecting antiques. When she began living in Arizona, she became, rather by accident, a collector of cats and the owner of that independent heroine, Minette.

WE HAVE built a house called La Punta high up on a foothill of the Catalina Mountains outside of Tucson. Here, twice a year, in an ignorant sort of way, we delight in the wildlife around us. We have had calls from a tortoise, a wildcat, and even a mountain lion; and one day at high noon a beautiful pink and black Gila monster tried to get into the kitchen. We enjoy the weird cacophony of the coyotes roaming the arroyos below and the sight of a pair of great western hawks soaring gracefully above the giant saguaro cacti. But our hill is also loaded with plain house cats who eke out a pathetic existence by preying on the fauna so abundant in the Arizona-Sonora desert.

Now, it is a good thing to have some cats around a house in Arizona: they keep down the rats and mice and scorpions, and they very soon alert you to a snake or other reptile. But enough is enough, and we do not come to Arizona to be kept awake all night by fierce fights in the patio which make the midnight music of Beacon Hill sound like a soft lullaby in comparison.

For some time we have had two cats at La Punta, both desert refugees. One is a handsome ginger-colored Maltese, very big and rather naughty. Unfortunately, our caretakers named him Buster.

The other one, who arrived as a starving kitten, was even more shamefully named Baby-Cat. Baby-Cat was thought for some months to be a girl, with green eyes and the face of a Parisian cocotte; then

suddenly he turned into a courtly gentleman of the old school, black and white and sporting a tail fourteen inches long, like a graceful uncurled ostrich plume.

All was peaceful at La Punta. Granted, there were stray visitors who sought to join us. They came, and after a few horrendous battles in the patio they went away, leaving only mangled flowers, tufts of hair, and sometimes a little blood behind them. At least, all was serene until my return last fall. As I drove from the station late at night, one of the caretakers said, "Honey, there's another cat around the place, and you had better do something about it." The full import of this remark didn't register at the time.

The next morning I woke early and went out to enjoy the clear calm of the desert dawn. I drank some coffee, and as the sun rose in a blaze of fire over the mountains I went for a stroll to see how things had come through the summer on the hill. Halfway down a slope a shadow moved among the rocks and prickly pears. I waited, and then I saw a small gray cat cautiously approaching. I called to it, and to my surprise it answered and came to me ingratiatingly and elegantly. She was desperately hungry and thirsty and let me touch her, although one of her ears had a deep raking scratch in it and her tail had been broken in two places.

She was so thin that her backbone felt like the teeth on a bucksaw, and her skin was like tissue

Stencil by Theophile Alexandre Steinlen. Courtesy of the Print Department, Boston Public Library.

paper from dehydration. It took several days before she would let me pick her up, and then I discovered that she had many cactus spines, both large and small, deeply embedded in her flesh. She sat on my lap nervously, but she seemed grateful to have me pull them out. At first her broken tail was a pitiful sight to me, but as she grew gayer and happier it began to look jaunty and more like a soft bowknot.

This was no ordinary cat. She had a small head with large gray-green eyes, and her coloring was gray tiger with a pink undercoat; between her ears she boasted a pink lucky spot. It was plain that she had some ancient and distinguished blood in her ancestry. At the same time, there was more than a hint of the wild about her, for the silky texture of her coat, her alert head, large feet, and lean legs were almost identical with those of the margay cat, which is a native of Central America.

The pencil markings around her eyes curved outward onto her cheeks, giving the impression that she was privately amused. This was most evident when she relaxed, because then she would puff out her cheeks like a chipmunk with a mouthful of nuts, half close her eyes, fold her paws one over the other in classic lion pose, and assume the expression of a laughing sphinx, thus leaving me to speculate more than ever about her family tree.

Because of her complete independence and resourcefulness, she reminded me of Jennie Baldrin, the heroine of Paul Gallico's incomparable story *The Abandoned*. But I decided that she looked of French rather than of the Egyptian or Scottish descent that Jennie boasted, so I named her Minette after another of Mr. Gallico's cats. I once overheard a friend of mine, Jan Ciecianowski, talking comfortably to one of my dogs in Polish, and when I seemed surprised, he said, "But, my dear, all animals understand Polish." Unfortunately, I do not speak Polish, but Minette and I were very satisfied to communicate in French. I would call, "*Minette, où est-tu? Viens toi,*" and she would come running with a soft answer, "*Oui, je suis ici, que veux-tu?*"

MINETTE ate hungrily four times a day, and after two weeks I wondered why she did not begin to get fatter. She had found a very clever place to live under the woodpile. The air space there is well insulated from the burning sun; a hill and an adobe wall protect it from the violent winds that sometimes sear the desert. It was from this well-chosen spot that she always came when I called her.

From her size I judged Minette to be about four months old and vaguely wondered whether I should have her "nocolated and oporated," as we say in New England. These hazy thoughts suddenly became concrete when we were visited one night

by a big red tiger tomcat with whom Minette appeared most friendly. He was a husky, handsome fellow, and his intentions were obvious. The next morning I called a veterinarian and reluctantly had to ask him the facts of cat life. I felt like an imbecile because, although I have raised more than one hundred and eighty litters of dogs, I did not know how early a kitten became a cat. Dr. Hinds told me that five months was about average, so I relaxed for the time being.

Minette was getting tamer all the time, and now she was coming into the house to eat and to reconnoiter. Baby-Cat did not seem to mind her advent; in fact, he was very polite to her. But when I say that Buster resented her intrusion into his ivory tower, I am putting it mildly. He became infuriated, he glared, his ears went back, and he spat and growled in a rude and fearsome way. Minette stood her ground, but she continued to live in the woodpile.

The patio at La Punta is brilliantly lighted from all angles for the express purpose of showing up any nocturnal visitors, especially snakes. One evening I glanced down the path, and there to my horror was Minette, accompanied by two very young and fat kittens. I certainly had been a slow coach not to have realized all along why she did not gain any weight. To Buster this was the coup de grace. He rushed out and prepared to slaughter the kittens. Luckily they escaped to the haven of the woodpile, by a whisker. The next evening one of my guests came into the kitchen saying, "I have some bad news for you. There is another kitten in the woodpile." This was bad news indeed, because this third kitten was as ugly as sin and as wild as a coyote.

What kind of impossible mess was this? I could not have wild kittens growing up all over the place, nor could I allow Buster to commit murder right under my nose. I stayed awake for hours that night trying to map out the best thing to do. By morning I decided that there was only one solution. I bundled the boys off to the animal hospital for a day or two until the kittens could be caught.

This was the first of many noisy cat trips that I was to make. The boys howled so loudly on the way that I was afraid I would be stopped by the police on suspicion of kidnapping. I did not have to ring the bell at the hospital; I had been heralded from half a block away. Mrs. Polich, the lady at the office, was most businesslike and filled out an admittance card for each cat. I became hot with shame when I had to tell their names. "Not very original, are they?" she said.

It seemed to me that it took forever for those kittens to learn to eat and drink. I put food out by the woodpile, and Minette was pleased by this. She had a special soft sound that she made to call the kittens to her; it was halfway between a purr

and a meow. Curiously, she used this same sound when she talked to me.

I started on a different approach and put food on the doorstep. Presently a little gray kitten arrived. I moved the food inside the house, and in she came. This time I felt like a double-dyed traitor, because I knew that she was Minette's favorite. She was, indeed, a duplicate of her mother, right down to the pink spot on her head. But there was no time for sentimentality.

It took days to entice the last kitten into the house. He was a beautiful red tiger, the image of guess who? When we finally shut the door on him, he flew around the room, caroming off the doors and walls like a classic shot by Willie Hoppe.

I was so thankful to the Humane Society for finding homes for all the kittens that I gave them a donation to help them in their good work, which seemed to flabbergast them.

For two weeks the boys had been living the life of Riley at the hospital, eating and sleeping, and sleeping and eating. Now the coast was clear, so I paid their bill of forty-four dollars and brought them home, to the music of loud complaints from both.

It was during this kitten-catching period that Minette and I became really fond of one another and that I decided to keep her for my own. In the absence of the boys she began to frequent their favorite spots, a thing she had not hazarded before. She sat on Buster's lookout post on the terrace; she slept in Baby-Cat's aerie on top of the cupboard in the living room; and she luxuriated on my bed, which seems to be the Mecca of all the cats. As she gained confidence she became smarter and more engaging and easily learned several tricks, like sitting up, which the boys had never achieved.

She possessed feminine artfulness to a marked degree and practiced her wiles on me daily. When she went hunting all night in the desert I worried about her, because there is nothing more delectable to a coyote than a meal of fresh cat. I would call to her hourly all night and get no response. However, in the dawn she would be right there, pretending to be very offhand, placing her feet daintily and fluffing out her tail. She would drop her eyes and say, "*Je t'ai entendu, mais tu sais bien que j'étais en train d'attraper un rat, et je n'ai pu bouger.*"

I thought that I ought to teach her to wear a collar, but the first time I put one on her she tore and bit at it like a wild thing and fled to my bed, where she got it off instantly. This behavior disappointed me, but the next time I put it on her I was amazed at her reaction. She puffed out her cheeks with pleasure and paraded up and down in front of the boys, saying, "Look at me, you poor bumpkins. No one ever gave *you* a collar."

Very soon all three cats became fast friends and played nightly variations of their favorite games of Pounce, High Spy, and Fisticuffs all over the house, not to mention the out-of-door real business of cat and mouse, which as practiced at La Punta must have originated with the Lord High Torturer of the Spanish Inquisition.

Minette was much wilder and tougher than either of the boys. She had developed fierce strength and courage, and she was the swiftest hunter on the hill. She relished moths and grasshoppers like peanuts. It took her a matter of seconds to catch a lizard or a mouse. Squirrels, rabbits, and rats were all proudly deposited outside the kitchen door. I christened this spot Corpse Corner as I scrubbed up the dreadful remains every morning. This was a grisly chore that I imposed on myself because I was afraid that some of my guests might get up early and be so upset by the sight that they would immediately pack and leave the house.

By now my time at La Punta was running short, and again I had to make a decision. Minette had been such a devoted mother that I felt miserable at having her spayed, and yet what other choice did I have in order to protect her from the endless attentions of the sheikhs that roam our hill?

Sadly I took her to the hospital and made arrangements for her to spend a prolonged convalescence there. It did not take long for her to work her charms on nice Mrs. Polich. I had provided Minette with a sage-green corduroy cushion, and at Christmas Mrs. Polich presented her with a ball and a toy and a roast chicken.

I was afraid that when Minette returned to La Punta Buster selfishly would not allow her to share his outdoor sleeping box, so I ordered another one made at the lumber company. This was not as simple as it sounds. I asked if they had any dog-houses for small dogs. "How small is the dog?" they wanted to know. "It is really a cat," I told them. I thought I had got around that one pretty neatly, but when the man telephoned to say that the house was completed, he coughed twice and said, "The item you ordered is ready."

When I returned to La Punta in the spring, my heart sank, as Minette paid me no attention. I was tired from my journey, so I went into my room and prepared to go to bed. No sooner had I run the first drop of water in my bath than a clever gray paw opened the door, and in came Minette, saying softly, "*Mon Dieu, c'est toi, chérie; je suis enchantée de te voir.*" She arched her back and twined affectionately about my feet, demanding a fresh drink of water, just as she had done a hundred times before. When I finally turned out my lamp, a cool breeze gently stirred the curtains, and Minette was curled in her accustomed place at my side.



BLAME ME ON HISTORY

BY BLOKE MODISANE

Born in Johannesburg, which he left in 1958, BLOKE MODISANE was a reporter and feature writer, as well as theater and music critic, for DRUM Publications, a white-owned company sympathetic to Africans. As an actor he had a part in the play NO GOOD FRIDAY and the secretly made film COME BACK AFRICA. In England he has appeared in a number of stage and television productions, and in the United States he has lectured on African music and literature. The article which follows has been drawn from his bitter, moving autobiography, which will be published shortly by Dutton.



SOMETHING in me died, a piece of me died, with the dying of Sophiatown in the winter of 1958. It was Monday morning, the first working day away from work; exactly seven days before I had resigned my job as a journalist on *Golden City Post*, the Johannesburg weekly tabloid for the locations. I was a free man, but the salt of the bitterness was still in my mouth; the quarrel with Hank Margolies, the assistant editor, the whiteman-boss confrontation, the letter of resignation — these things became interposed with the horror of the destruction of Sophiatown. I was a stranger walking the streets of blitzed Sophiatown, and although the Western Areas removal scheme had been a reality dating back some two years, I had not become fully conscious of it.

In the name of slum clearance they had brought the bulldozers and gored into her body, and for a brief moment, as I looked down Good Street, Sophiatown was like one of its own many victims — a man gored by the knives of Sophiatown.

The pride of having grown up with Sophiatown shriveled inside me. The house in which I had been born was now ground into the dust, and it seemed especially appropriate that I should be standing there, as if to witness the closing of the cycle of my life in its destruction. My friends were leaving the country: Ezekiel Mphahlele had taken a job in

Nigeria, the Millners were gone to Ireland, Arthur Maimane was in Ghana, and soon Elly and Lionel Rogosin and the crew of *Come Back Africa*, the documentary film, would be leaving.

Walking down Good Street and up Gerty Street was like walking through a ghost town of deserted houses and demolished homes, of faded dreams and broken lives, surrounded by rousing memories, some exciting, others terrifying. We cherished Sophiatown because it brought together such a great concentration of people; we did not live in it, we were Sophiatown. It was a complex paradox which attracted opposites: the ring of joy, the sound of laughter, was interposed with the growl and the smell of insult; we sang our sad-happy songs, were carried away by our erotic dances, we whistled and shouted, got drunk and killed each other.

I stopped opposite 21 Gerty Street, and there was only the debris of the house in which Emily lived; the memory of happy nights spent there rushed back to tease and irritate me, and it was then that the loneliness penetrated. The people I had known, and loved, were gone: the relative, the friend, the childhood sweetheart, last year's beauty queen, the nice-time girls, the shebeen queens, the beggars, the thieves, the frauds, the gangsters, the killers; they were all gone, and with them had gone the only world I knew. The music

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had gone, the color, the violence; only the desolation remained.

Whatever else Sophiatown was, it was home; we made the desert bloom, made alterations, converted half-verandas into kitchens, decorated the houses, and filled them with music. We were house-proud. We took the ugliness of life in a slum and wove a kind of beauty; we established bonds of human relationships which set a pattern of communal living far richer and more satisfying, materially and spiritually, than any model housing could substitute. The dying of a slum is a community tragedy, anywhere.

It was especially true of Sophiatown, the most cosmopolitan of South Africa's black social igloos and perhaps the most perfect experiment in non-racial community living; there were, of course, the inevitable racial tensions, which did not necessarily flare up into color-caste explosions. Africans, Coloureds (mixed-bloods), Indians, and Chinese lived a raceless existence. It is true that as racial groups we were placed socially and economically on different levels of privilege; white was the ultimate standard, and the races were situated in approximation to this standard. The Chinese were nearest to white — they were allowed into white cinemas and theaters and some restaurants; the Coloureds, nearer white; and the Indians, near white. Social mixing was difficult, but community spirit was high.

As children, we found mixing easier, and together we had our normal — by South African standards — racial skirmishes with the white boys from the adjoining working-class white area. There was a mud pool in the buffer strip which divided Sophiatown from Newlands, and as a lad I joined in the fights for the right to swim in the mud pool. Which-ever group got there first imposed its right to use and continue using the pool; we threw stones at each other. The white boys usually dominated the contest in the end, invariably resorting to pellet guns. At the beginning, it was for the right to use the pool that we fought, but this rationalization soon lost its validity — it was for the sake of fighting that we went to the pool.

WALKING up Toby Street, I passed the beautiful house of the Mogemi family; they had not yet sold their property to the Resettlement Board, but everything else around it was leveled with the dust. The Lutheran Mission Church, Berlin Mission, stood erect among the ruins, and a hundred yards up the road was the palatial home of Dr. A. B. Xuma, with two garages. I turned south at Edward Road and stopped at Bertha Street, and the sight to the east was deadening. My eyes spread over a desert of debris and desolation. Suddenly, I needed my

father, to appeal for his protection, to say to him: Do you see, my father, do you see what they have done to our Sophiatown? But he was only a patch of earth with a number at the Croesus cemetery; he was a number I had burned into my mind the day that we buried him.

It was on the afternoon of February 16, 1938, that he died, and I was at school, unable to help him that moment when he needed it desperately; he had lived alone in himself and died so, alone and lonely. The children were at school, and my mother had gone to visit her relations in Alexandra township. It was shortly after the lunch break when I was summoned to the principal's office. Mr. G. Nakeni, headmaster of the Dutch Reformed Mission School, Meyer Street, Sophiatown, was waiting for me as I walked out of the classroom. I followed him to the fence next to the street.

"Was your father sick?" Mr. Nakeni said.

"No, sir," I said, thinking it was a rather pointless question, not worth interrupting the history lesson.

"You better go home."

"Now, sir?"

"Yes."

I returned to the classroom, reported to the teacher, and gathered my books; I walked home leisurely, playing with a tennis ball along the way. There was a crowd gathered outside the corrugated iron which fenced in our yard. I slithered through the crowd, and standing next to the gate were two African police constables, and between them was a manacled man. I walked through the gate, and as soon as Dorothea, a neighbor, saw me, she started crying; she told it to me as simply and as gently as she could, leading me to the spot.

She informed me, between sobs and sniffles, that the battered and grotesquely ballooned nightmare, hardly recognizable as a human being, was my father; the swollen mass of broken flesh and blood which was his face had no definition; there were no eyes or mouth, nose, only a motionless ball, and the only sign of life was the heaving chest. Recognition was impossible; I felt only revulsion and pity for the faceless man. He could have been anybody, and the horror would have been the same. I shuddered at the brutality of the assault. I looked back at the gate, at the man who could have had the heart to do such a thing: he looked like other people; there was nothing visible which could set him apart from others; and I did not feel anything toward him.

The story was that there had been a quarrel with this man, that both parties had stormed away from each other in anger, and later my father went into the extension of our yard in the hope that both of them had cooled down, but the man surprised him with a blow on the face which knocked him down; the man then proceeded to pound him with

a brick until my father lost consciousness, and never recovered.

I returned to the blood-splashed spot where lay my father and gazed at the distention, hoping to find something familiar in that mass, anything to bring the man closer to me, some mark of recognition, some sign of identification; and I could not cry. I wanted to break out and collapse at his side, but suddenly I could not remember his face, and there was nothing to remind me; all through the interminable wait for the ambulance I did not, could not bring myself to cry; I have never cried since that day when I was fourteen.

VIOLENCE exists in our day-to-day group relationships, the expression of the public conscience; it is contained in the law, the instrument of maintaining order. Our aggression is totally integrated, completely multiracial. The African directs his aggression, perhaps more viciously, against his own group, particularly against the more successful Africans, who are resented for being successful. The public image of South Africa is white, and white is the standard of civilization; what is not white is black, and black is the badge of ignorance and savagery. The South African searching for acceptance surrounds himself with the symbols and the values of white civilization. Thus, the successful African is immediately identified with white.

Violence and death walk abroad in Sophiatown, striking out in revenge or for thrills or caprice; I lived in my room trembling with fear, wondering when it would be my turn, sweating away the minutes while somebody was screaming for help, shouting against the violence which was claiming for death another victim. The screams would mount to a final resounding peal; then, nothing but the calm of death.

During those frequent minutes, trembling up a heavy sweat on my bed, I lived my life on my nervous system, dreading and yet hoping and waiting for that final last-ditch scream when death would take over. Is it a friend out there whose blood is screaming forth through the multiple-stab wounds? A relative, perhaps? Most definitely a stranger; the world is filled with people, it is like the beach — who is going to count the pebbles? But pebbles do not bleed, do not feel, do not think, they are not closely dependent one upon the other, like man; and there in my room I knew that after the facts had been examined, the motives analyzed, the rationalizations equated, the truth would confront me with a sense of shame; I would admit that no man, no relative or friend or stranger, deserves the death of a beast. It was Caesar's boast that "The skies are painted with unnumb'ed sparks, They

are all fire, and every one doth shine"; if I allowed one spark, no matter how distant and insignificant, to be extinguished, then by this my fire too would forfeit the right to flicker, and be snuffed out.

The rationalizations, the comforts of unreason, prevailed momentarily upon me, but death would not let me forget; its avatars, the bodies, were everywhere, waiting for the Black Maria, on show as an emasculating commentary to my cowardice. I crawled out of my room, unable to cope with the uncertainty; it was imperative to know the identity of the body. There were others — those, like myself, who felt a personal guilt, and the uncommitted, curious spectators, crowding around the body, mumbling questions to each other.

Is he still alive?

Who is he?

We shuffled forward, each elbowing into a grandstand bird's-eye view of the still face under the flickering glow of a match flame; and unashamedly, each to each other, we sighed with relief: I don't, do you know him? Then the man we had dehumanized with the label "stranger" was transformed into someone very dear, very close, usually to an old woman and two girls, perhaps a mother, a wife, or sister; it was painful watching them falling on the body and raising a cry so piteous and despairing that I could have died in sympathy. Then I recognized the pain, heard the same wailing, remembered another time, another situation, and I felt very close to the bereaved; they were my relations, we were joined by the pain of death. At that point of identification I walked away. About four hours later I heard the voices of indignation; the Black Maria had arrived.

"If it was a white person the Black Maria would have been here in twenty minutes," a voice said.

"It's like the ambulance," another said. "A man can die waiting for it. They don't care."

Every time it happened I was drenched with sweat in my room, vowing never to let it happen again, promising the dead that violence would not claim another man without my responding to the call for help. It must never happen again, it need not happen if I, and others, were vigilant and prevented men from injuring one another. I had cowered in my room with the cushion over my head, shutting out the summons for help, suffocating the sense of responsibility; if I was brave enough to watch, I stood aloof with those of my inclining while thugs battered and mutilated a man to death — looking on in horror and immobilized with fear.

And always there was the emasculating silence which in itself was for the gangsters their best insurance against arrest; they knew that none of us would have, as they say, the pluck to give testimony against them, and our silence sprang from a foundation of fear, the cornerstone of the gangster rule of

Sophiatown. We were all aware of the danger of sudden heroics, of being produced as a witness against them, for this was stupid and impractical, since the law was lenient with them; so we made Sophiatown into a vacuum of necessary silence, embracing the wisdom of the three monkeys. With our silence, the indifference of the law, the strain of being black in South Africa, we produced men and boys with long records of murder and names picked up from the gallery of Hollywood films — Boston Blackie, Durango Kid, Lefty Stiles, Gunner Martin.

I learned there in Sophiatown that one looked at the killing and never at the faces of the killers; one also knew that the law is white and justice casual, that it could not protect us against the knives of Sophiatown, so we tolerated the murders while the law encouraged them with its indifference. We laughed and made ribald comments when police commissioners complained publicly about the lack of cooperation with the police and made accusations that the Natives do not recognize their responsibility as citizens, that we do not fly to the law's standard.

The law is white, its legislators are white, its executive authority is white, and yet we were being criticized for not flying to the standard of the law; we, who were black and therefore denied the responsibility of formulating this law or being ruled by consent. This was probably as amusing as the American and the British democratic principle that all men are born equal, except for niggers and slaves — they are property. The pronouncements were larded with the usual assurances of police protection, but the inflections were obvious, the emphasis insinuating crimes directed against whites and their property. In Sophiatown we hooted at these appeals to patriotism and public duty; they contained conflicts of loyalty and a pragmatic contradiction. The standard function of law, the duty of the police, is a concern with the maintenance of law and order; but discrimination is contained in the law and the police are the instruments of black oppression, and if I had to choose between the tsotsis and the police, my vote would be cast for the tsotsis. This is the morality of black South Africa.

I HAD hoped that after the first ten murders I would be able to live with death, that the screams in the night would become less personal, the intensity would burn itself out, but there was to be no compact with death. I began to anticipate the screams, to suffer in advance, to feel this pain of death gathering in my chest like a biliousness which I could not break simply by belching or vomiting. I was choking with it. There was little comfort in rushing forward when the man no longer needed

me, and the rationalizations confronted me with the view of the real problem: my life is valueless in the valley of the dead; only in the living can there be life; I am involved in the death of the living.

I was listening to noisy jazz on the record player when one of those interminable screams rose over the noise; it seemed to come from a few feet away, from inside the yard. I rushed out of the room with a fighting stick in my hand, but it was out in the street that the woman was screaming the usual summons; I was not feeling particularly brave, I did not want to be savaged with knives, I did not want to die, I was afraid of being afraid. I walked out into the street, up to the man who was slapping the girl. The rescue attempt was easier than I could have hoped for; the would-be rapist was a boyhood playmate, and persuading him, by the continence of our friendship, to employ gentler means of persuasion was peacefully successful.

"Go home, my sister," I said, "and don't walk alone."

Pieters and I were exchanging reminiscences, joking about the street fights we had had, the territorial protection we had paid when we passed through areas controlled by gangs on our way to Balanski's cinema, the bedbug palace, which fed us on low-budget cowboy films and other tuppenny horrors we referred to as *skiet en donner*, the sound-and-fury thrillers from Republic Pictures. There was Buck Jones and his horse, Silver; the evil genius from the serial *The Drums of Fu Manchu*. We were recalling the titles of the chapters: "Pendulum of Doom," "Death Dials a Number," when suddenly I noticed the girl I had rescued advancing toward us with an impi of six armed men.

"It's them!"

There was no time to hold an indaba, the impi was in a fighting mood. Pieters and I broke off in different directions; we were back in the days of the gang wars, running in the face of odds, because he who runs from a fight lives to fight another day. I was Buck Jones racing Silver across the plains, pursued by the crooks, moving rapidly, thinking fast; I was running up Gold Street toward the dark passage behind the Diggers Hall; I knew every turning in that passage. I lost them. I stopped for a while and listened, then I doubled back over the fence and into the yard of the hall, keeping in the shadows and listening, and back in Gold Street I looked down both sides of the street before emerging from the shadows. I had stuffed my hat inside my shirt and was walking casually down the street when suddenly they pounced upon me; they had apparently anticipated me, and were waiting.

I was struck on the head with a stick, the blow staggering me onto the street; blows descended on my body from all sides, most of them thudding on the head, which I covered with my hands, my body

crouching low. Throughout the assault I kept one single thought repeating in my head, a determination to be on my feet; the man who falls during an assault tumbles into his grave, because in Sophiatown a felled man gets kicked in the face and heavy boots crushed on the head.

It was my turn at the guillotine; Sophiatown was revenging herself on me, striking out against the overcrowding, the congestion of hate, the prejudice, the starvation, the frustrating life in a ghetto. They stood back, the people of Sophiatown, and allowed violence to satiate itself; I did not scream, I resigned myself to my fate, the fate which was linking my destiny with that of my father. The beating continued: they struck at my head through the shielding hands; my feet were beginning to weaken, they could not support my body; I was sinking, and I surrendered myself to my father, committed my life into his hands. I was not afraid; there was a throbbing in my head, but I had gone past the point of feeling pain, I was no longer struggling.

"*Hamba nja*," voices shouted. "Go, dog."

Then another voice began screaming in my head: Run, run! My body was wilting on my legs, but I willed it into motion; I was going home. I looped forward, charging on uncoordinated legs, diving forward into the gravel, my face scratching on the ground, but I would not stay down; I hauled myself up, waltzed forward, and dived down onto my face, rising and falling my way home, where I collapsed into my mother's room, exhausted from the beating, with a headache which lasted a week.

"You must not do it again," Mother said. "I do not want another death in the house. Is he too, God, to die like his father?"

I could not explain it to my mother and to friends, perhaps not even to myself, but it was the only time when I had not been afraid. The irony of it all is that, as it turned out, it was Sir Galahad, not the dragon, who was slain.

COLOR is fundamental in South African thinking, is the dominant factor in the making of our mores; but it goes even deeper than is normally realized. Perhaps Nadine Gordimer came closest to understanding this when she wrote that color is far more than a question of prejudice or discrimination or conflict of loyalties — we have built a morality on it. We have even gone deeper; we have built our own sense of sin and our own form of tragedy. We have added hazards of our own to man's fate, and to save his soul he must wrestle not only with the usual lust, greed, and pride, but also with a set of demons marked: Made in South Africa.

It is impossible to be South African without some shade of race attitudes, conveniently known as race

prejudice; and the favorite question liberal South Africans love to answer is: Are you race-prejudiced? Whereupon the answer is: I have no race prejudice at all. At this point we become noble and conforming and purged. Against the background of South Africa this question and answer are a bigoted oversimplification and almost as loaded as: Would you like your daughter to marry a Native? The question which never is asked is: How race-prejudiced are you?

I am not suggesting there was no prejudice prior to the South Africa of 1948, but it was around then that the white man in South Africa decided to recognize the portentous presence of the black peril threatening his existence as a white man; it was at that moment in history that he decided to rally around the flag of apartheid in defense of Christian principles, democratic ideals, and Western civilization; the black peril was made to become synonymous with Communist infiltration.

While the freedom-loving nations of the world, including the government of South Africa, deliberated in New York to entrench the rights of man, to reaffirm for all time the dignity of man, and to banish from the face of the earth the Hiroshima of wars, one single word was invading the imagination of South Africa. While the free-world nations were smacking their lips over the eloquence of the Declaration of Human Rights, one word — with no specific dictionary meaning — changed the South African scene overnight and won the general election for the Nationalist Party; one word charged an emotional intensity which suited the general temper of white South Africa; a one-word ideology inflated the political life of Dr. Daniel François Malan and punctured that of General Jan Christian Smuts and unleashed the race monster of our age.

Apartheid, the one-word onslaught on the human dignity which the men in New York were so lyrical over, became a parliamentary joke which the opposition members of the United Party made undergraduate witticisms about, while it entrenched white supremacy and relegated the Native to his place; and when this was done the nonwhite races were dehumanized and defaced. The pigeonhole philosophy of apartheid manifested itself when the segregation notices went up everywhere, particularly in Johannesburg — "Europeans Only" and "Non-European"; but I noticed a peculiar, if not subtle omission of the "only" on the Non-European signs.

I was soon to find myself being forced, by the letter of the law, to use separate entrances into the post offices, banks, railway stations, public buildings; it became a criminal offense for me to use the amenities set aside for the whites, who were either indifferent to or satisfied with this arrangement. There was no massive white indignation at this in

sult to the dignity of the black races. I found myself unable to use the Eloff Street entrance into Park Station, a habit I had cultivated over the years. I became resentful: it was a pleasing-to-the-eye entrance; there were flower beds, a water fountain, and other details I have not seen for so long that I have forgotten them, and, of course, the Non-European entrance, then still under construction, was dismal and bleak; and because I have been educated into an acceptance of the primacy of law and order, I accommodated, rather than defied, this effrontery. Everywhere I turned there were these prohibitions taunting me, defying my manhood with their arrogance; their challenge was driving me out of my mind, but I am only a man, afraid and apprehensive, perhaps even a coward. I should have walked past the notices and registered, to myself, a protest against that which offended my manhood, but I was afraid to go to prison, rationalizing that it would have been a futile gesture. Dear, dear God.

It got to a point where I became insensitive to the oppression around me. I adjusted to the carrying of a pass because it was the law; I sweated in the black igloo that was Sophiatown because it was the law; I walked through the "Non-European" entrance, used the "Natives and Goods" lifts, jogged from foot to foot at the "Native Counter" in the banks and post offices, waited patiently for the green "For Coloured Persons" buses; I permitted my labor to be exploited, accepted the discrimination against my color, cowered under the will of the Immorality Act of 1957, which lays down that sexual acts between black and white are illegal, unchristian, and immoral, and was instead excited by the juvenile satisfaction of outsmarting the law by mating illegally, drinking behind locked doors. All these I did because I respected the law, because I was law-abiding. In the name of law and order I accommodated a variety of humiliations. I permitted sidewalk bullies to push me about, to poke their fingers into my nostrils, spitting insults into my eyes; and because I had arranged myself under the will of the law I permitted other men, armed by the letter of the law and under the protection of the law, to castrate me.

BECAUSE the Afrikaners were such unintelligent oppressors they disturbed the perfect tranquillity of the African middle class, mingled them with the commonality; the old guard, the masters of consultations and concessions and compromises, found themselves without a protector, commingled with the common dust. Then, out of expedience rather than loyalty, they looked for recognition in that instrument of rebellion, the African National

Congress, and were disturbed to find that there had emerged, inside this body, a clique of nationalists under the leadership of Anton Lembede, Peter Mda, Walter Sisulu, Nelson Mandela, with support from dissensionists like Robert Sobukwe and P. K. Leballo, who were challenging the respectable politics of the old guard. These young rebels had formed themselves into the Youth League, with visions which spread beyond the borders of South Africa and a troublemaking slogan — Africa for Africans.

Theirs was the language of the young, one which I could understand: they called to Africans to depend on their own resources in the struggle for liberation, preaching nationalism, exulting in the dream of an African nation, supreme and independent; they advocated a strategy founded on militancy — boycott was to be the weapon of mass action and political education. They explained the realism of the African's struggle, exploded the myth that white South Africa would voluntarily undergo a Christian change of heart, underlining the fact that Africans should not expect mercy in the hands of the whites in the event of a showdown.

I suddenly found myself responding to their call. We hailed them in Sophiatown as the Messiahs of African liberation, insinuating our own interpretations into the things they said; "Africa for Africans" came to mean the same thing as "Drive the whites into the sea." For me they were the realists who instead of writing resolutions and memorandums loved freedom with a desperation which aimed to do something about it; these nationalists were prepared to employ their revolutionary right in the securement of that freedom. I had become fanatical over the question of asserting my dignity as a man, threw aside the mellowing influences of peaceful negotiations, which, in my opinion, divide effects; I resolved that revolution was the only way out of the dilemma. Moral protest had failed, constitutional means — which were a farce, since Africans did not have the vote — had failed, and white South Africa would not be swayed by persuasion; and since no action, however drastic, is not justified in the defense of freedom, I joined them. I shouted as loud as their shrillest chorus, "Africa for Africans. Drive the white man into the sea." It was not so much a question of anti-whitism; I was merely restating the anxiety and the anger of Patrick Henry: "Sir, we have done everything that could be done to avert the storm which is now coming on. We have petitioned; we have remonstrated; we have supplicated; we have prostrated ourselves before the tyrannical hand of the Ministry of Parliament." I felt that Africans had for far too long been at the business end of the sjambok; I wanted to feel the handle of the whip.

My young mind was unable to understand the apathy of the white South Africans; the intensifica-

tion of oppressive legislation against the Africans, the brutality of the police, all the injustice committed in the name of apartheid did not seem to concern them or violate their sense of justice and right. I was staggered by the complacent ignorance about the condition of my life in the slum yards, which smelt of urine, by the fact that my human rights were disregarded by the body politic. Like the ostrich, the whites accepted with self-satisfied casualness the grotesque distortions the newspapers printed about the various riots. There had been a time when the whites had been incensed into silent indignation, and yet now, because they had been educated into an acceptance of the primacy of law and order, they did not — as their reflections in the Southern states of America did — mob themselves into a lynching pack; perhaps it was that they held a dependable reliance on the banditry of the law to approximate their murderous anger adequately.

The police had been on a routine raid for dagga, marijuana, in the Northern Transvaal when, according to newspaper reports, they were attacked by a fierce, prancing, savage horde of tribesmen, and in the skirmish five policemen — two white and three black — were barbarously butchered and mutilated. In the roundup of the murderers, twenty-two Africans were arrested, charged, tried before the court of the land, found guilty, and sentenced to pay the supreme penalty. About forty-eight hours before the execution, the energy of a Johannesburg newspaper presented documented evidence that one of the twenty-two men had not, in fact, been anywhere within fifty miles of the scene of the clash with the police. An injunction was granted and the innocent man released.

After the hearing of the case had gone through the preparatory stage in the Magistrate's Court, the twenty-two were committed for trial in the High Court, where the case was heard and the men condemned; and yet, all through this process designed to protect the innocent from a possible error in law, an innocent man, together with the "guilty," had been condemned to death by hanging. Admittedly, every country, at some moment of national anger, will be obsessed by a hanging mania, particularly after the murder of a national hero or the killing of a policeman, but even accepting this mass hysteria, a similar instance in another place would have raised doubts as to the individual guilt of the remaining twenty-one men. The newspaper was satisfied with its boy scout accomplishment and overlooked the enormity of the morality it had exposed. I thought it was reasonable to suppose that the innocence of that one man was sufficient to intrude an element of doubt; the law specifies that guilt must be proved beyond any possible shadow of a doubt.

But South Africa, black and white, wanted a

hanging: the whites, from an enraged sense of vengeance, and the blacks, to dissociate themselves from the barbarism of the act. Twenty-one lives for five.

IT BECAME a mounting difficulty for me, even with all my own imperfections, to continue living in the same world with these people. We could not look at the same thing together. I found the world disjointed. Yet my arrogance could not persuade me into a state of accepting that I alone was right, even if everybody else was obviously wrong. My white friends who listened to me recount the events of the riots responded rather to the hurt I felt; I found none who realized the moral I was intending, but I understood that they could not do this without focusing upon themselves the guilt which they knew in the final analysis belonged in the conscience of every individual white man. A very respected friend confronted me with the moral principle of civilized man: the law is the law, which I understood to mean that all of us must arrange ourselves under the will of the law; and I remembered Jefferson's stressing that "for that will to be rightful, it must be just." I refuse to accept the concept of the infallibility of the law; the law is the will of man in his status as the majority, but man is fallible, and this fallibility is inherent in his efforts. When man seeks to evade responsibility for his actions, he invests the law with portentous infallibility.

"What about me, Bloke?" my friends have charged. "You can't condemn whites without including me. I have no race prejudice, I don't believe in it. Am I to be condemned with the Afrikaners? What about me?"

Precisely. What about you? Where were you when they crucified my Lord? It was once a gospel chant, but it has a relevance for every individual man in the locations who has stood aside while the tsotsis desecrated the body of a man, in the overdeveloped white unconsciousness of police hooliganism against the Africans. I may very well pose the question: Why should I personally be relegated to inferior positions? I do not believe in racial discrimination.

I prefer to believe that this dishonesty is intentional, perhaps a purposeful invention intended to mask the feeling of consciousness of guilt, but I refuse to accept my friends as being insensitive; they are white, they enjoy the rewards of being white, even though they may be resisting responsibility for it. Custom and the statute have reserved for them all the key positions in our economy and policy; they own the land, the industries, the finances, and the ways and means of earning a living. And even those of the ordinary working class are secured into the privileged class by a system of legislation and

customary divides which confers upon them prestige and all the symbols of authority, by virtue of being white. It is unnecessary for me to look upon a white man and be in doubt over his status in our society. By his color I will know his class. It is dishonest to pretend otherwise; they are white and I am black.

As I have said, the public image of South Africa is white, and this single factor is dramatically illuminated by the white hoboes in the street; they have to reach a certain depth of depravity before they can confront an African for alms, because the African, in the eyes of the upper white caste, is lower than the lowest white man. I was accosted by a white hobo in Jeppe Street. She was as poor as a black, and, some would say, dirty black; she was carrying a thin, dirty, hungry child. I know the look of hunger too well.

"Please, my boy," she said, devastated by humiliation. "Give a sixpence for coffee."

This scene, her obvious sense of superiority, catalyzed a complicated system of responses. Since poverty is black, she and I were locked into a common humanity, something which she would not acknowledge. She was white, a member of the privileged class, and I was black; the traditional divides had to be maintained. For me it immediately became a crack in the myth of white supremacy; I was instead in a position of superiority, possessed by an authority complex invested upon me by her privation. The simple act of a human being appealing for assistance was exaggerated into a historic episode almost worthy of the complicated set of human relationships of our society. I gave her a shilling.

In this I was emphasizing my superiority over her, and yet it was interesting to note that even in her destitute moment she did not lose sight of the fact that I must be reminded that she was a member of the superior race group; this fact she impressed by addressing me as "boy." She and I, in our moment of battle for superiority, were victims responding to race prejudice, which is notorious for employing a scapegoat psychology; we were working out our frustrations on each other, the less fortunate members of our society, thus saving ourselves the trouble of facing up to the real causes of our condition.

It is this single fact, this pattern of behavior, which is responsible for our ostrich mentality. This apathy is in all of us. It is most sophisticated in the professional liberals, who are afflicted with a morbid sense of vicarious suffering with the Africans. They are the ones who are most psychotic about being condemned together with the honest racialists, and when I reply that I am oppressed in spite of their

best efforts, they are offended and I am made to feel uncharitable. The fact is, the individual white South African, because of his moral impotence, has become increasingly powerless against the forces of apartheid; and because of this initial apathy, I hold each one of the whites responsible for the South Africa we know today. They are the voters, they hold the power in their hands to have done something about it, but because apartheid held the promise of advantage for them, they have capitulated. I have looked among them for a John Brown, for one man to stand up and say: "It [the New Testament] teaches me, further, to remember, them that are in bonds as bound with me."

There may be those who will accuse me of asking for too much; that is exactly what I am doing, asking for too much. I prefer to dispense with eloquent quibbles; the Africans are the most brutally oppressed of all the victims of apartheid, and I will single out from responsibility for this only those white South Africans who, because of an honest concern for right, will act on the simple fact that South Africa is an affront to man's conscience. I have looked among them for those who will die on the cross proclaiming the dignity of the concept of principle. Jesus went into the valley of the lepers. John Brown, under the shadow of the hangman's knot, made a point which I submit as a reference to those liberals with good intentions.

Now, if it is deemed necessary that I should forfeit my life for the furtherance of the ends of justice, and mingle my blood further with the blood of my children and with the blood of millions in this slave country whose rights are disregarded by wicked, cruel and unjust enactments, I say, let it be done.

Among these liberals are included personal friends I respect in their private capacity as individuals, but in the public image they are white; they live in white privilege; they have not rejected the fruits of being white: they live in "Europeans Only" suburbs, they eat in "Europeans Only" restaurants, recreate themselves in "Europeans Only" cinemas, theaters, bars, art galleries, and other public places. I have yet to listen to a white South African objecting to and rejecting the privileged condition of his lot; some have complained about my poverty, the slum conditions, but never about their inflated opulence.

I am instead insulted with multiracial tea parties where we wear our different racial masks and become synthetically polite to each other, in a kind of masquerade where Africans are being educated into an acceptance of their inferior position. The masks in the charade are promiscuously polite, courtesy becomes a plague, and gradually, by the rules of the game, the African is persuaded to understand that he must be humble if he is not to antagonize "the growing number of Europeans

who are taking an interest in African affairs and welfare." I have smiled benignly, spoken in undertones, and assumed a charm in personality as I sipped my tea with an observance of the social graces of the upper classes.

My relations with house servants have invariably been complicated. In some of the white homes I have come up against silent resentment from Africans who felt the indignity of having to wait upon another African; some African servants are proud of the snobbery of the families for which they work, and any lowering of standards is resented, and since I am black my presence at table was a serious depreciation of standard. Others seemed to resent an extension of a privilege which was denied to them, and sometimes I was looked at with suspicion; I had arranged myself on the side of the whites, a potential traitor to their cause. In others there was a feeling of pride — one of them had arrived, was in effect accepted as good enough to sit at table with whites. It was all terribly complicated.

But essentially I was a curiosity, a main attraction, the added inducement in most invitations to a party: "Bloke is coming."

THERE is apathy among the Afrikaners, too, who are struggling under the moral obligation to justify their cause by shouting down criticism from the English, the Jews, and the whole world; they see themselves maligned and persecuted by people who fail to understand the finer details of their unique problems. They are the chosen people whom God has seen fit to place in authority, government, and guidance over the black races, which God, in His infinite wisdom, has damned beyond redemption, a fate from which they cannot be saved even by the dying of Christ on the cross. The Afrikaners know for a fact that the Africans are happy in their condition, that the fermentation of rebellion is the work of Communist agitators, the jingo English press, and the meddling of Britain and America in what is essentially a domestic problem of South Africa. The question of the relation between the Afrikaner and the African, they maintain, is wholly and solely the responsibility of the Afrikaner, a matter between him and the God of Calvinism. They are genuinely concerned that the whites in the rest of the world are neglecting this sacred duty by criticizing them; the Afrikaners see themselves as the last defenders of white civilization and are so convinced of the rightness of their course that they are arming to fight with their backs against the wall.

The Afrikaner, they submit, understands the Native mind and is, moreover, best suited to guide the African to a greater realization of his happiness. A reasonably intelligent Afrikaner woman, in ab-

solute sincerity and regard for the Africans in her employment, said to me, "We are not really bad, you know. Take me and my husband — we treat our Natives very well. And they like us. You know how they are always short of money; well, me and my husband are always ready to help them. We lend them money almost every day."

I was not exactly sure what it was she was illustrating, but I restrained myself from insinuating a slight correction; my duty was to listen, to observe, to analyze without comment the different characters who made up our society. But she did overlook the fact that if they paid their Natives a living wage, the situation she described would have arisen less frequently.

I concede that the Afrikaner family was not conscious that it was upholding the policy of keeping Africans as perpetual dependents who have to work for the white man if they are to earn a living, that on their earnings the Africans cannot hope to gain economic independence from the white man. It is an absolute necessity for the maintenance of white supremacy that the perpetuity of the structure of Native wages must be standardized at its present level, so that the African is denied the potential power of economic independence which might presume for him an equality with the white man. The necessary body of Africans required as black teachers, doctors, priests, nurses should be discouraged from argument that since they perform services equal in academic qualifications to those of the whites, they should therefore be entitled to social equality. They are therefore paid on a lower scale than that of the whites.

South Africa is guided by a single paramount concern, and it is perhaps fitting that the country's most respected statesman should have articulated it. General Jan Christian Smuts said: "There are certain things about which all South Africans are agreed, all parties and all sections, except those who are quite mad. The first is that it is a fixed policy to maintain white supremacy in South Africa." It is comforting that even "those who are quite mad" are at least sane about one other paramount issue — Native wages. The most articulate critics are the liberals, whose remarkable campaign has been matched only by their cause; they compiled statistics which showed a gloomy picture of the poverty of the Africans, but in their own backyards their house servants were not paid much better. But, then, of course, conscience is like sleeping with a prostitute — one is filled with revulsion only after the act.

Although it is possible there are Afrikaners who might have a concern for the Africans, there is also the fact that their vote is responsible for the apartheid rule of the Nationalist government.

There is apathy also among the Africans and the other nonwhite groups; they are waiting for a Moses

to lead them out of slavery. To some this Moses is red, he is white to others, and black only to a few. From the President General of the African National Congress to the howlers at the protest meetings, there is a fervent hope that the whites will undergo a voluntary change of heart, and among these are those who believe the United Nations will march into South Africa. It is fortunate that Great Britain's filibuster tactics in the United Nations will prevent this; the South African militia can repulse and rout the United Nations troops. None of the A.N.C. conferences has explored, contemplated, or voted on the issue of an armed revolt, not even in jest; the African has not stirred to cancel his captivity. He is waiting for Moses; there have been, of course, small ripples here and there. We are still concerned with mouthy resolutions, singsongs, petty quarrels for leadership, and pathetic slogans like "Freedom in our lifetime."

It is fashionable for intellectuals to be casually committed and with garbled phrases declare themselves above the banalities of politics. Others propound philosophies — which are derived from those of the white man — to explain the subjugation of the African, the situation of inferiority imposed upon him, his subservient position, as being a historical sequence, inevitable under the circumstances. The converted insist that the African has sinned, offended God as the heathen, disregarding His commandments; they see the unfortunate position of the African as having been willed by God in His infinite wisdom, the dispensation of divine wrath which shall descend "even unto the third and the fourth generation." Apartheid is God's punishment for his sins.

In the same tone, the traditionalists pontificate about the Africans' abandonment of the ways of their ancestors, that the acceptance of an alien culture has emasculated us, that the gods of our ancestors have cast their shadow on us; they claim that the prophets of Africa had warned against this calamity. The Messianic myth persists strongly among them. The black Christians, the orthodox faithfuls, are atoning and have become holier than the saints; they are waiting for the redemption of the Second Coming. They accept their unfortunate position as the will of a terrible, vengeful God, hoping that perhaps with enough prayer the African may yet be redeemed.

I WAS bewildered by all this apathy, particularly as I was passing through a transitional period which, for the sake of convenience, I shall refer to as the age of bewilderment. I wanted to fight, but there were none to share my enthusiasm; I was bewildered to find those who believed in the strength of peace, and the disillusionment had a strange

effect on me. Perhaps there was another way of fighting. I was young, I was looking for a philosophy, searching for a morality.

I sought the friendship of those who were older than I, and in Solly Godide and Willie Boyce I found two who were enviably uncommitted; they had no politics and seemingly were without complicated experiences. We formed into a kind of three musketeers, concerned ourselves in each other's problems, mediating in strained affairs with girls. We were later joined by Simon, and he and Solly and I became insatiable readers of detective stories, in particular those of Leslie Charteris. We were enchanted by "The Saint," and the author could not write his books fast enough for us; in between we filled in with Raphael Sabatini and Alexandre Dumas, and our habit was to exhaust an author, then spend hours discussing the books.

But Simon Templar was to become more than the Saint, that infallible, that incorrigible braggart; he became, in fact, a real living influence, the escape image of our frustrations. His philosophy, his morality, persuaded itself upon us; the Saint suited the temper of my life, served as a cushion against the pangs of a discriminating society. I adopted his carefree attitudes, and behind the shell of these, nothing could touch my life; not the police raids, the violence of Sophiatown, not the injustice and the humiliation of being black in white South Africa; I could defy South Africa by flashing on that cynical "Saintly" smile.

The Saint fought on the side of the good blokes against the bad blokes, and every man, saint or devil, was called "Bloke," and this depersonalization appealed to me; thus Solly, Simon, and I slid into calling each other Bloke, a label which increasingly found its way into our conversation. Of course, everybody around us was also called Bloke, and thus it happened that Solly and Simon managed to crowd this label onto me. People began to assume the label for my name, and gradually this label became a part of me I could not discourage; it began to overwhelm me, to become a piece of me, to impose a life of its own upon me. Finally I was to accept it for a far deeper significance than I at the time realized. It did not occur to me that in accepting this label I was to obliterate my legal name so completely that people are surprised that I do have another name, something as ordinary as William; and because African mothers are known by the names of their firstborn children, my mother has since come to be known as Ma-Bloke.

Of course, I attempted to protect my legal name, insisted on writing it before Bloke, but people rejected and pushed the William aside, and the invasion has been so successful and complete that today my name is Bloke Modisane. The substitution of Bloke for my legal name had to be rationalized,

and the older I became, the more sophisticated became the shield against the thing I was. It suited the make-believe world of fantasy I was erecting around myself.

I resolved that if I could not be loved by white South Africa, at least I should be feared. The Saint and everything which I read served only to resuscitate the loneliness I felt; I wanted more from life than I got back in return. The confinement of South Africa, the endlessness, the tedium of life in the location bloated in me the desire for change; to find something new, another way of life, to look upon another culture, to satisfy a desperate hope that there must exist in this world other people different from the white South African. Like Lot I wandered in desperation, searching for ten people in the Sodom and Gomorrah that was South Africa, because in spite of everything that was indoctrinated into me, in spite of my color, I believed that I belonged to the enormous family of man.

I BECAME screamingly lonely as I sat through the travelogues in the cinema; they were invariably in color, usually about some island away from the prejudice of man. Every cinema ticket I bought was a few hours away from South Africa, and the urgency for this peace was so great that I was literally raised inside the cinema. Every characterization I saw on the screen seemed to leave its mark on me. The performances of Spencer Tracy, in particular, filled me with a special kind of nobility; there was something Christlike in the very way he looked, in every character he portrayed; he seemed to represent for me the spirit of man, the pure concept of goodness, defenseless against the connivance of evil. I felt that as a man Spencer Tracy was good.

My waking life has never been at ease since the Tuesday night, long ago, when I saw Ronald Colman in *Lost Horizon*; tears of anger blurred my vision as the film emphasized with sober detail the desperate need for a Shangri-La, and for months the thoughts depressed me to the verge of suicide. I am not certain I have survived that feeling. From that moment my life became acutely dominated by the lust to wander, to follow the dust until I am one with the grains of the dust in a Shangri-La away from the smallness of man.

After seeing James Hilton's idyllic story on the screen, I became emotionally restless, began to feel more sharply the futility of being black in a white man's world. I made inquiries about joining the merchant navy; I wanted to lose myself in the vast, flowing, deceptive calm of the sea, but the liberal government of General J. C. Smuts would not allow me even that.

My detractors have selected to interpret the de-

sire to lose myself as a cowardly flight from apartheid in the hope of finding a milder political climate; it was pointless to explain that I hate people, and it was from them that I was running. Friends confronted me with the physical fact of my color, that I will never be free of it or escape the prejudice against it. I would find it in England, in America, Russia, India, everywhere.

"What will you do?" they said. "Will you run all your life?"

I wanted to shut my eyes and scream: Yes! I will die searching. A man must bear the infirmities of his friends. I can barely understand this thing which will not let me be, I cannot sink my taproots anywhere; perhaps it is true that I am seeking for a cosmic existence, that in tangible terms this search is unreal, that even my needs and desires are inconstant. Perhaps someday I will come to learn to live with my color, to harness the motor of the thing which pumps and drives me on; until then I will be generated along this lonely road where I scream noises and the loneliness echoes the screams back at me. Along this road I must walk alone; the screaming and shouting — the monologue in C sharp — are too frightening and personal. The line between fantasy and reality becomes less and less distinct; I cannot tell my friends from my enemies; everything is fading into dust. As the coffin of my father had disappeared into the dust.

I am frightened by the eternity of endlessness: I hate long journeys; death terrifies me; and when the Native commissioner spoke the marriage vows, the dread of "till death do you part" was suffocating. I wanted to run. But Fiki seemed like my best hope in the search for peace and stability, and because of the selfishness of my purpose I committed a mortal sin against her; in disregard of her safety, sanity, and right as an individual human being, I rushed her into marriage. I had been concerned primarily with the salvation of Bloke Modisane, and succeeded in destroying her, splintering her comfortable, uncomplicated life. She wanted a husband, a home, and children; I wanted to run because there was no such thing as a normal existence for the children of Ham.

The confinement of the marriage became another of those chains which the government was riveting on me, and in reacting against South Africa I found myself reacting against our marriage. It was an irritation I began to resent, and I became disgusted with myself for the confinement of the marriage. I could not discuss it with Fiki; it was difficult to explain that although I hated the implications of our marriage I loved her. She was ecstatic with happiness; it seemed a shame to disturb that tranquillity. Then, more and more, with time, I became demonic with envy. What right had she to happiness? What right has any black

coon to happiness? How uncomplicated life was for her; why not for me? Perhaps if I tried. Desperately. To forget, to pretend. But I could not pretend the blackness from my hand.

I was conscious of the subtle manifestation of frustration, that it breeds in the homes of people who fill their houses with children; but it left me impotent. I persuaded myself that no man has the right to commit a woman to him if he cannot guarantee for her and his children a life of dignity; it was cruel and hideous to the children, particularly African children, who must forever remain as nothing more than rented fixtures in the South African bazaar.

But there was sanctuary in the cinema, and even though I was segregated in the Indian-owned cinemas, I managed to lose myself into the darkness, and in the dark I could not see my hand.

IF HOLLYWOOD had intended to influence the development of a particular kind of person, I am that product; the tinsel morality, the repressed violence, the technicolor dreams — these are the things I absorbed in the name of culture. They were available. The theaters and galleries discriminated against me; I am well into my thirties, and I have yet to see a full production of ballet or opera, even though South Africa has ballet and opera seasons to which the world's best talent is invited. I have stood in front of the His Majesty's Theatre in Commissioner Street looking at stills of the Italian Opera Company, the Sadler's Wells Ballet Company, the Old Vic, and then rushed to read the reviews. When Julius Katchen and Campoli came to perform with the Johannesburg Symphony Orchestra, I went out to buy recordings of the works they were going to perform, and through Roy Carter, a friend working at Recordia, I met both artists and had them autograph my records to me personally. In a sense, this made up for the frustration of not seeing them in a live performance.

When John Osborne's *Look Back in Anger* came to South Africa, Mr. Carr, chairman of Non-European Affairs, in his unfettered arrogance as the guardian of the morals of nine million Africans, decided against a special staging of the play for us because the play was too immoral. I had read the play. Jeanne and Malcolm Hart introduced me to Alan Dobie, the British actor invited to play Jimmy Porter. Alan Dobie negotiated an arrangement for me to watch the play through a hole at the back of the auditorium, and, with due respects to Mr. Carr, my morals survived the play. I gained far more culturally than I lost morally. Alan Dobie's performance was something that nobody has the right to deny to anybody.

The Union of Southern African Artists and the Arts Federation, the two nonracial bodies founded in Johannesburg for the free dissemination of culture between the black and the white races, a kind of domestic cultural exchange, took up the issue with Equity, requesting that visiting British actors and musicians should be acquainted with South Africa's policy of discrimination in the arts; the two bodies succeeded in persuading Equity members to insist on a clause, in contract, that at least one in every six shows should be for a nonwhite audience. The limitations of this generous arrangement were exposed by Tommy Steele, Britain's golden boy of the big beat musical anarchy, who claimed that since he was not a member of Equity, he was therefore not bound to the ruling.

Tommy Steele's recalcitrance particularly satisfied traditional white opinion, which had already become concerned over the spectacle of white teenagers following black penny-whistle troupes to the zoo lake in Johannesburg and dancing side by side with black teen-agers; the racialists saw the penny-whistle kwela music as an evil threatening to disrupt the South African way of life when, in 1958, a Johannesburg newspaper published a reader's letter which ended with: "the white and the black youth are beginning to understand each other. Although they play and dance apart, there was no hate."

Although the Union of Southern African Artists and the Arts Federation realized that they could not persuade theater managers to open their doors to nonwhite audiences — the managements claimed that they were bound by regulations to construct separate entrances and separate amenities such as lavatories if they were to admit black audiences — Equity was requested to explain to its members that special performances for black audiences would have to be on noncontract days. The limitations of such an arrangement could not be realized in London; managements argued, persuasively, that it was hazardous to dismantle, transport, and erect sets in another theater for one performance only, and then reverse the process to the original theater. It was a difficult problem, sometimes solved at the end of the run; but the managements usually crowded the contracted period so closely that the only free opportunity for a special nonwhite show would fall after the contracted period.

Yehudi Menuhin, the best-loved musician among black audiences, realizing this tactic of the booking managements, sacrificed his Sundays and spent them giving solo recitals to us; the white musicians of the Johannesburg Symphony Orchestra were not persuaded by the moral stand of Equity. During the Johannesburg Festival the program of the London Symphony Orchestra was so crowded that the only appearance available before a black audi-

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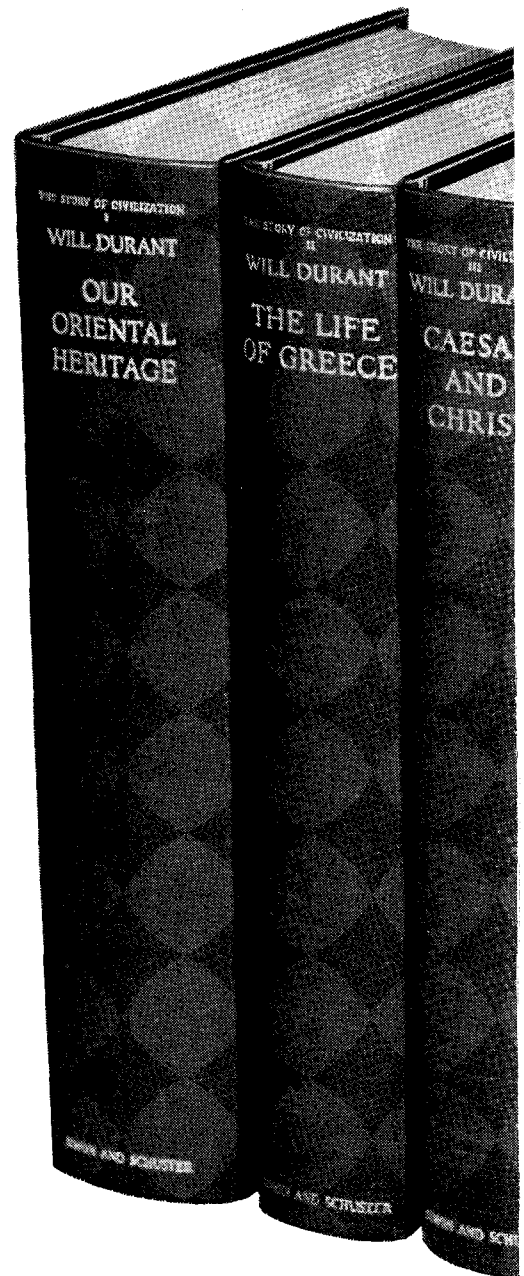
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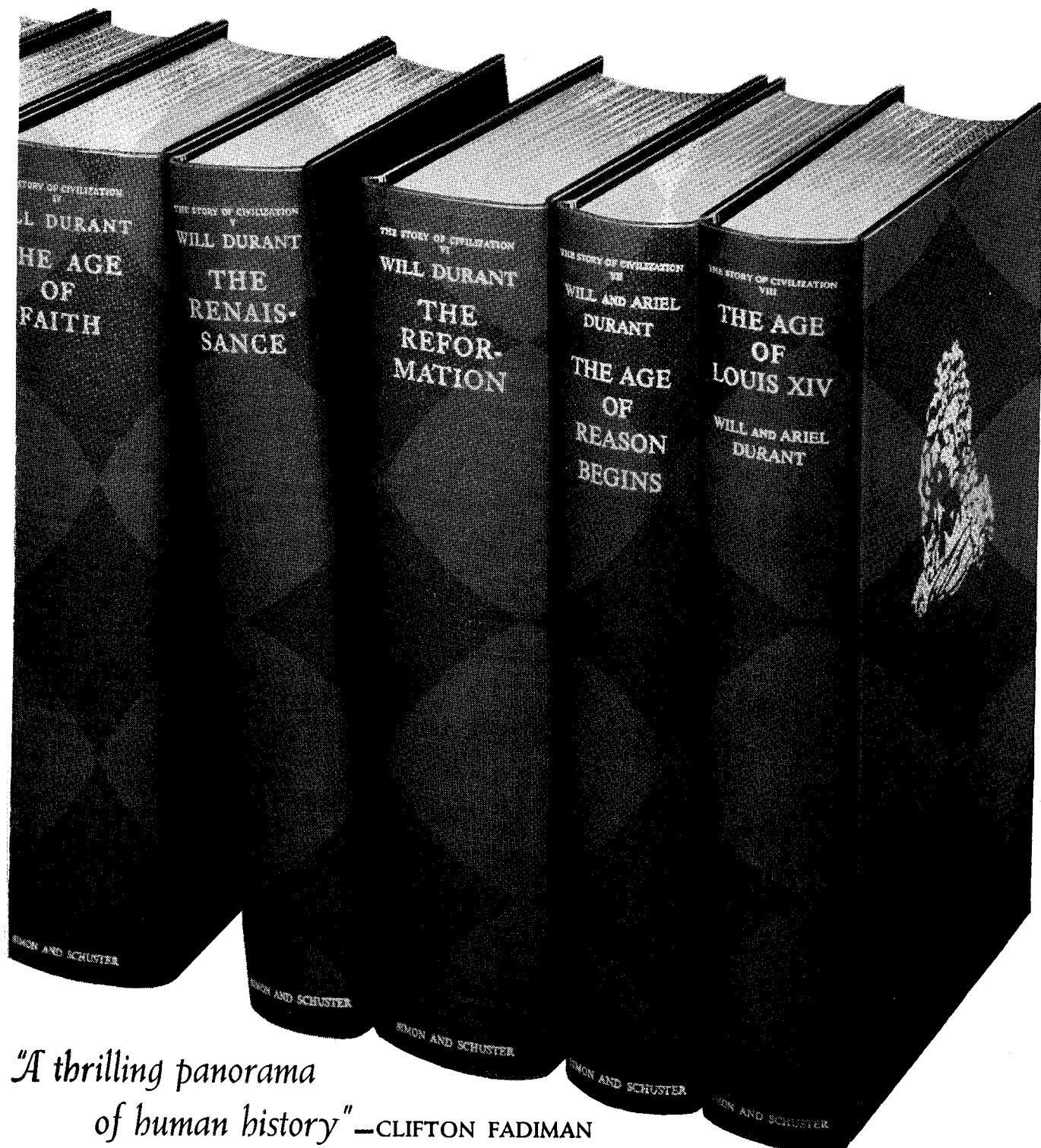
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ence was a Saturday morning rehearsal. I was present to listen to a full-blown tuning of an orchestra; I had never realized what a noisy job it is. It was my first experience in the presence of a live symphony orchestra, but as it turned out, it was also the most irritating; after the tuning up the orchestra rehearsed bits of movements which were repeated over and over until, in the end, I walked out in disgust.

It was also during the festival that I almost saw my first ballet, but the nearest I got to realizing this dream was to watch Dame Margot Fonteyn, in tight jeans, rehearsing sequences of the ballet she was going to dance before the exclusive white audience. At least the loosening-up exercises were varied.

When I became music critic for *Golden City Post* my column declared hostilities against managements and artists who lacked the moral integrity of Yehudi Menuhin. In a boxed item under the head "We Didn't See - Why Not?," I campaigned against every show which came to Johannesburg for which a date had not been announced for us; and with the cooperation of British Equity, the artists, and the vigilant energy of the Union of Southern African Artists and the Arts Federation, we saw a complete performance of *The Pajama Game*, and this after a prolonged nagging at the management. But it was Tommy Steele who posed perhaps the most unpleasant confrontation; I attacked him in my column in a story under the headline "The High Price of Steele" when, after a two-week siege, Mr. Steele announced a performance for us at a guaranteed fee of two thousand pounds. My column protested by submitting that a thousand Africans would have to pay two guineas each to meet his demand, and in my appeal, larded with principles and importuning his sense of justice, I drew his attention to the scale of Native wages — that two guineas represented more than three quarters of the weekly wages of most Africans. The Union of Southern African Artists, which is starved for funds, assumed responsibility and came out of it with a large deficit.

The visits to South Africa of American jazz musicians — Tony Scott in 1957 and the Bud Shank Quartet in 1958 — marked the most striking advance in the new deal for Africans. The rebellious disposition of Tony Scott amounted to what can only be described, in South African terms, as cultural subversion; he challenged the morality of apartheid by making a public announcement, on discovering that his concert was before an all-white audience, threatening, if necessary, to break his contract if it meant playing to segregated audiences. He consented to appear before an all-black audience, which, as he explained, would "even up the score." Then he confronted the promoters of the

show with the demand to play only to integrated audiences. The venue for his third Johannesburg appearance was the Witwatersrand University great hall, where mixed audiences were permitted, provided the promoters satisfied the condition of segregated seating arrangements.

That night, on stage, Tony Scott defied another of those unwritten South African laws by introducing Kippie Moeketsi, the African alto saxophone player, and Johannesburg must have gasped as, perhaps for the first time in that city, black and white stood side by side on stage in a public hall. Those of us in the hall waited with sweating palms for developments, but what in South Africa had been built up into a monstrosity was reduced to the innocuous thing that it always has been. We offered up silent admiration for the man who had the courage to defy the philosophy of a nation, and we canonized him as the first man who publicly refused to accommodate what we held to be a fundamental wrong; Tony Scott's unafraid sense of justice is something which the Africans will talk about with respect for a long time. And before he left he agreed to make records with an African penny-whistle troupe.

The Bud Shank Quartet gave a very successful and satisfying concert at the Bantu Men's Social Centre, perhaps the only hall in Johannesburg where a mixed audience is truly integrated; the races of South Africa sat together, and Western civilization has not suffered from the experience.

The striking feature of these two visits was that the Africans felt — because Tony Scott and Bud Shank, with his quartet, spent several hours of most days mixing with black musicians, listening to their music, and recording with them — that for once they were the essential South Africans; and after these experiments white South African jazz musicians began turning up at African jazz afternoons — what are called, in the trade, jam sessions.

I WANTED more than the excitement of the senses; the doors into the art galleries, the theaters, the world of ballet, opera, classical music, were shut in my face because I am black, and because of this fact I am not considered capable of appreciating culture. It was decided I am not sufficiently civilized to benefit emotionally and intellectually from the halls of culture; in any case, it was an alien culture, and I was encouraged instead to develop and cultivate an appreciation for my own culture of the shield and the assegai, of ancestral gods, drums, mud huts, and half-naked women with breasts as hard as green mangoes, but these were the things for which I was declared to be a savage and not worthy of the "benefits" of Western

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culture. And while I was encouraged to look back to the kraal, to revive the image of the noble savage, I was nevertheless expected to conduct myself in a civilized manner, to conform to the stereotype which answers to "boy." I was alienated and rejected by a culture which at the same time imposed upon me an observance of its values, but there was always present the provision that if I was law-abiding and accepted the denials of this discriminating civilization, that if I conducted myself — even though I was a subhuman — like a civilized man, I might, God willing, be accepted and welcomed into the exclusive club in about two thousand years. It took the white man that long to develop to its present degree of excellence his civilization, unique in time and space.

And until such time as I shall have satisfied the requirements in regard to the time factor (I sometimes think that time is the imperative factor), it shall be considered an impertinence for me to arrogate to myself a pretension for Western musical forms, art, and drama. I am not ready for them; an early plunge might leave me bewildered. But I am a freak, I do presume an appreciation for Western music, art, drama, and philosophy; I can rationalize as well as the whites, and using their own system of assumptions, I presume myself civilized and then set about to prove it by writing a book with the title *Blame Me on History*, which is an assumption that if I am a freak it should not be interpreted as a failure of their education for a Caliban but a miscalculation of history. But this is heresy, a subversive plot of history against well-established South African systems of beliefs.

Except that I do not care to be South African. The white men can take their South Africa and hand it back to the animals; perhaps they can find a way to live together under the will of a law which shall be acceptable to all — that the strong shall prey upon the weak. Man has failed. His principles have no integrity; his laws accommodate the inequality of man. The annihilation of the Aztecs in Mexico and the Incas in Peru by the Spaniards, the extermination of the Red Indians in North America and the Maoris in New Zealand by the English, the obliteration of the Hottentots by the Dutch indicate that the white men did believe themselves so superior, and their civilization so unique, and others so inferior that they had very little compunction in exterminating them with the same disregard as one destroys vermin.

I do not care to be South African, nor do I particularly feel myself persuaded to become a Christian in accordance with the doctrine of a faith so heavily putrified by the ethics of Calvinism. The Dutch Reformed Church, and its phalanges, has offended me with the belief in predestination, which is nothing more than a justification of the condem-

nation of the majority of humanity to exploitation by the few on whom God has been pleased to plaster His grace. The precepts of race domination are founded within the doctrines of the Dutch Reformed churches, and their cause is championed by disciples like Reverend N. P. J. Steyn of Krugersdorp, who is reported to have received a double doctorate from London University for submitting a thesis which demonstrated that apartheid, as applied to the native races of South Africa, is a God-given command that is scriptural, legal, just, and fair.

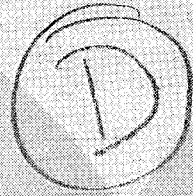
This pronouncement is not to be confused with the expectorant rantings of a fanatic; for the Afrikaner race this is scriptural truth. The Prime Minister, Dr. H. F. Verwoerd, in his inaugural speech, said: "We firmly believe that all will be well with our country and our people because God rules. It must be stated at the onset that we — as believing rulers in a religious country — will seek our strength and guidance in the future, as in the past, from Him who controls the destinies of nations."

The reason the intellectual storm troopers of apartheid cannot see the fight as anything but that between black and white is that at the moment it is the blood of the black man which is allowed to stream over the earth of the country because of the imbalance of power. The battle is raging fiercely between, in this corner, civilization, which is white, and in this corner, barbarism, which is black; or, if you will, between Christianity, which is white, and heathendom, which is black. Shake hands and come out hating.

I WAS born into a Christian home of Christian parents; my mother was a devotee who went to church every Sunday. I was baptized and confirmed into the Lutheran Church, Berlin Mission, learned the catechism, and sang in the church choir. I remember that as a boy I was scrubbed with a brush, my ash-gray itching skin rubbed with Vaseline, and I was rushed regularly to Sunday school for religious instruction. At the end of the annual term I was awarded, for unbroken attendance, a picture of Jesus Christ; it was a picture showing the Ascension, and I prized it highly because it was something I had earned.

I received a primary education in a Dutch Reformed Mission School in Meyer Street, Sophiatown, where every morning the lessons started with a prayer and religious instruction. At home, many years ago, there was a prayer for every meal and every night before going into bed — always the same prayers. I was raised by Ma-Bloke to be a dutiful Christian, and my rebellion was not her fault. When I became older I began to challenge the very philosophy of Christianity and embarrassed

Johnny Jones
Miss Edwards
language



My Favorite TV Show

My favorite TV Shows are the Untouchables and
Beverly Hills 90210, and Jackie Gleason, and Car 54,
and the Real McCoys and Space Patrol. The reason
these are my most favorite shows is because ^{that they are} ~~because~~ ^{they are}
^{I agree} funny and ^{hope} plots of fighting. My mother says me and
my little sister ^{and} watch TV too much. And I like ^{also}
Flinstones, and Alfred Hitchcock and Walt Disney
and ~~but~~ not so much. Sometimes I watch
Passare and Brave Stallion. And I like Gunsmoke
and Dragnet but they ^{aren't} ~~don't~~ ^{here} show and more

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her with a tirade of questions; gradually she realized the point I was making, that it was impossible to be black in South Africa and also be a good Christian. She was tenaciously doctrinaire; any and every action was predestined and willed by God — the poverty, the starvation, the oppression, the degradation, all these were willed by God. If a child died of malnutrition, it was the will of God; when a black farm laborer was flogged to death or an African was shot down by a farmer who later pleaded in court that he thought it was a monkey ravaging his farm, Ma-Bloke said it was the will of God; and when the farmer was cautioned by the magistrate to be more careful in the future and fined twenty-five pounds, it was the will of God. Man escaped the responsibilities for his own action; all the injustice, the inhumanity, was willed upon the bleeding body of Christ nailed to the cross. I refused to accept that Christ died so that the white man can plunder me and bleed my body.

The purpose of the religious instruction which I received was to educate me into an acceptance of the irrefutability of the scriptures of Christendom; they revealed to me that God in His infinite wisdom singled out the sinful issue of Ham for punishment even unto the thousandth and thousandth generation. This issue of Ham was invested, for the purposes of easy identification, with visual differences in skin color and damned to eternal servitude. If God had not intended us to be different He would have made us all the same, and in His infinite wisdom He has invested with a high visibility those for whom no redemption is possible; even the dying of Christ on the cross shall influence no change upon their condition.

There is one incident which stands with indelible persistence in my memory; it was during the days of my primary education. It was the end of term, and we were assembled in the church hall for the annual address to be delivered by a white elder of the Dutch Reformed Church. He stopped in the middle of the talk to inform us, the little black faithfuls, that we were singularly fortunate; there was a Christian sincerity in his voice and bearing. We were fortunate, he told us.

"My God," he said, his fingers pointing to the ceiling, "is far, far up there in heaven."

I could not accept this faith which was demanding my obedience, was plundering my body, and I would not embrace it. I was appalled by its tyranny and its honeyed words, which taught me to seek for peace and comfort in bondage. The harbingers of this faith revealed to me that "man was made in the image of God," then proceeded to dehumanize me; they taught me to repeat the Ten Commandments, with particular emphasis on "love thy neighbor as thyself," but in practice they showered denunciations on me, defined me as a

savage, and classed me among the beasts; there was one morality standard for white Christians and another for black Christians, and even the sermon they preached was a color-bar one.

It is the disrepute into which Christianity has been brought which is responsible for my attitude, deplorable as it may seem, but yet, the fact that the "greatest faith in the world" should have to be divested of its spiritual nobility, and to be thus shaded with such fearful overtones, is probably the most unchristian act of all. Man's spirituality has come to a state of decay. It is perhaps for this reason that I carry my Jesus in my heart and turn my back from the Church. Fiki is a casual, non-dialectic Christian, but my unbaptized daughter, Chris, and I will not approach the temples of worship until the Church and the World Council of Churches shall stand up unafraid and speak out a condemnation, by word and deed, and a challenge, as once Jesus did when He went into the temple and flogged out the moneylenders; and the day the world body of churches shall command into the wilderness the churches of South Africa, shall refuse to deliberate with them, shall not sit at supper with them, that too shall be the day I shall stop to reject Christianity; for so long as the orthodox Church shall remain white will it continue to react as white, and for so long will black South Africa disrupt the perfect unity of the Church.

This breakaway from white orthodoxy is an accomplished fact; by 1957 there were 500,000 Africans in what were described by the Anglican Bishop of Pretoria as "separatist churches." In other parts of Africa the Muslim faith is attracting followers at a rate which is causing considerable concern to the Christian movement. By acceptance and association, the Christian Church in South Africa is white: its authority and symbols are white; in religious paintings all the angels, the saints, the apostles, and all the ecclesiastical hierarchy are white; but the devil is black, together with all the symbols of what is fearful, sinful, and evil. The Church has become a symbol of everything that is white in a country where white is the symbol of political domination and racial superiority. There is a need for a Martin Luther.

The involvement of the Church with a system which is hated and must be destroyed can be measured by the acts of violence committed against the Church during race riots, when Church buildings have been among the first edifices of oppression which were stoned and burned down, and acts of violation have been committed against nuns. People have deliberately refused to face up to the truth surrounding these actions; the tendency to become melodramatic with shock and the oversimplification of the issues have been all too frequent. People will not learn that shouting "savage" has not



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1. *In the Cuban crisis*, the U.N. provided the means and the place to confront the Russians before the world. World opinion turned against them.

2. *In the Congo*, the U.N. helped restore order, to prevent Russia and other powers from taking over. A "brush fire" was contained before it could ignite the world. Dag Hammarskjöld died for peace.

3. *In the Suez crisis*, war between Egypt and Israel drew in other countries. Russia brandished rockets. But the U.N. helped police a cease-fire with troops from ten small nations.

4. *In Korea*, U.S. forces bore the lion's share of the burden. But 15 other U.N. nations had forces in action, and the communist tide was stemmed.

5. *Throughout the world*, U.N. programs like UNICEF and UNESCO spread education and technical knowledge, help stamp out disease and hunger. The U.N. gets at the roots of war.

What about the Russians? No one should underestimate this problem, but history proves that the Soviet Union cannot dominate the United Nations.

Important U.N. actions have gone into effect over bitter communist opposition. These include the Congo, Korea, the defeat of the Troika proposal (a three-headed Secretariat), and the strengthening of the General Assembly. All were important victories for the West, and for world peace.

A forum for releasing pressures

The U.N. provides a forum for governments to "blow off steam." Far better to pound a shoe than to unleash a rocket. World leaders are "onstage" before the conscience of world opinion.

But there are failures, too. The U.N. was helpless in the Hungarian uprising. The U.N. protests, but has not changed, apartheid in South Africa. North Korea has not been freed. And the disarmament debates go on and on as nations arm.

The United Nations has far to go but when we mock its weaknesses, we mock ourselves.

What you can do to help

The U.N. needs the moral support of every American, not out of fear alone, but out of *understanding*. You can help. Express your views about the U.N. to your neighbors, friends, and government representatives. Get the facts. Write to the U.S. Committee for the United Nations, New York 11, for a free copy of the important pamphlet, "The U.N. in Action."



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helped the mind in the understanding of the underlying truth behind these acts.

There was little consolation in the statement of the Bishop of Pretoria that the "separatist churches revive heathen customs," that "they mix religion and nationalism," that "they are a threat to Christianity." There is this physical fact that more than half a million Africans have separated into independent churches.

This is the fact I discovered in the magazine inquiry for *Drum* when I was assigned to find out the facts behind the breakaway churches; the intention of the story was to find out whether black Christians and white Christians were, in fact, brothers in Christ. It was a rhetorical question: every journalist in that editorial meeting knew the answer; so did I, and so did every black man in South Africa. But *Drum* wanted a prestige story for its anniversary issue, and it was decided to attack the institution closed to the hearts of the man in the street, to confront the white Christians: How are your religious prejudices? How tolerant are you in practice?

The investigation was to spread over two installments: the first, examining the extent of the breakaway movement, and the second, the physical reasons behind the black rebellion from white control. The inquiry took me into the world of stormy religious sessions, of picturesque revivals, the colorful rituals, the free involvements, to biblical baptisms at the river, and brought me face-to-face with the demigods of religious big business and the excitement of informal Christianity. I spoke to the self-styled bishops, the prophets, the faith healers, all the characters in the colorful world, and at times was involved in the drama of the separatist movement. And because of the training I had received on *Drum*, I approached the story with all the detachment and the cynicism of a hard-boiled journalist. I was superior; the whole movement was a circus; I was above it all and vaguely laughing at them.

I attended several church meetings, faith-healing ceremonies, and baptisms, and found myself in a world I never dreamed existed; the ritual was exciting and colorful, and there was a kind of showmanship and joyousness behind the pulpit which made this Christianity commercial. I was to find myself admitting that if Christianity was anything like this — a joyous noise unto the Lord — then I could allow myself to be reconverted. The sermons were animated and invariably attended by histrionics;

the congregation sang happy songs to a rhythmic chant of handclapping, and as the spirit moved them they went into epileptic fits, into howling shrieks which would have seemed more appropriate in a sanatorium for the bewildered; they stood in athletic trances or collapsed in the aisles, possessed with fainting spells. The excitement generated from the pulpit probably intended the reaction in the aisles.

The second of the magazine stories on the question of color bar in the churches was to be an investigation into the state of the white churches; the article was to be titled "Brothers In Christ?" It had been decided during those editorial conferences — at which all the major stories were planned — that this story was to be of far more importance in scope and depth. It was ironic, though, that I, a self-confessed non-Christian, should be sent into the Church to test the validity of Christian brotherhood.

The challenge was far more important to me than the editor realized; it was to be for me the opportunity to confirm my convictions, in terms above those of the emotional. I had found the need to satisfy my intellect that the stand I had taken was moral, that the denunciations I was screaming against the Church had substance, not just the impatience of youthful enthusiasm. A man does not throw over the second greatest possession, which has kept him secure in the visionary and the moral sphere, as though it were a careless trifle.

The question of my relationship with God was something I had to resolve myself, a matter of personal conscience, so I locked my secret behind the flash of a smile. Man had failed me, Christianity had betrayed me, and I walked alone with my God in the loneliness to which man had committed me.

I accepted the challenge of the story, and as it turned out, this was the single event in my life which was to be the shadow whose influence spread long over me. In the divine sanctity of the houses of worship I saw Christian charity at work. I was shocked into a state of trauma by the unashamed Godlessness of the white Christians, who emphasized clearly that they were essentially white and incidentally Christian.

The simple and seemingly inoffensive action of going into white churches was to change my whole life. It brought me fame in equal measure and proportion to the vindictiveness of the police department, which was to force me to choose permanent exile from the country of my birth.

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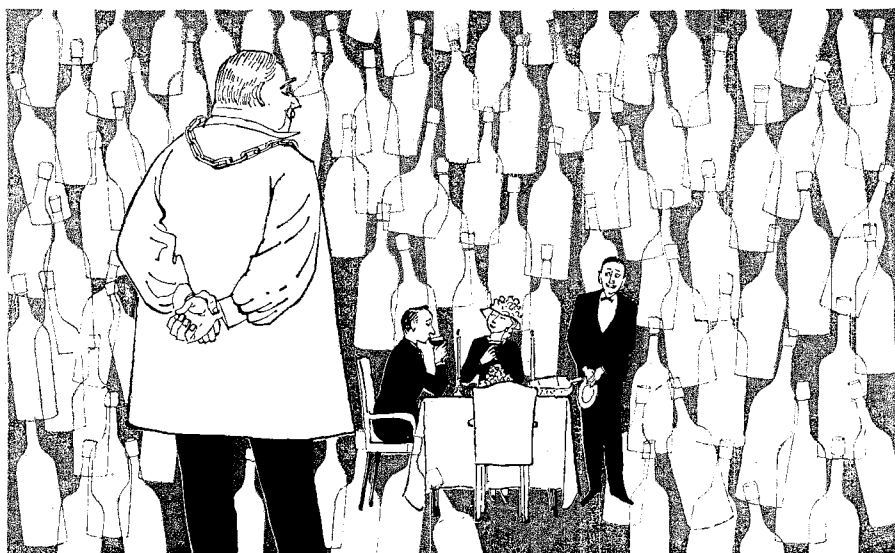
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pleasures *and* places



A SLOW NIGHT AU RELAIS

BY POLLY REDFORD

I do not understand how a two-star Paris restaurant, the kind Michelin calls *grande tradition*, came to be in the Gare de l'Est. The quarter is far from fashionable; like railroad station districts in any city, it is a jumble of transient hotels, bus terminals, tobacco and novelty shops, all-night bars, luggage stores, newsstands, and noisy cafés full of soldiers. The station itself is vast and grimy, one of those nineteenth-century temples to railway gods who gloried in high ceilings and endless ticketed windows. During evening rush hours the whole building and the streets around it are filled with frantic crowds of commuters pushing their way toward suburban trains which serve the dormitory towns along the Marne.

Dodging porters and baggage trains, one enters the restaurant through a door embossed with heavy brass letters saying "Relais Gastronomique de la Gare de l'Est," and everything changes. There is a red carpet and a luxurious hush. There is a white-gloved attendant and a polished wooden elevator which rises majestically to the second floor, where a dignitary in a dress suit bows, then leads the way through

a lobby, down a hall, past a series of framed menus commemorating pre-war banquets, to a large dining room.

It is a place for serious eating.

My husband and I dined there one Friday evening. It was early, seven o'clock, and we were the first customers. We sat quite alone among vacant tables with four men to wait on us: a senior waiter to discuss the menu, write down our order, and light the brandy should we decide on *rognons flambés*; a sommelier to bear the wine card, recommend vintages, and smell the corks; a junior waiter to serve each dish and refill our wineglasses; a busboy to bring water and remove plates. This, plus bright lights, heavy napkins, and the display of *pièces montées*, *pâtés*, *pâtisserie*, *chaudfroids*, fruits, cheeses, and boiled lobsters pyramided on a center table, is *grande tradition*.

But grandest of all was the sommelier, M. Le Bail — handsome and resplendent with a massive silver chain around his neck and an antique *tastevin* hanging from it. He wore a winegrower's dark-blue smock, exquisitely tailored, laundered, and pressed.

"Madame, Monsieur." He bowed and smiled. Just the right sort of smile — it indicated we had been there before, he recognized us, perhaps even liked us a little, though we weren't important clients. "A little apéritif this evening?"

"Thank you, no. But Monsieur would like to see the wine list," said I in my Miami French; then added shamelessly, "This is our last night in Paris, and we shall require expert counsel because Monsieur wants something rare, a bottle he could not possibly find in America."

M. Le Bail shot us a quick professional glance — possibly we were not as shabby as we looked? — then withdrew, saying it would be a pleasure to discuss the matter when we had ordered dinner.

"What did you tell him?" asked my husband suspiciously. He speaks no French but is good at reading expressions.

"I just told him you wanted something special, but when I say it in French it doesn't come out the same."

The junior waiter appeared briefly, bringing a basket of bread covered with a starched white napkin.

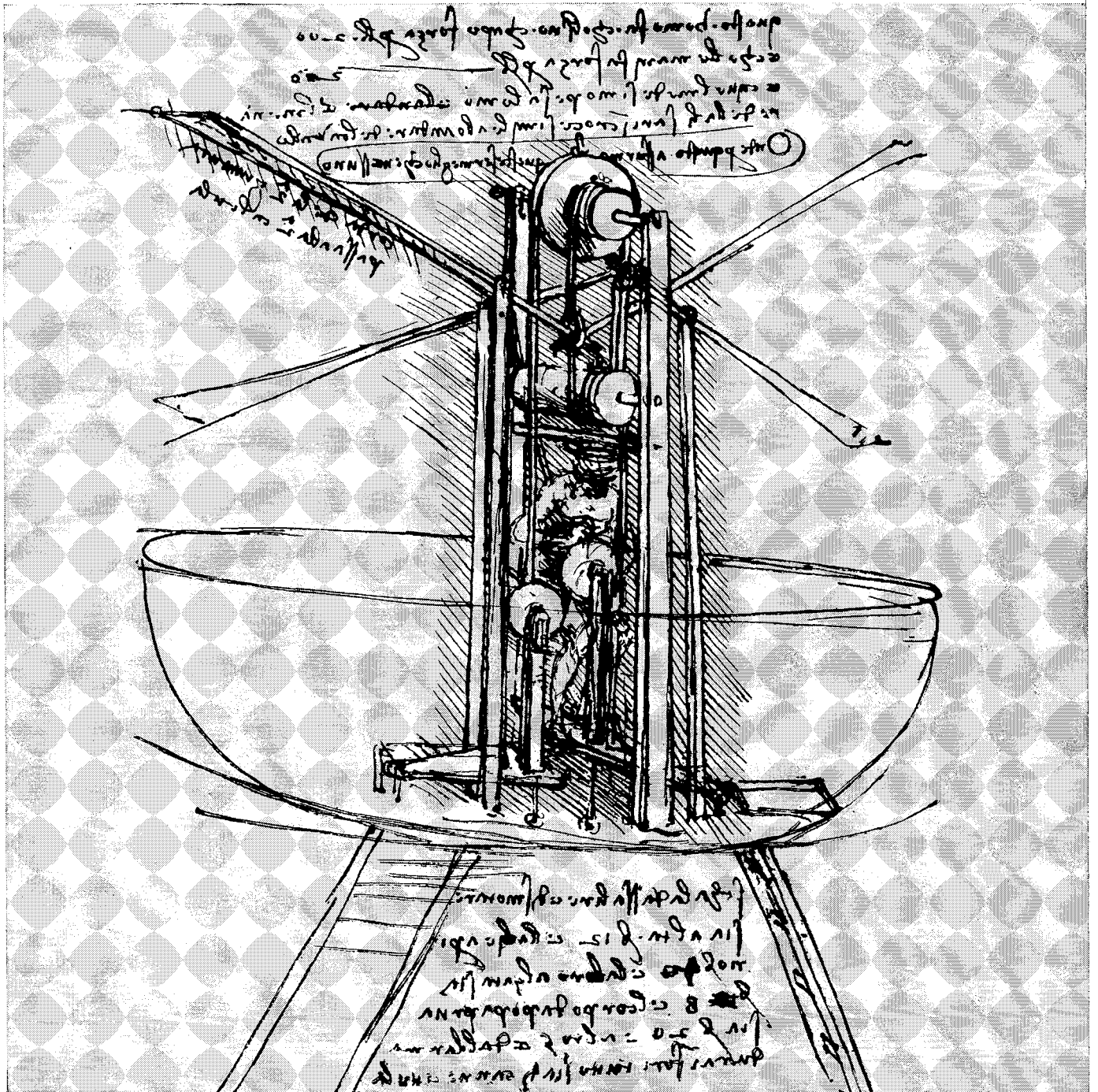
"Besides," I continued, breaking off a crust, "we may not be important customers, but we're the *only* customers, so why not make the most of it?"

Thinking of the coming bottle and our early-morning plane, we chose a rather conservative dinner. The senior waiter went to place our order, and M. Le Bail returned carrying his wine list.

This wine list is what brought us to the Relais. Other restaurants have wine cards, but the Relais has a book bound in red leather, because some forty pages are needed to list all the wines in its remarkable cellars. Each chapter — Moselle, Champagne, Chablis, Côte de Beaune, Côtes du Rhone, and so forth — is illustrated with woodcuts of vineyard scenes. To my husband this book is more enthralling than a Shakespeare folio, for he is a wine enthusiast and can tell you all the Burgundy communes, even if he can't pronounce them. The moment M. Le Bail handed it to him he was completely absorbed. M. Le Bail and I were virtually alone.

Filling in the silence, he began politely, "You are interested in wine?"

"Oh, yes," said I. "Last month



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we spent three days in Beaune, drove up the Moselle Valley, and went to the wine fair at Colmar."

This was not quite the answer he expected, and it thawed him a little. "Colmar! I was there myself for the opening."

We compared notes on the wine fair. He told me he attended officially for the wine stewards' union and as head of the Concours du Meilleur Sommelier, so I asked him what the contest was.

"It is a national competition, Madame, open to sommeliers from every part of France. Winners in each district come to Paris each year for the finals."

"You mean a championship, just as in golf or tennis? And you are the head of it?"

"Precisely, Madame" — he put his hand over his *tastevin* — "and I am not only the director but the founder."

M. Le Bail had thawed; I had him now, but he had me, too. I listened, fascinated, while he explained the three categories of competitors, *compagnons-sommeliers*, *maîtres d'hôtel verseurs*, and *patrons-restaurateurs*. All compete before local juries in Lille, Colmar, Angers, Paris, Bordeaux, Dijon, Lyon, Marseilles, and Perpignan, and are graded on a point system: up to twenty points for technical knowledge of wines, brandies, and liqueurs; twenty points for style in presenting and serving wines; thirty points for liqueur identification; thirty points for beauty and eloquence of reasoning in favor of liqueurs at the end of the meal.

At that moment my husband emerged from the wine list and said that since I had ordered sweetbreads and he had ordered chicken we were committed to white wine, and while Chablis was a possibility, tonight he personally felt like something more full-bodied, a little less steely. Pouilly-Fuissé was out of the question because we had three cases of Drouhin's at home. This speech was obviously not meant for me, so I translated.

Bending over the book, M. Le Bail produced a gold pencil and pointed to a Meursault-Charmes 1959.

"Too flowery for my wife," said Monsieur, taking the bit in his teeth.

I translated this and murmured, "Twelve points, dear."

"What are you talking about?"

"Later," I muttered, as M. Le Bail's pencil came to rest at Puligny-Montrachet.

My husband said this was noble (I translated), more than noble, it was to him the king of white Burgundies, never would he forget the bottle we had at Beaune; and M. Le Bail said yes, though perhaps "queen" would better describe a white wine which, no matter how glorious (I translated), could never have the masculine richness of the reds — but how about a Corton-Charlemagne instead?

"Seventeen points for refutation of counterarguments," I said under my breath, and my husband said (I translated) he was tempted, but that Corton, though further north, was still on the Côte de Beaune, and that he had hoped M. Le Bail could offer him something entirely different.

M. Le Bail adjusted the silver chain around his neck and announced that if Monsieur (I translated) wished to leave the Côte de Beaune entirely, he, Le Bail, could promise him something most unusual, a bottle available nowhere else in Paris. It came from the Côte de Nuits, from Chambolles, no less, and though unclassified, some experts considered it superior to many of the classified Meursaults. It was a Musigny — but a *white* Musigny!

There was a short pause — rather dramatic, I thought.

"I have never heard of it," said Monsieur, yielding like a prince, "and I would appreciate the chance of trying a bottle."

When I told M. Le Bail this he smiled, took his gold pencil, and made a hieroglyph on a small pad of paper. "You will never regret your choice, Monsieur," he said generously, and went off to attend to the wine.

The junior waiter, who had been standing in the wings for some time, now came with the first course.

"What's all the foofaraw about points?" asked my husband, breaking off a piece of bread and covering it with *terrine de Body*.

Between slices of *saumon fumé*, I told him about the contest. "So you see what you've been up against. The man's a big shot in the Union des Sommeliers and head of the wine stewards' championship besides."

"I may be only a tourist, and an

American at that, but I am still the customer," he said firmly, and took another bite.

The busboy brought a bucket of ice on a stand; our Musigny, wrapped in a white napkin, was already in it. "M. Le Bail thought you might be interested in this, Madame," he said, and handed me a little gray book with a big black title, *Code du Sommelier*.

"It's a handbook for the journeyman wine steward," said I, leafing through it, "and it shows all the different glasses, and tells you the right temperatures for serving wines, and which were the greatest years, and what to offer when your customer has ordered truffles or escargots." I speared another slice of salmon. "And this separate sheet gives all the rules for the national championships. You can see here that the juries are made up of representatives of the Sommeliers' Union, of the National Committee for French Liqueurs, and of winegrowers' associations, as well as of press, radio and television, and reputable gastronomes."

"Just how does one get to be a reputable gastronome?"

Before I could think of a snappy comeback, the senior waiter came to see if everything was satisfactory. I told him it was.

"So M. Le Bail has spoken of his famous *concours*?" he asked, catching sight of the *Code du Sommelier*. "Ah, Madame, that is really something to see; those finals on television — what suspense!"

I tried to picture it, but could not. "It's the tests I don't quite understand," I admitted. "What, for example, is liqueur identification? Don't the bottles have labels?"

"Assuredly, Madame, but a sommelier's senses should be trained to a point where labels are unnecessary; color and odor are enough. I myself did not compete, but here is one of last year's contestants, and he can tell you how difficult it is." He turned to the junior waiter, who was standing by with a silent butler and napkin, waiting to brush up our crumbs. "Come!" he added rather sharply, "and explain to Madame."

Pale and wispy, the junior waiter was obviously not the sort of person whose opinion is in demand. He began slowly, "It is very, very difficult, Madame, because there are so many of them, you see." Suddenly he became conscious of his



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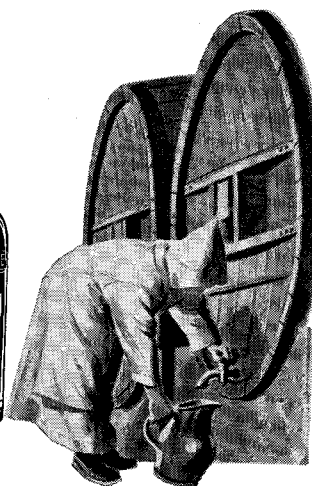
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silent butler, which seemed to embarrass him, so he set it carefully on the edge of the serving table. "Four different kinds of yellow liqueurs alone: Chartreuse, Izarra, Verviene du Velay, and Vielle Cure" — this gave him confidence, and he rattled on faster and faster — "also green Chartreuse, green Izarra, green Verviene du Velay, and green Vielle Cure. I'm not even counting crème de menthe, which is also green but sometimes white like Cointreau; so if you miss one in the series, it will throw the others all off, too. And, of course, all you can do is sniff and hold the glass up to the light, because if you did taste even one, your tongue would get so numb you couldn't taste the others."

"I had no idea," said I, weakly, as the senior waiter bowed out to check on our next course. Taking back his silent butler, the junior waiter began brushing our table, but not silently, for some hidden spring had been released within him, and once asked to speak he now could not stop.

"I did quite well during training here at the Relais; M. Le Bail himself was coaching, and naturally some of us younger fellows felt we ought to compete. Every morning he'd fill all the glasses and set them in a row and make us practice. I could identify sixteen different liqueurs in three minutes." He smiled briefly at the memory, then sighed. "Oh, Madame, I was too well trained. Here at the restaurant, you understand, there is lots of light, everything is in order. But they held the examination in the cellars of the Eiffel Tower." In his eyes I could see sinister caverns, deepest gloom. "There were only two tiny light bulbs, and when I held up the glasses I could not tell green from yellow — even the Bénédictine looked different. It was a disaster!"

"Dreadful!" I said.

"Yes. And then, too, you can imagine how nervous I was. Nervousness, of course, disorganizes the senses completely," he continued solemnly, "and in my opinion, candidates lose up to fifty percent efficiency because of nerves." At the word "nerves" he gave a little start and hurried off to the kitchen.

It was time to open the Musigny, and now that he had the field to himself, M. Le Bail was bearing down on us, corkscrew in hand.

I watched M. Le Bail draw the

What corrupts the corruptors?

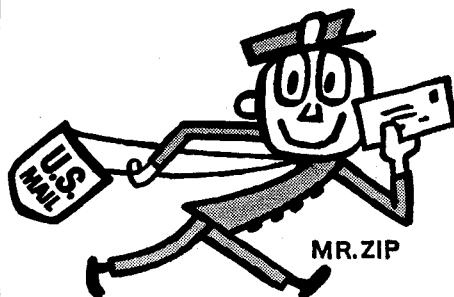
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ALL HONORABLE MEN

by WALTER
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Musigny from the bucket and dry the bottle carefully. Though pre-occupied, I could not help admiring his elegance and distinction in cutting the foil and inspecting the cork, cleaning it, and pulling it; nor was I likely to forget the delicate way he turned away from us to smell the cork, slip a few drops into his *tastevin*, and put it to his lips. He turned back, poured an ounce into my husband's glass, and stood, bottle at the ready, waiting for Monsieur's verdict.

Very slowly Monsieur took the glass and passed it under his nose. He held it up to the light, brought it back to his nose, and inhaled deeply. He took a sip and rolled it around on his tongue for a while. He took another, and drew in a bit of air between his teeth to develop the aromas. Finally he spoke.

"Tell M. Le Bail," he said, "that we are deeply indebted to him for recommending this bottle."

I did, and we all bowed.

When my turn came, all I had to say was "Superb!", because the main event was over. I could see in Le Bail's face that we had, in some way, passed; and we sipped our wine in an atmosphere of mutual admiration and chatted with him almost like old and valued clients. We learned that there are approximately five hundred full-time sommeliers in Paris alone; that *concours* champions win a handsome diploma plus a two-week all-expense trip for two through the great vineyards of France; that M. Le Bail's cellars were not directly under the station but three blocks away, and anyone ordering noble, historic bottles, which were never kept on hand, had to telephone in advance so he could send out an expedition. I thanked him for lending me the *Code*, and he very kindly said I could keep it; then, seeing the junior waiter approaching with the second course, he wished us *bon appétit* and went back to his post near the door.

Toward the end of the second course more customers came — a man and a woman seated at a table far across the room and, nearby, a party of four Frenchmen discussing the menu like a business deal. Coldly and critically, we appraised the way they sat down and unfolded their napkins, read the wine list, and broke their bread, for we now understood that where great traditions are in force the same rules apply equally



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to waiters and customers; elegance of service demands style in being served. So, admiring the folds of M. Le Bail's smock, the cut of his black trousers, the gleam of his silver chain, we watched him propose an aperitif to the couple across the room and heard them damned and *déclassé* when in loud American voices they asked for whiskey with lots of ice. The Frenchmen certainly knew how to order a meal, but there was something a little too business-like about them.

Nevertheless, we had lost our luster as the only customers. The senior waiter and M. Le Bail had other fish to fry. The busboy no longer changed our plates quite so quickly. All that remained of our retinue was the junior waiter, covertly watching every bite we took.

For the last half hour the junior waiter had been terribly professional, yet the very intensity with which he brought bread, refilled glasses, produced the salad, presented the cheese hinted at something suppressed, a tale to be told, though naturally he would not speak unless spoken to, nor would his position allow him to attract our attention in any way. So when he had served our *fraises et framboises rafraîchies* and we had said how delightful they were, I asked him about his hardest test in the *concours*.

"Madame has already heard of my difficulties with those liqueurs, but, after all, that was a question of nervousness and lack of illumination. However, when Madame hears about the gastronomic menu she can perhaps put herself in my place, and ask herself what she would have said in the same circumstances." He drew a breath and grasped his napkin with both hands; it was clear that this one rankled.

"They gave me the menu, and I was to choose appropriate wines. It began with *fruits de mer* followed by *langouste Thermidor*, two crustaceans in a row, which posed a very serious problem. Should I recommend two different white wines? If I did, I ran the risk of overbalancing the rest of the menu. And then it seemed to me that I ought to hold the dinner down to three wines, because, Madame, this is a new era, and clients don't order five and six bottles the way they used to when he" — his eyes rolled toward M. Le Bail — "was a young man. Consequently I chose a Graves, since I

thought it would harmonize with the *fruits de mer* and the *langouste* as well."

He paused, I nodded.

"Next came duck — a bird, of course, but having dark flesh, which naturally required a red wine. I therefore selected a big Romanée-Conti that would not only complement the *caneton* but would lead upward through the salad to the cheese." He looked at me; his eyes called for justice.

"I see your logic," I said, and gave Monsieur a rapid summary.

Sure of his audience, the junior waiter continued in a low and passionate voice. "When it came to the dessert I decided on a nice Sauterne whose sweetness would echo the sweetness of the dessert itself. What else could I do? Under the circumstances Champagne was out of the question. And that was my choice — the Graves, the Romanée-Conti, and the Sauterne — and I still don't think it was as bad as all that."

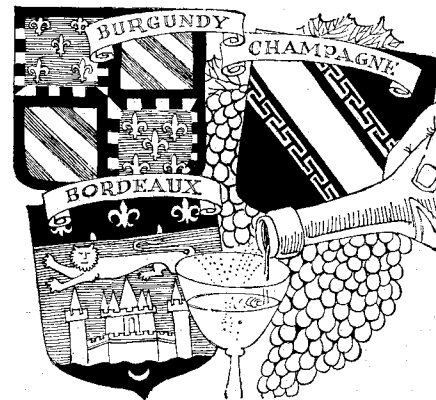
"Of course not."

"But they flunked me, Madame. Flunked, for placing a Burgundy between two Bordeaux! Ah! Ah!" Overcome with rage, he rushed out to the kitchen for coffee without waiting for an answer.

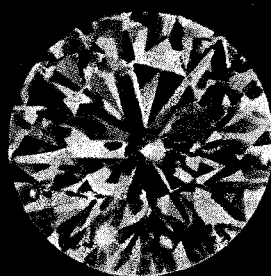
"Trapped by *grande tradition*," said the oenophile, when I told him.

The busboy removed our plates.

The meal was finished; we had reached the point described by *Le Code du Sommelier* as "the instant when the pleasure of the table enters the domain of memory." The *Code*



goes on to say that "knowing how to conclude is an art and, once again, *le sommelier* will put all of his knowledge at the disposition of the client to guide him in his choice," so we were ready for M. Le Bail when he came over to offer a *digestif*. No eloquence was needed to talk Mon-



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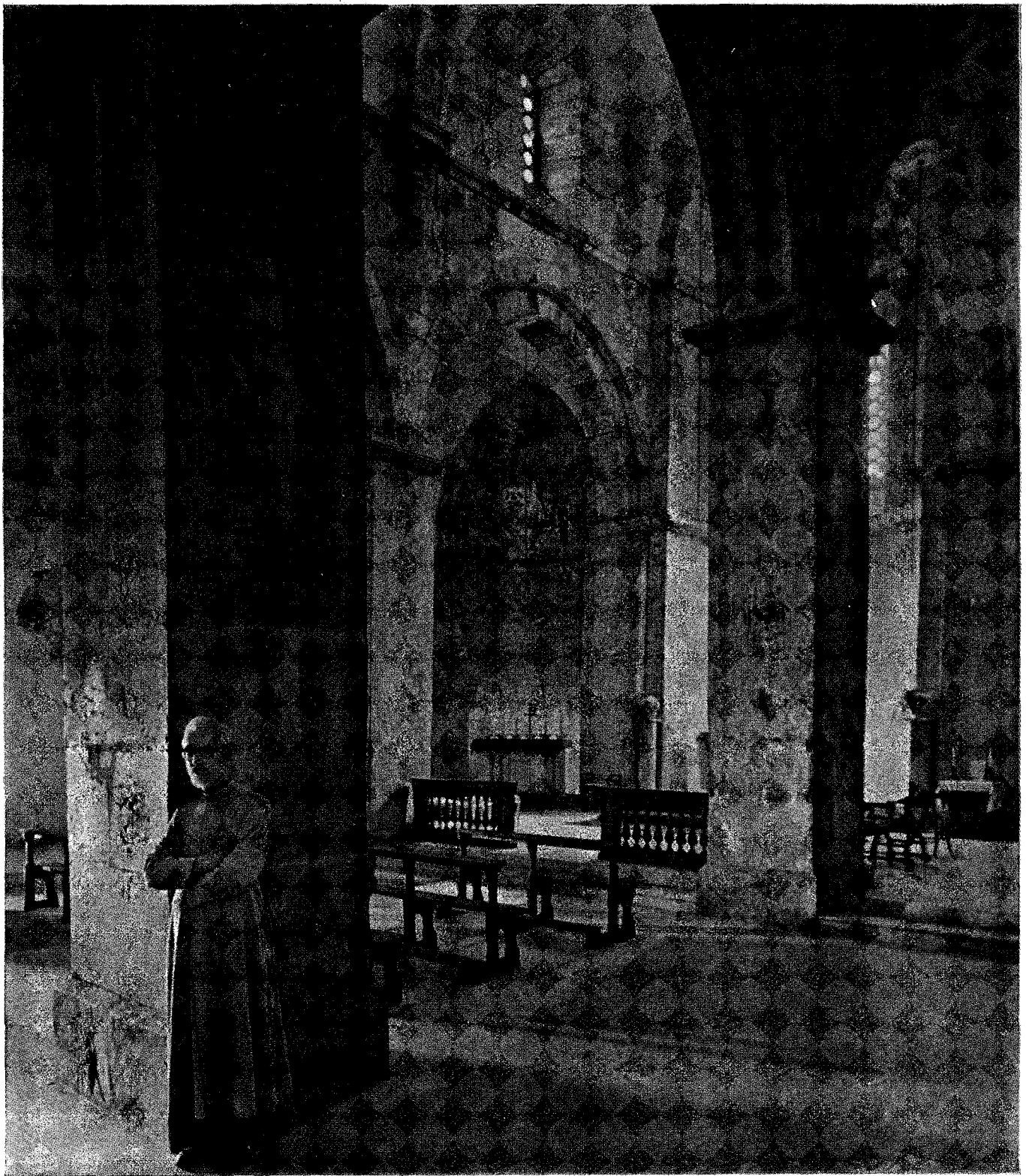
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Elliot Erwitt

Richard the Lionhearted thought this was a quaint old church.

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sieur into a glass of Armagnac, but I could eat or drink no more.

"Perhaps a little Cassis or a crème de menthe on ice?" suggested M. Le Bail, suavely.

With a flourish I wheeled out my counterargument. "Ah, M. Le Bail, I am a martyr to Bacchus. My system has never recovered from the wine fair at Colmar." For emphasis, I made the traditional gesture of French gastronomy: hand over the liver, shoulders raised high. "And though you tempt me greatly, I fear that tonight I cannot support a liqueur."

Quick as a flash came the refutation, "But surely Madame realizes they are called *digestifs* for a reason?"

He had me cold. Desperately I searched for a counterrefutation. "That may be true of the average digestion, but not mine. Wasn't it Molière who said that a woman was her own best doctor?"

M. Le Bail knew his art of concluding. Bowing quite low, he replied, "It was Shakespeare, Madame, who said 'Know Thyself,'" and departed.

"Who won?" asked the oenophile.

"He did, and I'm not complaining. Because this dinner was not only delicious, it's been the most educational meal I've ever eaten," said I, as the pleasures of the table began to slip into the domain of my memory, "and I just hope I can keep a grip on myself till we get out of here."

I should have left well enough alone, but when my husband called for the check I thought of one last thing to ask the junior waiter. I turned to him while Monsieur was calculating the *service*. "Tell me, of all the difficulties of the *concours*, what do you think was the worst single question?"

Without hesitation he said, "What *digestif* to offer a customer who had *choucroute* for the entrée, Madame."

I remembered the *choucroute* I'd seen in the Alsatian restaurant across the street — mountains of sauerkraut heaped with sausages and smoked pork — and a wild, cackling laugh rose in my throat. I opened my mouth to cry "bicarbonate of soda!"

But my French failed me. I did not know how to say "bicarbonate of soda," nor did I know if it existed in France. I had lost my grip. In a strangled voice I could only say, "Better luck next year," as we got up to go.



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World Living

THE INTERNATIONAL POULTRY TRAFFIC

BY CHARLES W. MORTON

It is hard to see wherein the best interests of the United States are served by the export of our poultry to countries in Europe. True, the more we ship overseas, the less of it we have to eat here at home, but this seems a curiously roundabout way of trying to raise the American standard of living, and at what cost to our reputation in other lands we can scarcely imagine. With many areas still teetering on the brink of Communism, we cannot afford to flaunt before the rest of the world the kind of poultry that appears on the ordinary American dinner table. The idea that this substance is regarded here as an acceptable food-stuff could be damaging to us.

Not until the recent flurry over high tariffs against our poultry did it occur to any of us that a market for the stuff could exist outside the United States. Now it transpires that a regular traffic in American poultry has been developed. Chickens, turkeys, and Long Island ducks are sold openly in many European cities, and even teen-agers are becoming familiar with heat-'n-serve

techniques and the frozen chicken "dinner."

Distribution of the poultry is said to be carried on by an international syndicate with headquarters in Switzerland. There, behind the discreet facade of a mansion on one of the most fashionable streets of Geneva, members of the syndicate hold weekly meetings; recruit and train a veritable army of salesmen, or "pushers," as they are called; map out new territories where the poultry will be quietly placed on sale; and, in short, maintain all the usual apparatus of a legitimate business. Those who have actually known members of the syndicate say it is impossible to distinguish them from ordinary businessmen.

Origin of the export traffic is still obscure. Some believe it was inspired by the processed-cheese interests in a bold attempt to set up a flavor-free world standard for all food. Encouraging results have already been achieved in deflavoring such diversified products as beef, fruits and berries, beer, bread, ham and bacon; and the addition of poultry to the list would give the no-taste bloc an almost solid front against the competition.

Other observers see in the poultry traffic a Soviet plot to wreck all American markets overseas. Consumers of the poultry will be im-

pressed for a time by its easy availability and its general resemblance to what they had always known as first-rate food. Their numbers will grow, so this theory goes, until they begin to realize that the real taste of chicken is only a memory. At this point, a brisk propaganda effort could touch off an ugly outbreak of anti-American demonstrations and a revulsion from all American exports. The same scheme is believed by still other experts to have been devised in Tokyo.

But our secret is already revealed, in any case: the kind of battery-bred, chemically fed, sanitized, porcelain-finished, money-back-if-you-can-taste-it bird that goes into our national oven has become known to the rest of the world. No matter if it is esteemed for the moment. We still have a chance to get clear of the whole calamity.

First of all, the batteries must be seized by eminent domain, vacated, and pulled down. All birds now in the freezers are to be treated as atomic waste — that is, encased in concrete blocks and sunk in the greatest Atlantic and Pacific deeps.

This will necessarily remove from the Thanksgiving table for a few years the rubber-toy replica which has been passing for turkey. But during the interval we shall be much better off with a nice leg of lamb.

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WINE COLLECTING TAKES UP LESS SPACE THAN ANTIQUE CARS, IS QUIETER THAN HI-FI, AND TASTES BETTER THAN STAMPS



People always say that every man ought to have a hobby but they never mention the real reason, which is: it's the only way he can be alone at home.

Most men, therefore, will choose a hobby that is so bulky, messy, noisy, or boring that no one can bear to be near him; a high price to pay for solitude.

The wise man will forsake these self-tortures and take up wine collecting. It works just as well, no one will bother him: A) children do not drink and so are not interested; B) women love to have wine at the table, but they feel, quite rightly, that

the collecting of wine is, like hunting, man's work. And so it is.

Wine collecting has one magnificent advantage over other hobbies: you can drink it. Also, it is neither expensive nor complicated to start. One may begin with two or three different reds and two or three whites; but which ones? To help you we will be happy to send you the labels of all thirteen Paul Masson table wines (plus a description of the delicious differences of each) to give you a collector's feel right away. Write: Paul Masson Vineyards, Dept. A-1, Saratoga, California.



First Catch Your Dog

BY ROBERT FONTAINE

ROBERT FONTAINE is known for all sorts of light writing, ranging from a successful comedy on Broadway to many books and short articles.

We have been having a lot of trouble with dogs in the city where I live. Dogs have been following their habitual urban practice of biting first and negotiating afterward, and doing it on residential streets and in playgrounds and schoolyards. Cries of anguish have risen, especially from those bitten. On the other hand, a sickening amount of neurotic fury has issued forth from the dog owners and lovers, a special breed of humans who will tolerate almost any injustice, ignore almost any plight, and cross the street at the sight of any misery, but who will defend loudly and at length the character of their dogs.

So organized and so vociferous are dog lovers that dogs have become, so to speak, sacred cows. They stand on an equal basis with Mother and the Flag, just a little higher than clergymen and doctors. A man who would gladly put his mother on a leash or tie her to a tree will burst into weeping oratorical defense of his dog if he is asked to restrain it.

During recent hearings on a leash law, the city council was deafened by the outpourings of dog lovers, who gave the impression that to restrain a dog was to poison the very waters of democracy and to turn our backs on the spirit of Lincoln, Jefferson, and William Howard Taft. To hear these nuts speak about their dogs, one would think they were speaking of some noble and unselfish characters who were being suggested for sainthood, instead of referring to a motley crew of mangy and snarling mongrels whose careers consist mainly of nipping at children and elderly women, jumping in and out of garbage cans, and endangering lives by running in front of automobiles on heavily used highways. Possibly I do mongrels an injustice; the high-bred canines are equally noxious.

I and a small band of teachers and parents staunchly supported a leash law, risking the venom of the unleashed-dog owners. We stated our case with simple dignity: dogs un-

tended were a worse variety of pest than pigeons and starlings. Their alleged loyalty and intelligence were strictly from hunger, and their value as companions and pets could be best served by keeping them as close to those who loved them as possible.

I was willing to grant that dogs could be trained to save little girls from drowning, but this was a situation that rarely found both the little girl and the dog available and in conjunction. I admitted the animals had, infrequently, cheered up stray souls in the Alps, an excellent place for dogs to romp. I went so far as to agree that a few small canines in tutus were passably amusing on the *Ed Sullivan Show*. Beyond that, euthanasia.

Resting our case, we were all taken home under police protection, surrounded by snarling, barking, and threatening dog owners.

The law was finally passed. Those of us who had had teeth sunk regularly into our thighs, our sleep broken by baleful baying and malignant yapping, and our lovely gardens uprooted at their peak were cheered by the fact that we might now enjoy a little serenity.

The law was adequate. It provided a mild penalty for the recalcitrant dog owner — a small fine. For the dog, the penalty for running around unleashed had a classic simplicity — oblivion.

We who had dared the power of the largest pressure group in the nation, we who had stood against custom, prejudice, and rotten and mawkish sentimentality celebrated in a modestly fitting manner. Our battle, we felt, was done, except for the idiotic poison-pen letters and the anonymous threats we received.

Our joy was premature. Dog owners, being the breed of sub-humans they are, ignored the law, as did the law-enforcement agencies. Dogs continued to roam the streets, dragging bloody bones and entrails out of supermarkets, biting the ankles of the elderly, sinking their teeth

into fruit-store cantaloupes, yanking up rows of lettuce and marigolds, digging holes in lawns, and wandering the avenues in the small hours of the morning yowling to equally flea-ridden mates.

Protests were lodged, as usual. And, as in any city you care to name, the mayor's hands were tied, and the city council, having passed the law, washed its hands of the problem of making it stick.

The police said they were not trained by their superiors or equipped by nature to catch dogs. They were also very busy with flimflam artists, lurid paperbacks, bookies, panhandlers, drunks, and women who wanted them to find out who was under the bed.

A spokesman for the law-enforcement agencies was eventually pinned down.



"Obviously the police come across many stray dogs. Why are they not apprehended?"

"Well, these dogs are often going or coming from someplace and are proceeding in an orderly fashion and not in mobs or anything. These dogs may be just temporarily off their leashes and not regular hardened offenders."

"I see. But assuming they and their owners are incorrigible, why is nothing done?"

"You mean, if we have some cut-and-dried case against some known canine offender?"

"Exactly."

"Well, if we are sure this dog is a flagrant lawbreaker, we make an attempt to apprehend him. Now, it is easy to drive around in a police car and see dogs who are criminally intent on running around and violating ordinances. It is another thing to grab hold of the dog in question. Several times I have been bit in the course of my duty and forced to leave go of the dog. In

Eating habits children learn in the home often lead to obesity problems later in life

PARENTS WHO ARE really interested in the present and future health and happiness of their children cannot ignore the importance of cultivating sensible eating habits in the young. Allowing a child to overeat or to not eat a well balanced diet, with the hope that the child will ultimately outgrow these poor habits, is a good example of how some parents encourage the development of lifetime behavior patterns that cannot help but lead to frustration and unhappiness. The fat child too often grows into a fat adult, or the undernourished girl, the one who is not encouraged to eat a balanced diet, often becomes an adult woman who will experience difficulties in pregnancy because her body is not as well developed as it might have been.

Children acquire most of their lifetime eating habits, their food tastes and preferences, at the family table. The example set by the parents in the home is a powerful influence in determining how the children will eat through the rest of their lives. For instance, the mother who nibbles at a piece of toast and a cup of coffee for her breakfast certainly does not set a good example for her teen-age daughter.

LEARN THE SIMPLE FOOD RULES

Mealtime should be a pleasant occasion for all members of the family. Consuming food should not be mysterious, complicated, or a medical treatment. Learning and following some very simple rules can provide a daily food pattern that is nutritionally adequate and enjoyable.

Regardless of other purposes eating may serve, the basic reason for consuming food is to provide the body with the nutrients required for proper growth, maintenance, and energy. Teaching children to eat meals and snacks that are well balanced in both quantity and quality of foods is a parental responsibility which, properly performed, can contribute much to the longevity and happiness of the child. We should never forget that it is easier to teach by a good example than by preaching alone.

Nutritionists have tried to simplify food selection as much as possible. They have analyzed the nutrients our bodies need, and they have suggested food patterns to provide these nutrients. A variety of foods is recommended because the nutritionists are not yet certain about our needs for certain nutrients. Trying to rely on pills for essential food nutrients is not only a less pleasant way to feed one's self but also may possibly eliminate some of the nutrients present in a variety of foods.

FOLLOW THE DAILY FOOD GUIDE

Parents should set a good example for children by following the daily food guide established by nutritionists. This involves selecting foods from four main groups:

MILK AND DAIRY FOODS: Children and teen-agers should have at least three glasses of milk each day (or its equivalent in such dairy foods as cheese and ice cream). Adults

should have at least two glasses of milk. Two 8-ounce glasses of milk provide these portions of the recommended daily allowances of food nutrients for an adult man: protein (of very high quality, ready for immediate use) 25 percent; calcium (which adults need to keep bones strong even after growth is completed, as well as for other vital processes) 71 percent; vitamin A 15 percent; riboflavin 46 percent; thiamine 10-12 percent; calories (which become undesirable only when we consume too many!) 10-13 percent. The percentages for an adult woman are slightly higher because of the slightly lower nutrient needs of the woman, but two glasses of milk still provide only 14-18 percent of the daily calorie needs for an adult woman. To obtain the protein, minerals, and vitamins in milk through other foods usually would require a much higher cost in calories. This is why the calories in milk are often called "armored calories" as opposed to foods which provide fewer or no other nutrients except calories.

MEAT, FISH, POULTRY, EGGS: Two or more servings each day from this group of foods provide additional high quality protein, iron, thiamine, riboflavin, and niacin. Weight reducers should select the lean cuts of meat to keep calories down.

VEGETABLES AND FRUITS: Four or more servings, selected from the tremendous variety of these foods available today, help assure adequate consumption of vitamins and minerals. Selections should include a citrus fruit or vegetable rich in vitamin C and a dark-green or deep-yellow vegetable rich in vitamin A. Children do not have to be forced to eat any particular fruits or vegetables. Try many different kinds to find those they like best so that they get started in the habit of eating these valuable foods each day.

BREADS AND CEREALS: Four or more servings each day from this food group provide protein, iron, B-vitamins, and calories. Weight watchers should select carefully in this group to keep the calories in balance with needs.

Selecting foods from the four groups and determining the amount of food required to maintain desirable weight are lifetime eating habits that should be taught very early. Children should also be taught, again by parental example, that daily exercise is an important element in building and maintaining good health. The time has come to expand the slogan "Families that pray together stay together" to read: "Families that walk together to pray together stay together." Surely, families that learn to eat wisely together also have greater opportunities to live longer and happier lives.

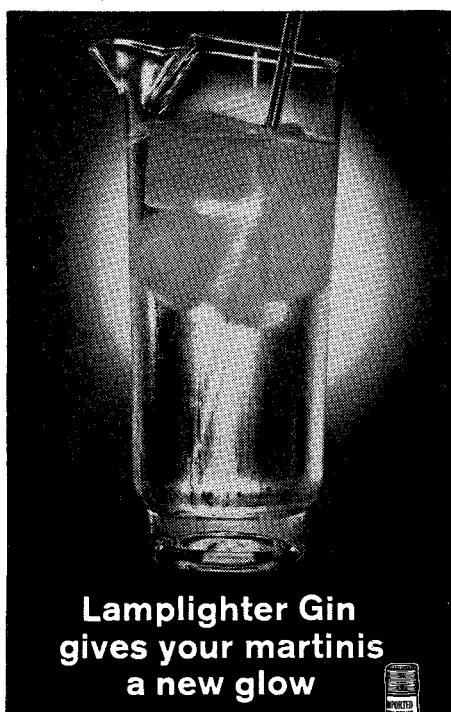


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other cases the dog just will not stand still to have the arrest made. He will make a break for liberty, and no officer on the force at present can outrun no dog. Furthermore, the moment you try to coax some dog to get arrested quietly, there is dozens of other dogs that spring up from unknown places and create a serious threat to the officer. We have just not got the solution to this situation yet."

I am told that the same situation prevails in many communities where the police are either reluctant or actually afraid of dogs. The recent widespread use of police dogs, which are trained to attack no one wearing a badge and which are educated to develop a taste for paraders and picketers, have caused many of the officers to develop a soft spot in their hearts for dogs.

I have several suggestions that may help those who are defenseless against arrogant canines. I propose that a watchdog committee be established to investigate the possibilities of putting the police on a piece-work basis, thus giving the police

some incentive. Now, the rare officer who brings a dog into custody is a fellow who loses status and finds it difficult to sell his quota of tickets to the Policemen's Ball.

An even finer notion I have is to declare an open season on unleashed dogs, preferably during the dog days of summer. Given several weeks' opportunity, harassed peace-loving citizens like myself could eliminate large numbers of dangerous animals, especially if there were a decent bounty for their pelts.

Then, of course, there is the idea of appointing a special dogcatcher who could devote all his time to apprehending strays. The problem here, I am told, is that the job would have to offer a salary almost equal to the mayor's to attract anyone to a position that dog lovers regard as one of inferior status, making the holder something of an outcast.

I doubt this. In fact, if the position is created, I know a fellow they will be unable to prevent from volunteering at the earliest moment. He's an author, and thus an outcast anyway.

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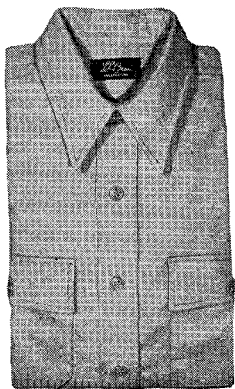
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A Matter of Form(s)

BY CELIA DARLINGTON

From a West Coast university, CELIA DARLINGTON supplied us, in support of her article, with all the forms she mentions. They range in color as widely as women's stockings.

Before I went to work for the state university I had had more than a dab of bureaucratic experience. The Navy had taught me to accomplish various office procedures in seven copies on paper of assorted colors and sizes. I had learned to bundle up secret documents in skeins of literal red tape before stuffing them in the dusty files of the vault, and to burn with care all shorthand notes of secret correspondence containing such statements as "Reference A of Enclosure B is hereby forwarded unread for comparison with Enclosure A of Reference B, after which both should be canceled."

I was also no stranger to the office setup of international bureaucracy, having lived through a successful attempt to get a worker's permit in

Mexico, where, doubtless, twenty front and profile snapshots of me are still scattered through a plethora of files. Perhaps the confidential secretary to the subsecretary to the secretary of state at Gobernación may still remember my familiar figure waiting between the potted palm and the two brass cuspidors in the second-floor sala de esperanza.

To work for the state university, after my prior conditioning, sounded like a cinch. I looked forward to my association, in a relaxed and interesting academic milieu, with the department of traumatology.

My hopes first became a trifle dashed when I discovered a four-drawer cabinet stuffed with forms. Under "G," for instance, were stacked "Form for Report on Tender of a Gift," "Report of Acceptance of a Gift," "Report on Rejection of a Gift," "Report on Withdrawal of a Gift," "Report of Ultimate Disposal of a Gift," "Regents' Statement of September 13, 1879, Governing Acceptance, Rejection, and Ultimate Disposal of a Gift," each form printed in ten copies on different-colored onionskin sheets bound into a pad. Research disclosed that the department of traumatology had

received one gift, an etching of the Colosseum by moonlight donated in 1921 by a retiring professor of oral hygiene. The "Ultimate Disposal" of this gift was not recorded on a form.

As the days passed at my new post I discovered that in a university of some 20,000 students the small residue of the office worker's life which is not directed by a form is directed by a voice referring to a form. It is a nameless voice, sometimes suave, sometimes crotchety, foreign perhaps, or enriched by the old South, curt or loquacious, but still only a voice, identified loosely as Personnel, Veterans, Payroll, Garbage Disposal, Retirement, Controller, Soil Erosion, Military Science, Library. With the aid of voices and forms the work of the great shapeless institution goes forward; well, at any rate, it moves. The seven-dollar-map episode was my initiation into this surrealist world.

Professor Wurtenflicker had been doing a piece of summer research on the relative spread of decay between the first and second molars of illiterate Otomi Indians of the sixteenth century, as compared with the incidence of tonsillitis in youths of the Tarahumara tribe who had read all or parts of *Hamlet*. For this he needed a map of the state of Sinaloa as it was in 1732. Since no such map had been published, it was necessary to draw one. For this, in September, he hired a young man named Gregory W. Smyth, a part-time employee of the department of geography. Mr. Smyth charged \$1.50 an hour for his work, which took four hours. He also spent \$1.00 for drawing paper, ink, and pen. The map was soon made, and Professor Wurtenflicker was satisfied with it, although, as he pointed out, the details of the delta section of Topolobampo Bay could not be indicated clearly on so small a scale.

The university, perhaps because it was too busy running off forms, had neglected to issue a manual to explain their use. For a new office worker it seemed to be a case of dipping lightly into the file and bringing forth some form that would do. It would be an easy task, I thought, to get \$7.00 for Gregory W. Smyth. I selected Form #5377, "Request to the Regents for a Check," and sent it along with Greg's original bill attached.

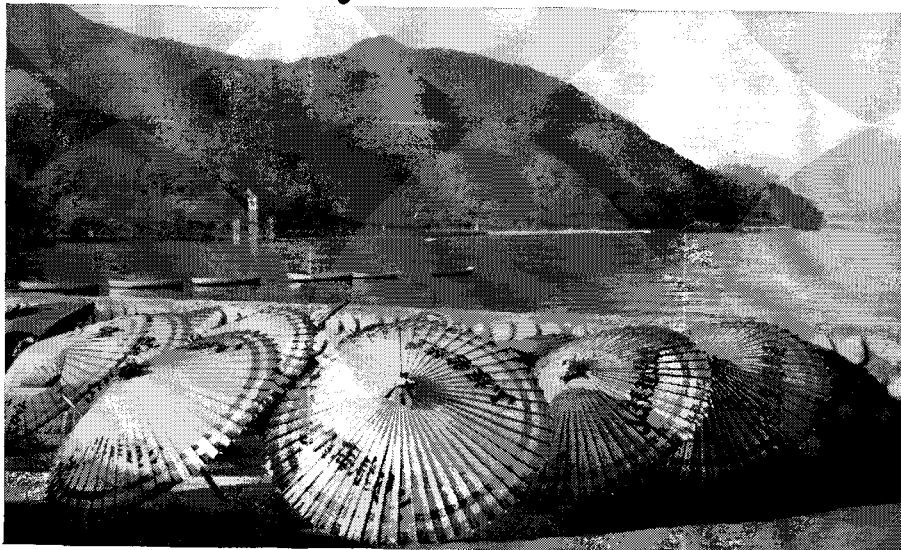
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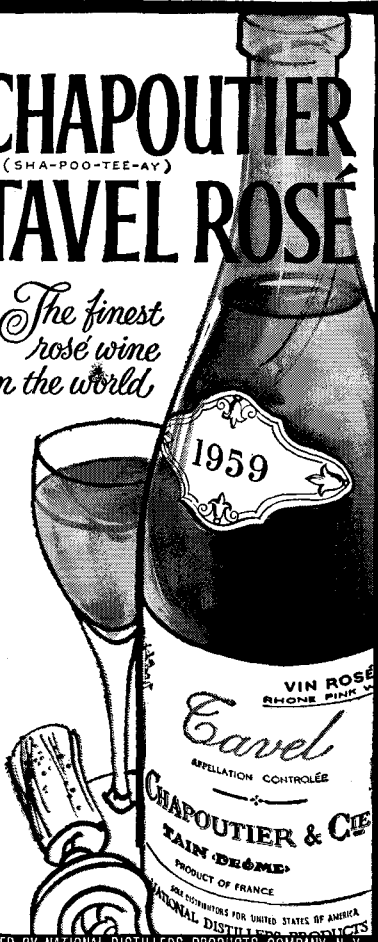
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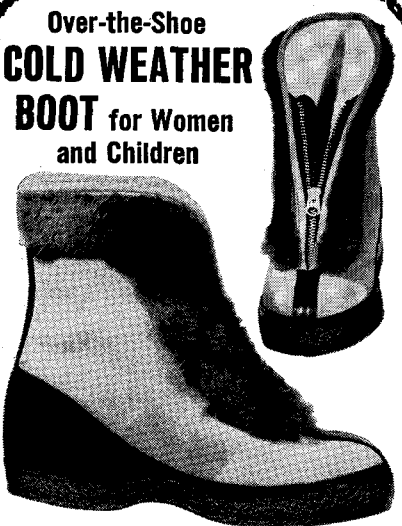
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In about a week I started to hear voices about this matter. The controller's office called me — a definitely testy voice — to point out that Greg was already an employee of the university on a part-time basis, and this made it impossible to write him a check. He would have to be placed on a General Assistance Hiring Form (ten copies) for the additional charge. For this I would need a little extra information: not only Greg's name and address, but his age, birthplace, citizenship, whether he had any relatives employed by the state, and whether he had ever lived abroad. It was thought for a while that he could bypass signing the loyalty oath, since he had already signed one for the geography department, but a voice later informed me that he would have to sign again, "just to be on the safe side."

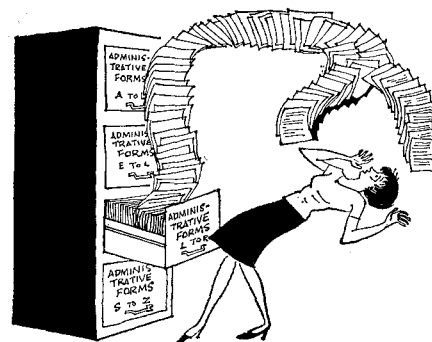
After a week's quiet, Miss Payroll hailed me to point out that Form #293 for Gregory W. Smyth had been mistakenly signed by the chairman in the space marked for his signature. As any fool would know, the fact that the chairman's signature was called for on the form did not mean that it was desired in this case. Professor Wurtenflicker should sign, since he was responsible for spending the research grant. It would be better, perhaps, to begin again.

Ten days later, toward the middle of the semester, a call from Payroll informed me that Professor Wurtenflicker's signature, while it did show that the bill was genuine, was not correct for the General Assistance Hiring Form #293, which must be signed by the chairman of the research committee, Professor Allstone Cheltenham of Physics, on behalf of Research Grant X 2397J, allocated for study of mental and dental deficiencies among backward tribes. This Payroll voice left me with no doubt of my place among the backward tribes.

It was perhaps two weeks later that Form #293, Research Grant X 2397J, came back to my desk with the scribbled notation "Should have been hired by Geography," and it was another week after Geography had retyped Form #293 (with copy to me) before I heard again from the voices.

This time it was Personnel. "The matter of the hiring papers for Mr. Gregory W. Smyth," Personnel said. "We in the university do not ar-

bitrarily assign salaries or wages. We consult the Personnel Bureau. Our price per hour for map making is set at \$1.47. It will be impossible to honor a bill for \$1.50 an hour. I'm glad that Mr. Wurtenflicker thinks it reasonable, but that makes no difference. We could write in the figure '\$1.47,' but wouldn't it be better for you to begin over?"



When I heard again from the controller's voice things had become a little more confused. Maybe the intervening Christmas vacation had something to do with it. The question was how a bill for \$1.00 for materials could be appended in unitemized form. How could the university know what the money was spent for? Where was the original bill? It had been clipped to the original "Request to the Regents for a Check," I told the voice, but there was no saying where it might be now. After much pleading this voice agreed that the \$1.00 bill might be passed with the notation that it had "probably" been spent for map-making materials.

We had now to face — Professor Wurtenflicker, Gregory W. Smyth, and I — only the petty details of a Special Payroll (Form 204-2W) to get Smyth paid, and Severance Papers (Form 617-00) to show that Wurtenflicker was through with Smyth.

At the beginning of the second semester, Greg called to tell me that he had just received two checks, one for \$1.00 for materials, another for his work at \$1.47 an hour, with the usual ten percent deduction for his eventual retirement. Professor Wurtenflicker felt in honor bound to make a special trip to Geography to pay Smyth the twelve-cent difference between four hours' work at \$1.47 and \$1.50. "After all," he told me, "it was a good job, in spite of the Topolobampo mix-up."

The voices were quiet then, at

least on this particular matter, until almost graduation time. Then one day Payroll phoned to ask me if Gregory W. Smyth had done a piece of drafting for Professor Wurflicker the September before. I agreed that he certainly had. "In that case," she said, "he is eligible for the retroactive five percent cost-of-living raise. We are sending through a Special Payroll and check in the amount of twenty-nine cents. If you will just fill out a Form 0072XL#, Receipt of Cost of Living Raise —"

It's some years now since I've worked for the university. I've been mastering various other office procedures: welfare forms for state medical care, workmen's compensation forms for industrial indemnity, and my own private purgatory of income tax forms, property tax forms, and assorted material.

One hears a lot about the population explosion. But even more imminent and fearful seems to be the explosion of paper work for office worker and private citizen alike. Surely a pill could be developed to halt the multiplication of forms before they snow us under? Something simple, cheap, and painless, which would allow the office worker the pleasures of bureaucratic paychecks while eliminating the proliferation of paper work. As a matter of fact, I am thinking of composing a form which can be filled out to initiate this new system. But I haven't decided yet whether to make it up with ten or twelve carbons.

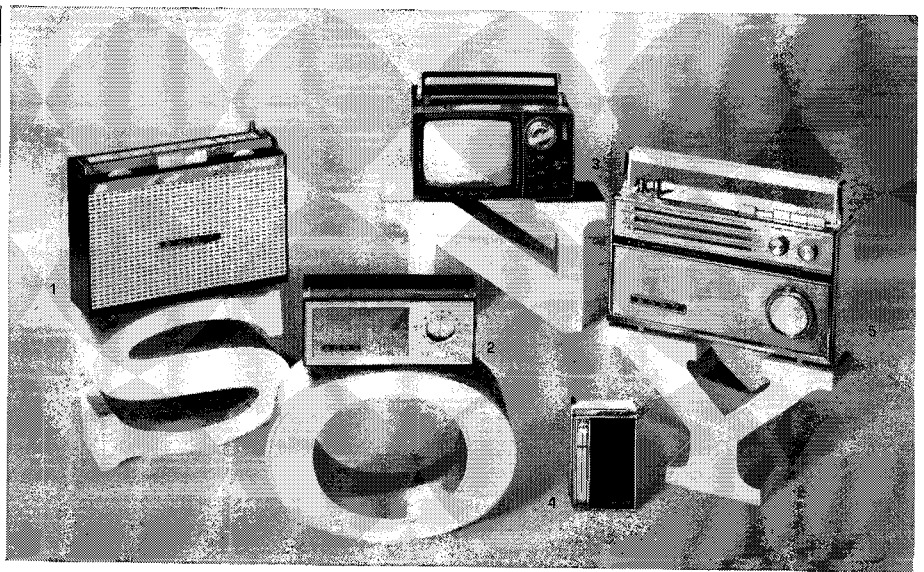
MOVING

BY ERIC PFEIFFER

Disassembled, the moving boxes gape, or bulge, in every room, witnessing change. They remind me: Tenant, I am yet trespasser.

Windows, like sunken eyes, walls, like blank, hostile faces, stare at me and implore: Be gone, migrant-vagrant.

Doors open, to let me go. On the stairs, dissolve among boxes, I sit. Moving unhinges me.



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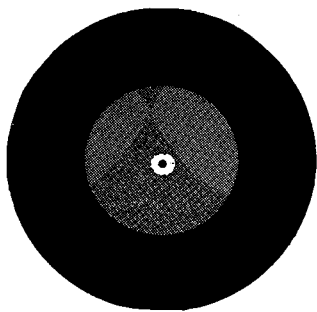
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Jazz Recordings

BY NAT HENTOFF

Bob James Trio: Bold Conceptions

Bob James, piano; Bob Pozar, drums; Ron Brooks, bass; Mercury SR-60768 (stereo) and MG-20768

As jazz nightclubs dwindle in number and big bands continue to be scarce, more young jazzmen are acquiring experience in the rapidly multiplying units in colleges and universities. This trio, for example, representing the University of Michigan, won the combo award in 1962 at the fourth annual Collegiate Jazz Festival held at Notre Dame. The victory led to the combo's album debut. To judge from this recording, Mr. James and his colleagues are not only briskly professional but they occasionally manifest impressive originality. James, who has received a bachelor's and a master's degree in composition, plays with easeful command of his instrument, incisively clear articulation, and an improvisatory imagination that is both daring and logical. James is least arresting on popular standards, but he is consistently thoughtful on originals by other jazzmen — as in the pungent impressionism he applies to Miles Davis' "Nardis." He is most absorbing in his own pieces, particularly "Quest" and also "Trilogy." In the latter, James and his colleagues create a fascinating spectrum of colors through the juxtaposition of such devices as bamboo wind chimes, prepared piano, different sizes of oil drums (some of which are played with marbles and a golf ball), and a recorded tape of the trio which is altered electronically and then played back in the studio as part of the final performance. "Trilogy," it should be emphasized, is not at all a factitious exercise in gimmickry. It makes sense as music,

and reflects further the growing interest among jazzmen in a wide variety of experiments adapted from contemporary classical music as well as from widely divergent folk cultures. The one quality which pervades all of James's work is resilient lyricism, a characteristic which is also marked in the playing of Pozar and Brooks. Drummer Pozar, incidentally, indicates here that veteran modern jazz percussionists may have something to learn from the new graduates of the academies in terms of enlarging the scope and flexibility of jazz drumming.

Charlie Parker: Once There Was Bird

Charlie Parker, alto saxophone; Dizzy Gillespie, trumpet; Red Norvo, vibraphone; Flip Phillips, tenor saxophone; Teddy Wilson, piano; Specs Powell and J. C. Heard, drums; Charlie Parker Records (distributed by MGM Records) PLP-408

A key recording date in early modern jazz history is a June, 1945, session in which two rebels on the ascendant, Charlie Parker and Dizzy Gillespie, matched ideologies with established swing-era musicians, Red Norvo and Teddy Wilson among them. The recordings, originally made for the now defunct Comet label, were later reissued in various states of disorder; in recent years they have not been available at all. Critic-historian Martin Williams has now carefully reassembled this material. He has not only chosen the best takes of each number, but he has also provided alternate takes for each of three tunes and no less than four alternates (two of them incomplete) for "Congo Blues." The opportunity to compare different versions of these performances is instructive because it is possible to hear how Parker and Gillespie continued to change their solos into more and more original and balanced patterns. (The album could be subtitled "An Introduction to Improvisation.") Parker is masterful throughout, and his quite different solos on the two takes of "Slam Slam Blues" are classic distillations of the blues, while also a demonstration of how deeply this commanding officer of the modern jazz movement was rooted in jazz tradition. The playing as a whole — by the swing men as well as by the innovators — is often remarkably serene. It is as if the musicians, surprised at their compatibility, temporarily suspend-

ed their doctrinal disputes in order to indulge in the sheer pleasures of collective improvisation. Mr. Williams' lucid notes place the music in its historical perspective and also provide a helpful analysis of each performance.

Jimmy Rushing: Five Feet of Soul

Jimmy Rushing, vocalist; orchestra conducted by Al Cohn; Colpix SCP-446 (stereo) and CP-446

Although there are more young jazz instrumentalists of consequence than there are jobs for them, impressive new jazz singers are exceedingly rare. The aridity in the work of most recent vocal apprentices is made particularly evident by contrast with the vitality and individuality of Jimmy Rushing's newest album. Rushing, a short, spherical man of great good humor, has been a professional for almost forty years. This recital, in which he is accompanied by a crisp big band in ebullient Al Cohn arrangements, is one of Rushing's major recorded achievements. Bittersweet in sound, his hoarse voice is unusually pliable. He is expert at evoking poignancy while resisting bathos ("Trouble In Mind"), and he is equally capable of leaping celebration ("Oooh! Look-a There Ain't She Pretty"). Rushing can also transmute faded, sentimental pop tunes into unexpectedly affecting intimations of autobiography ("You Always Hurt the One You Love"), thereby demonstrating that even the most unlikely material can be personalized into believability by an authoritative jazz improviser. Mr. Rushing's rhythmic sensibility, moreover, is a model of relaxed swinging. It has taken the amiable Mr. Rushing a long time to be fully appreciated; but now that Louis Armstrong insists on limiting his repertoire to the point of utter predictability and Ray Charles is diluting his power by performing in an increasingly commercial context, Jimmy Rushing, at sixty, has emerged as the most consistently refreshing and certainly the most high-spirited of all male jazz singers.

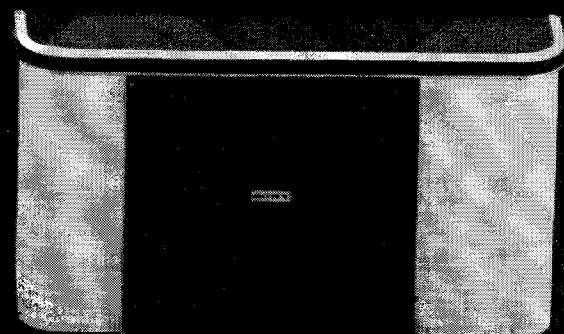
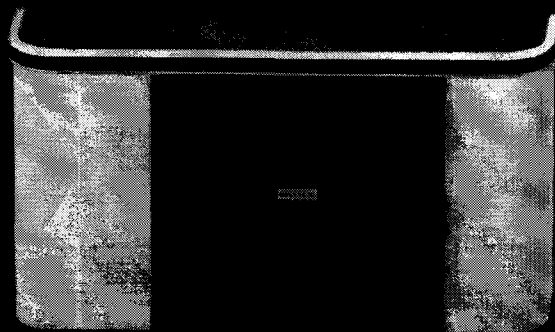
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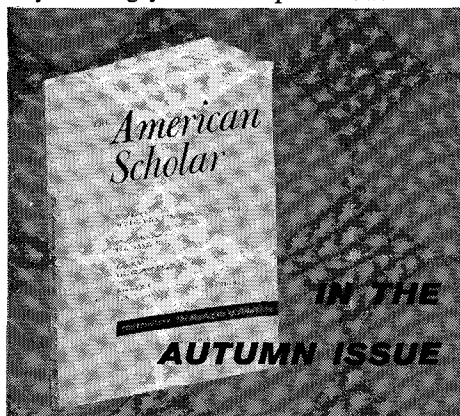
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Lewis is now trying to mold a permanent large orchestra which "will be capable of performing virtually any composed or improvised music in the western tradition of music." Accordingly, Orchestra U.S.A., as this group is rather pompously called, is staffed with first-rate jazz instrumentalists as well as highly capable classical musicians. Its conductor, Gunther Schuller, is exceptionally well trained in both jazz and classical disciplines. The first recording by this ambitious, twenty-eight-piece unit is disappointing. All the numbers are jazz pieces by Lewis and by Gary McFarland, except for Mr. Schuller's orchestration of "The Star-Spangled Banner," which closes the album. The presence of this final track is inexplicable, unless we are expected to stand at the conclusion of each playing in wonder at what American culture hath wrought. The themes by Lewis and McFarland are slight but lyrically attractive. The orchestral interpretations, however, are either ponderous or sentimental. The strings, in particular, sound awkwardly out of context. (No writer has yet been able to make classical string players approximate jazz pulsation or phrasing.) Fortunately, there are sizable sections during which the orchestra is in the background; and on those occasions, the jazz soloists soar above the massed weight of the ensemble and the music bursts into vivid life. The most notable of these energizers are alto saxophonists Phil Woods and Eric Dolphy, guitarist Jim Hall, and John Lewis on piano. Whenever the orchestra obtrudes, however, the effect is pretentious or, at best, bland. It is certainly true that a permanent jazz orchestra would be extremely useful, as more jazz composers work in terms of extended composition but have hardly any forum in which their pieces can be heard. This may indeed be an orchestra which could fulfill that role. Clearly, the musicians are capable, and Mr. Schuller is a broadly knowledgeable conductor. Musical director John Lewis, nevertheless, will have to pay much more attention to the quality of his repertory and arranging if Orchestra U.S.A. is not to sink into banality before it is effectively launched!

Prince Lasha Quintet: Cry!

Prince Lasha, flute; Sonny Simmons, alto saxophone; Gary Peacock and Mark

Proctor, basses; Gene Stone, drums; Contemporary S7610 (stereo) and 3610

Many among the jazz avant-garde are concentrating on increased melodic freedom. They do not permit their melodic improvisations to be anchored to conventional chord patterns. Instead, their melodic ideas tend to determine whatever harmonic contours can be discovered in retrospect. Some, moreover, have followed the example of Ornette Coleman in trying to get more spontaneous, speechlike cadences in their phrasing and more "human" sounds in the often startling pitches they suddenly choose. Both these preoccupations are strongly present in the work of alto saxophonist Sonny Simmons, a featured sideman in Prince Lasha's quintet. Equally committed to freer improvisation is Lasha himself, a flutist who achieves a warmer sound on that instrument than do most musicians who have tried to adapt the flute to jazz. Lasha, incidentally, grew up in Fort Worth, Texas, with Ornette Coleman, and has obviously been influenced by that controversial experimenter. Lasha and Simmons have composed all the numbers in this, their first album. Their themes are bold, angular, and intriguingly evocative of such titles as "Congo Call," impressions of African tribal music; "Ghost of the Past," an essay in jazz necromancy; and "Lost Generation" ("there is no peace . . . it's a time of tragedy"). As is often true of Ornette Coleman, there is an innocence ("ingenuousness" might be a more accurate term) in the music of Lasha and Simmons. This quality and their commitment to what Simmons calls "raw emotion" are invigorating after some of the more convoluted cerebration in the modern jazz of the past decade. Furthermore, Lasha and Simmons do not confuse freedom with anarchy. The frameworks for their improvisations are strong and clear; and although the ground rules for solos are now more flexible than in much jazz of the past, there is an order in these "cries" along with a disciplined sense of dynamics. The use of two basses on all but three selections makes for an uncommonly whirlpoolish rhythm section, but the two horn soloists are sturdy enough to ride the currents rather than be engulfed by them. As is customary with Contemporary Records, the quality of the recorded sound is superb.

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THE ATLANTIC



Karsh

The Peripatetic Reviewer BY EDWARD WEEKS

EVERY editor, whether of magazines or of books, is aware of the sharp divergence in taste which exists between readers now in their thirties and those who are now in their sixties. This divergence is relayed to me in many forms: in letters from our older readers who have been shocked by an *Atlantic* short story; in comments after a lecture by those who have been bewildered by modern poetry; or in the words of my late mother, who, after struggling through one of the stronger modern novels, expostulated: "I just don't see why I should be expected to hold my nose over an open sewer and pay an author five dollars for the privilege!"

Now, this war over sex in fiction has existed in varying degrees ever since the days of *Pamela*. I remember Mother telling me that she and her sisters were forbidden to read the novels of Thomas Hardy and that she used to hide *Jude the Obscure*, the most horrendous of them, under the mattress at the sound of the paternal tread. But her taste for authors who defied convention in the 1890s did not survive into the 1920s. She could stomach *The Green Hat* by Michael Arlen or *Jurgen*, that leering fantasy by James Branch Cabell, and she could recognize the truth in F. Scott Fitzgerald's stories because her own daughters were soon to be flappers. But she disliked a war novel as candid as Dos Passos' *Three Soldiers*, or a love story as sensual as *Sons and Lovers* by D. H. Lawrence; she thought the authors were taking liberties, putting into print words and behavior that did not belong on the page. She never tangled with Ernest Hemingway, but had she done so, her rejection would have been as explicit as that of Dr. Hemingway, who returned in disgust to the publisher in Paris the five copies he had ordered of his son's first book.

The treatment of sex, of course, is not the only dividing line between the generations, though it is certainly one which has grown sharper through

the years. A more far-reaching and irreconcilable division occurs over the question of how the author takes the world. Dickens took it with laughter and tears, and Thackeray with suavity and seething indignation; but deep down in most of the great Victorians was the belief that if man persisted, in the end he would be able to fix things up better than they were, and this feeling of certitude, this trust in the perfectibility of man and society, extended into the twentieth century. Despite the growls of Mark Twain, the theory that things can be infinitely improved by new knowledge influenced everyone who had grown into adolescence before the First World War.

Readers now in their sixties may not consciously believe that science will produce a better world, but most of them believe that it ought to, and it is this which separates their taste from that of their children and grandchildren. For, very few — I was about to say "no" — young writers or readers believe any longer in a benevolent future. They see a world that has steadily been getting "unfixed" for fifty years. A man now in his early thirties remembers a depression, two hot wars, one interminable cold one, but no portents of a future promising stability. He shares the suspicious doubts of Franz Kafka and J. D. Salinger; subscribes to Murphy's Law (if anything can go wrong it will); and would never think of asking a lady to "Grow old along with me! The best is yet to be." T. S. Eliot, not Browning, speaks his mind: "At my back in a cold blast I hear The rattle of the bones. . . ." He finds this state of mind natural because he has known no other.

Some of the cleavage can be traced to the changing style. I can recall my strong distaste for George Meredith when I was a Harvard undergraduate; I found his style so fudged, so artificial that I could hardly force my way through his books; yet Meredith's contemporary, Samuel Butler, who had been virtually unread during his lifetime,

The Peripatetic Advertiser



Names are the news on this page. For the first a name that has reaped yards of speculation in the public press. The authorship of **The McLandress Dimension** has been credited to a long and dazzling list of writers, even wildly attributed to members of this publishing staff. We have been told, however, that Epernay is a young journalist of Alsatian origins who has a Boswellian admiration for his subject. *With more than usual satisfaction, I present in these pages the first comprehensive account of the work of Dr. Herschel McLandress. As in the case of any towering scientific figure, there are differing views on McLandress. At the Harvard Faculty Club, the M.I.T. Faculty Club and even at the Cosmos Club, you will encounter both pro-McLandress factions and anti-McLandress factions. Some of the most trenchant debates in recent years at the Christmas meetings of the American Association for Psychometrics have been over McLandress and, above all, the McLandress conclusions.*

But one thing is not denied. McLandress is a unique figure in our time. Even his severest critics in the scientific world will concede this. "Something in the McLandress personality is different," a visiting Oxford scholar at the Institute for Advanced Study in Princeton observed not long ago. No one disagreed. Nor will any reader of this book disagree. From McLandress's automated State Department to his championship of the rich against the very rich his name should strike terror and pride all along the prestige horizons of Washington and the international zones of Hollywood, for this is the work of an insider. The McLandress Dimension by Mark Epernay - \$3.75, liberally and memorably illustrated by James Stevenson.

One of the greatest names in the brief history of aviation is that of Sir Gordon Taylor, Australia's brilliant pioneer. His autobiography is eloquent proof that the upper air stimulates writers to an extra grace. *We were almost in the sea. I flung myself down on the cowl again and the motor came in with a booming roar. I could see the surface of the ocean skimming by a few feet below: then I buried my head from the torrent of air and waited for more height and a chance to transfer the rest of the oil in the suitcase. As I lay there jammed against the struts I felt a magnificent exhilaration and a reckless enjoyment of our success which made me want to stand up and laugh*



and shout at the roaring mass of air that tore at everything around me. In my mind I could see the pointer on the gauge rise up and the pressure of the strut against my ribs began to crush my body so that I began to feel that I could not hold on any longer. The ocean seemed to be moving faster: then faster, and sinking farther away. A strange ease and resignation came over me. Nothing seemed to matter. It was all some fantasy in a strange retreating background from which I was floating away. That is what it is like to crawl along a wing to fuel an oil tank in mid-flight. The Sky Beyond by Sir Gordon Taylor - \$5.95, illustrated with photographs.



And a name that still gets a bad press in the U.S.A. — Unfortunately George III was as unlucky in his heredity as in his environment. Neither George II nor his Queen, Caroline, was devoid of character or without some gifts above the commonplace. Her intelligence and his memory were unusual in monarchs, and their hatred of their son was tinged with genuine disappointment. Frederick, George III's father, was known to posterity as Poor Fred, and the epithet was not unjust. He possessed a small talent for music, a mild interest in games, particularly cricket, and little else. The unsympathetic Lord Shelburne described his life as a tissue of childishness and falsehood; and his friends as well as his enemies despised him. Few historians of Dr. Plumb's immense learning write with such urbanity and percipience. Every page of this is a pleasure to read. **Men and Centuries** by J. H. Plumb. \$6.00



A grand finale of names: a new edition of U.S.A. by John Dos Passos. Alfred Kazin said of it, "Technically, U.S.A. is one of the great achievements of the modern novel . . . (It) is a national epic, the first great national epic of its kind in the modern American novel." This is the only one-volume edition to contain the Reginald Marsh illustrations. \$10.00

And coming November 12th one of the most exciting books of the year, the recreation by an intimate friend of the marriage of Dorothy Thompson and Sinclair Lewis — two people to whom words could be the deadliest of weapons. **Dorothy & Red** by Vincent Sheean, illustrated with many photographs from private collections. \$6.95



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spoke to me and my generation with a sharp, hard truth which we liked.

The mind must make a conscious effort if it is to respond to new styles, and this is particularly true in poetry. How many, I wonder, have missed the magic elision of Dylan Thomas' lyrics and the music of the recording of *Under Milk Wood* simply because they were too lazy to make the effort? I suspect that the elderly reader turns to poetry in search of easy pleasure, that he does not apply the same close attention or the long patience with which he listens to a modern symphony. He overlooks the fact that the world has grown to be more intricate, and that poetry in its search for truth has grown more intricate too.

Yeats, like generations of poets before him, drew for ornament, illustration, and symbol on a body of generally familiar information, including the Bible, the classics, and European history. Any reader could be expected to identify Diana and recognize a fiery chariot; but the world of poetry today has been made complicated by mathematics, photography, the invasion of space, by anthropology and psychiatry, and one must work to keep abreast. When the reader comes upon the word "cellar" he may think of wine or potatoes, while the poet, a follower of Dr. Jung, is thinking of the racial unconscious. Is this unreasonable? I don't think so. Poets have always expected some cooperation from their readers. They get far too little of it from the lazy ones today.

THE MIRACLE OF LITTLE THINGS

If one has any doubt about the responsiveness of a fine mind when taxed by age and distracted by pain, let him read *THE BLUE LANTERN*, COLETTE's last book (Farrar, Straus, \$3.95), admirably translated by Roger Senhouse. In her early seventies Colette vowed that she would never write again, but the habit and zest of communicating were too strong to be denied, and on the adjustable desk lightly astride her sickbed, she wrote this soliloquy of one who prized life and whose imagination continued to rove far beyond the confines of the sickroom. It is a miracle to see how much she makes of little things. Here, for instance, is the seedpod from some exotic plant: she watches it expel "a delicate silvery follicle weighted with a tiny seed and lighter even than thistledown," and follows the feathery tuft as it floats up to the ceiling, pauses, and then is sucked down by the draft of the open fire. "It has no need of a label," she says, "to take its place in my dunce's museum."

In her chronicle she touches affectionately on her addiction for the color blue, for cats (preferably Persian), for fruit and flowers (gentian, wild hyacinth, and edelweiss), and for the children

playing in the Palais-Royal. She goes to Switzerland for treatment of her old adversary, arthritis, and savors the color and quiet of Geneva in her wheeled perambulations through the April dusk. The all-powerful doctor comes to her room each day, and so, too, do the sparrows, whom she entices with bread crumbs until they lose all fear and she finds a pair of them in a fold of the bedspread when she awakens from a nap.

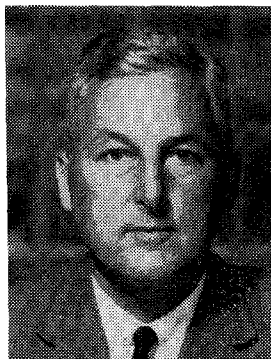
Back in Paris, Jean Cocteau comes to record a conversation piece for the radio, and then goes on talking about his studio, where the cameramen have gone out on strike. In the silence after his going, she thinks with rue of some of the other old friends who she hoped would last forever, and for reassurance peruses the fan mail which comes later, on her seventy-fifth birthday. Though pain is her hourly companion, the gaiety and warmth with which she relishes her sunset are summed up in these words: "the Last Cat, towards the end of her life, gave every indication by the movement of a paw, by the smile on her face, that a trailing piece of string was still for her a plaything, food for feline thought and illusion. Those who surround me will never let me want for pieces of string."

WOULD SHE REALLY?

I should be hard put to decide which of RUMER GODDEN's books I like best. Each holds Miss Godden's skill for describing an exotic place, her natural sympathy for children, her love for nice things, and what might be simply termed the body warmth of her characterization. But in *THE BATTLE OF THE VILLA FIORITA* (Viking, \$5.00), despite the luster of its setting in the Italian lakes, I keep hearing a hypothetical note, barely audible at first, but so insistent at the heart of the story that I wonder if all this really could have happened.

An English film company descends on the little village of Whitcross for the country scenes in a new film, *Haysel to Harvest*, and in the course of the shooting, Rob Quillet, the director, whose good looks have caused a flutter in the countryside, suddenly finds himself enamored of Fanny, the wife of Colonel Clavering. Just why he should be is never clear, for Fanny is full and forty and the mother of three. She never uses scent, knows little of the theater, has never had a flirtation, and is so innocently absorbed in her household at Stebbings that it is difficult to imagine what chemical attraction she could have caused in Rob. That Fanny herself would like a change is evident enough, what with her feuds with her mother-in-law, Lady Candida, and her as yet unrecognized boredom with her regimental husband. But she is so safely secured that neither her friends nor her family for months suspects the temptation toward which

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Rob is leading her. But I do. I suspect it because I cannot see what he would see in her.

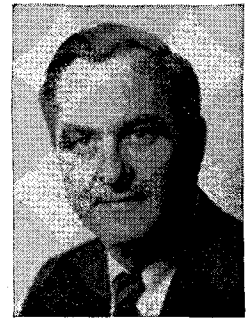
When the lovers bolt, the scene shifts to Italy. The colonel wins the uncontested divorce on the grounds of adultery, and the custody of the three children. But the two youngest, Caddie, a chubby twelve-year-old much given to her prize pony, and Hugh, her fourteen-year-old brother, rebel against the decision, and by means which are only faintly suggested (this is the second big hypothesis) they find their way to the Italian villa where the battle for the capture — or recapture — of Fanny is renewed with all of the possessive cajolery at their command. Rob underestimates the odds against him, and it is quite a struggle, in the course of which Fanny's conscience, always audible, begins to sound like Big Ben. There is an air of contrivance to all this, and it is accentuated by Miss Godden's device of blending into the direct discourse remarks which her people made months later or only in the imagination. As a result, the speakers sound more self-conscious than they ought to.

SPEED

Ken Purdy is an American editor and author with a passion for fast cars and for the custom-built cars of the past. He writes with authority about motoring, and one of those rare collaborations began when he and Stirling Moss, Britain's most famous driver, became friends. Moss started racing at the age of seventeen, and in his first year won eleven events. In the fourteen years that followed, he lived on and for the racetrack. In all, he entered 466 races, rallies, sprints, and endurance runs. He set new records, and he won 194 times, a fantastically high performance and one that no other driver has approached.

Moss, who took curves faster than any other living man, had close brushes with death, and at the Goodwood circuit in April of 1962 had to be cut out of his car after a crash in which he nearly lost his life. It took him a year to recover, and then, on the same track, reaching a speed of 142 mph, he tested his eyesight and reflexes and decided after the run that it was no longer safe to compete.

It is doubtful if the knowledge, the excitement, and the skill packed into those fifteen years could have been called out of Mr. Moss without the friendly assistance of Ken Purdy, who knew the right questions to ask and where to keep pressing, and who had the editor's knack of preserving the rhythm and color of Moss's speech. From their collaboration has come *ALL BUT MY LIFE*, STIRLING MOSS's autobiography as recorded by KEN W. PURDY (Dutton, \$4.50), a book which does for racing and the great drivers what *Death in the Afternoon* did for bullfighting and the great matadors.



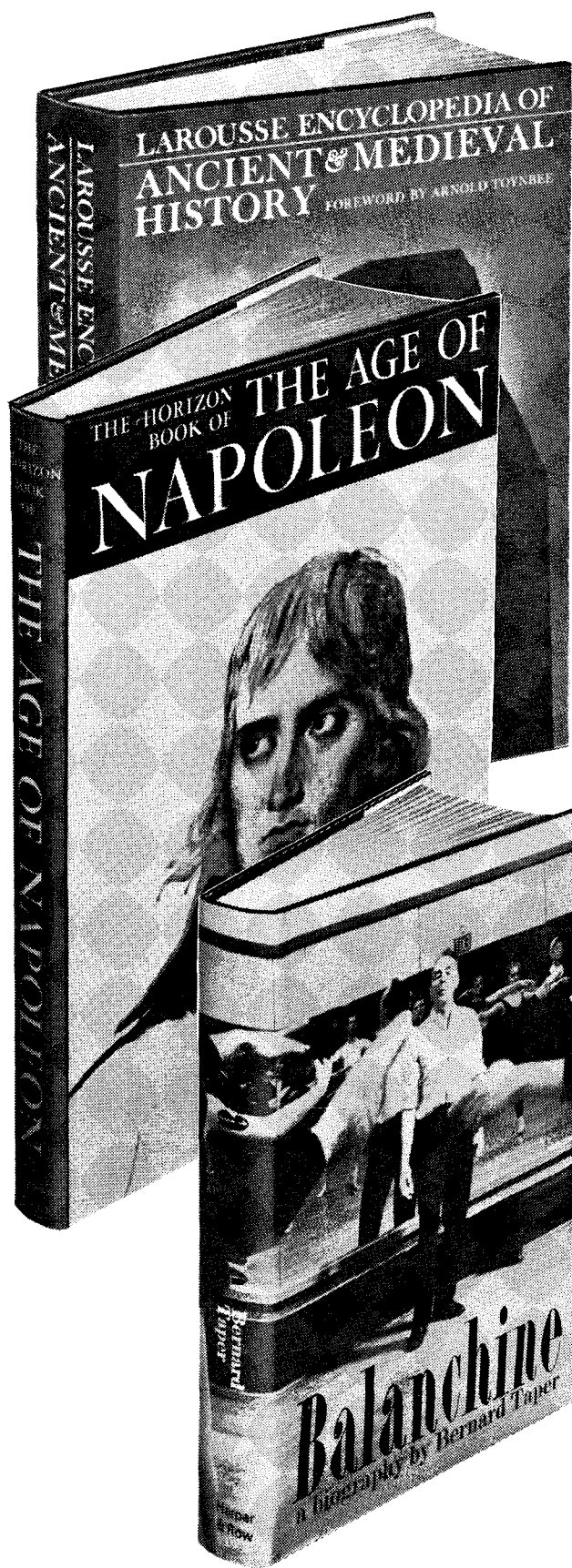
Reader's Choice

BY WILLIAM BARRETT

It is difficult to get the American electorate worked up over the question of economic growth. In the Great Depression many of the middle class were thrown out of work and had to worry about the state of the economy; today these people are relatively affluent, and though our slow rate of growth may interest them as a theoretical problem, it hardly strikes them as personally urgent. Those who are now out of jobs, on the other hand, are the chronically unemployed; and the very poor in America, as is well known, tend to be politically apathetic. Meanwhile, business scents a boom, and acting on the principle that as long as profits are in the offing it is better to let sleeping dogs lie, it will not begin to be anxious until the next big recession.

Though we may be complacent, our friends abroad are very much worried that the chief defender of the free world is cantering along on a one-horse-shay economy. Twenty years ago, GUNNAR MYRDAL's *An American Dilemma* analyzed the Negro problem as a crisis for the American conscience, and had he been listened to, racial tensions might not now be so violent. In *CHALLENGE TO AFFLUENCE* (Pantheon, \$3.95) this friendly but candid critic has turned his attention to the American economy with equally somber warnings, which, let us hope, will not go unheeded this time.

Mr. Myrdal is a level-headed Swede not at all given to sensational statements, and he tells us quite bluntly that our sluggish economy is "the most important problem in the world today." Since World War II the Western nations (except Britain), the Soviet Union, and Japan have grown much more rapidly than the United States. Either we have been without the knowledge of how to induce economic progress or we have lacked the determination to apply that knowledge. If this sluggishness persists, American power and influence will inevitably decline; and the values of Western civilization, which we defend and Mr. Myrdal shares, will have little attraction for a world where the few affluent nations, after all, are only islands in a vast ocean of poverty and unrest.



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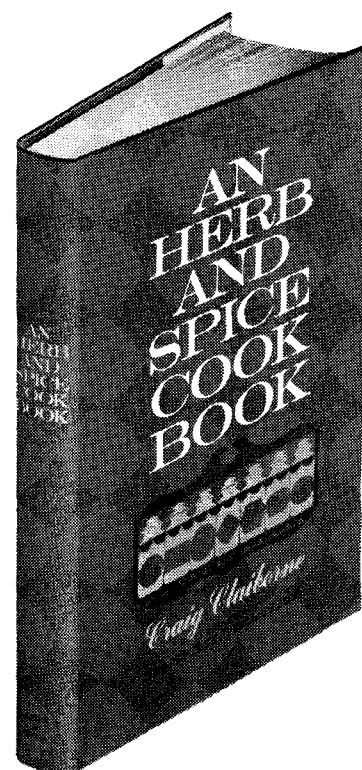
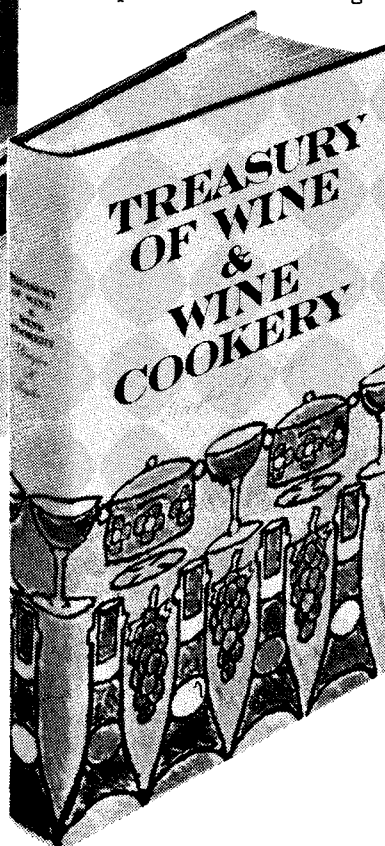
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A stagnant economy, bad enough in itself, is worse when it drags on despite enormous pump-priming through defense expenditures. It is worst of all when accompanied by a rising unemployment that has now become "structural" — woven into the system itself — and that threatens to produce a "sub-class" of the permanently unemployable. Harry M. Caudill's recent *Night Comes to the Cumberland*s and Michael Harrington's *The Other America* have shown us the tragic human waste in the depressed areas. Mr. Myrdal completes the picture by pointing out that this waste is also an inefficient and unintelligent drag on the whole economy, since the very poor are not productive and in turn provide no market to spur production in the rest of the country.

The trouble is that we are the victims of economic clichés. When Mr. Myrdal suggests that we can get out of our rut only by more and better planning, we are likely to scream "socialism!" But the old tag does not work so well when we consider that the European countries which are now doing well economically are at once more "capitalistic" and more "socialistic" than we are. Long-range planning of the community's goals and needs could free private enterprise from the tedious regulations devised by government on the spur of the moment. We are the largest industrial nation, and we are supposed to be in love with change; yet in our economic thinking we cling to the archaic. The gap between the oratory of politicians and the hard knowledge of the economists has never been wider, or more dangerous, than at present. Mr. Myrdal bluntly tells us that the fetish of a balanced budget is now taken seriously only by Americans; any American politician would be committing political suicide if he were to advance such an idea.

Mr. Myrdal's book, written with compelling clarity and simplicity, should be made required reading for all members of Congress.

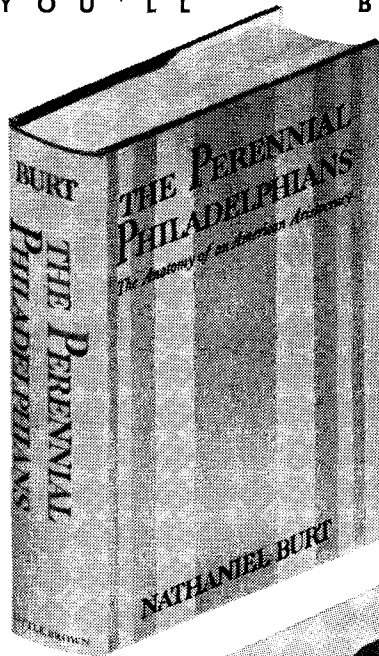
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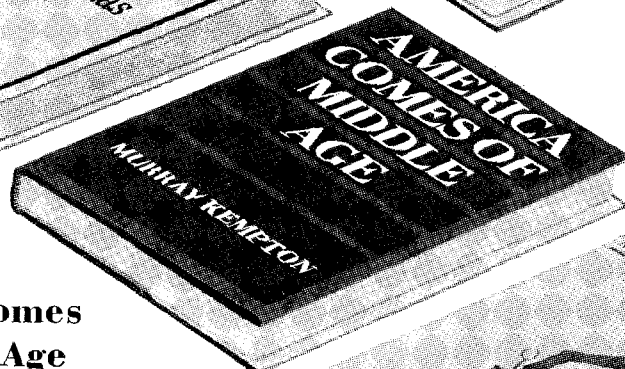
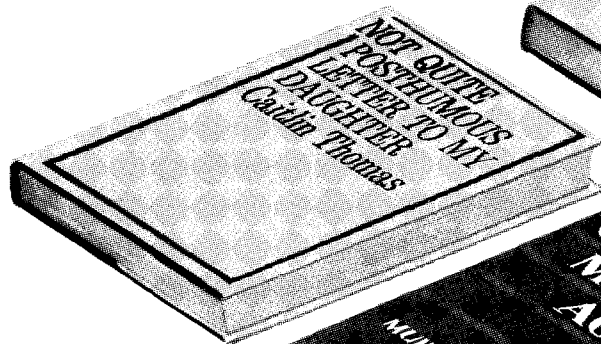
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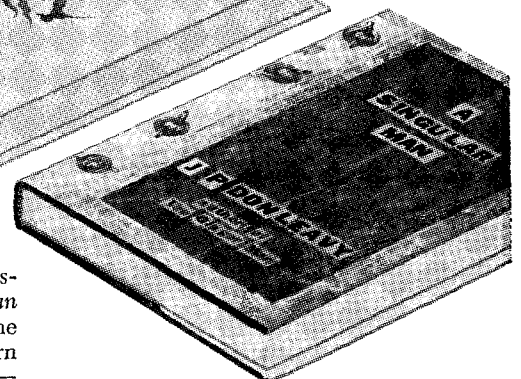
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uncommon talent, however frustrating and questionable the ends toward which it is sometimes turned. **CAUSE FOR WONDER** (Atheneum, \$4.50) is in this same patternless pattern; immensely satisfying at times, frustrating and teasing at others, it leaves the impression that the author has not quite resolved in his own mind the curious mixture of genres he has tossed together. The story is a symbolic parable, a blend of romance and realism, written in a down-to-earth, side-of-the-mouth language that suggests *The Castle of Otranto* as it might be written by John O'Hara.

Warren Howe is a Midwesterner, yet something of a wanderer and a man from nowhere, who has drifted into scriptwriting in Hollywood. Thirty years before, he had been a guest at the ancient castle of Riva in Austria. When he hears of the death of the castle's owner, Etienne Dulac, Warren sets out for the funeral, bringing with him assorted friends who represent his present life or have shared his past at Riva. An American girl, Kitty Brownell, had also been a guest at Riva, and Warren had loved her without winning her; she turns up now as Katherine Morley, proper and middle-class, toting a grandson, who as the youngest generation represents another stratum of time. The whole novel is meant as an experiment with time, in which the past is interwoven so tightly with the present that the characters themselves get lost in a timeless labyrinth.

The concocter of the experiment is Dulac himself. Incredibly old but far from dead, he has sent out notices of his funeral in order to enjoy the experience of living on beyond his own death. At the end all turns into nightmare; and Warren, half-dreaming and half-awake, has a vision of old Dulac alternately dying and being reborn, like an eternal archetype.

Despite some wonderfully pungent and crisp writing, Mr. Morris does not quite bring off all this confusing and bizarre business, and Warren's final words on the dubious reality of Castle Riva could be taken as a judgment on the novel itself: "It's this goddam place. When you get away from here you won't believe a word of it."

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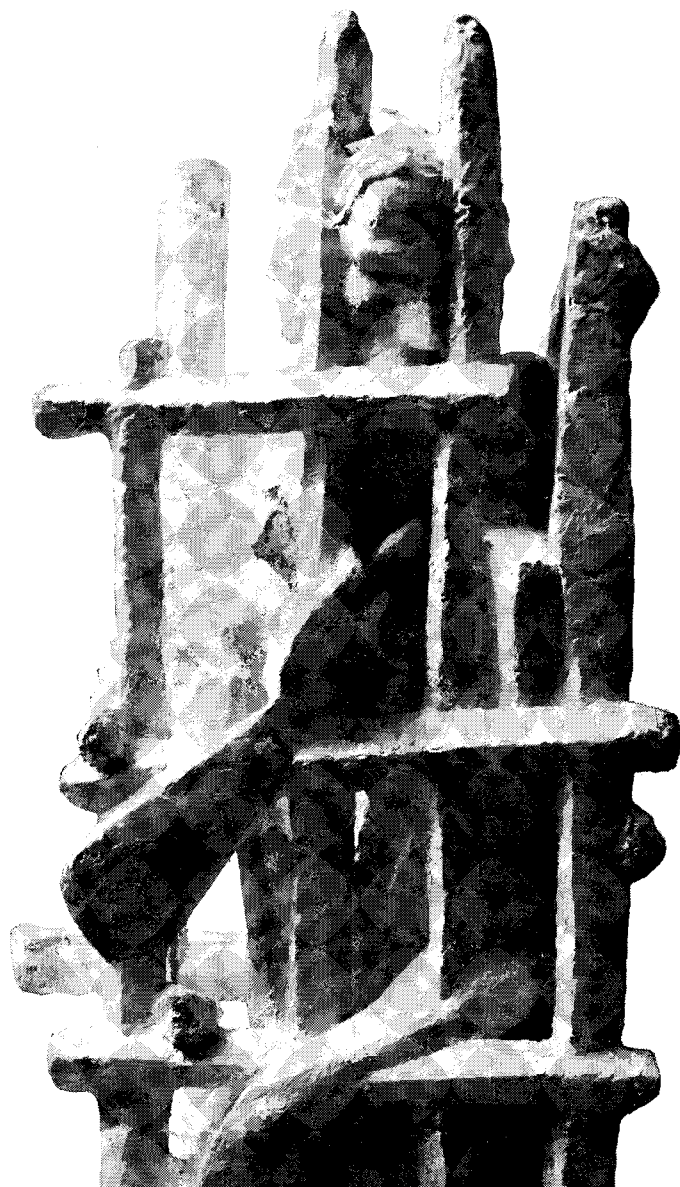
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Sculpture, "La Prisonnière" by Ossip Zadkine

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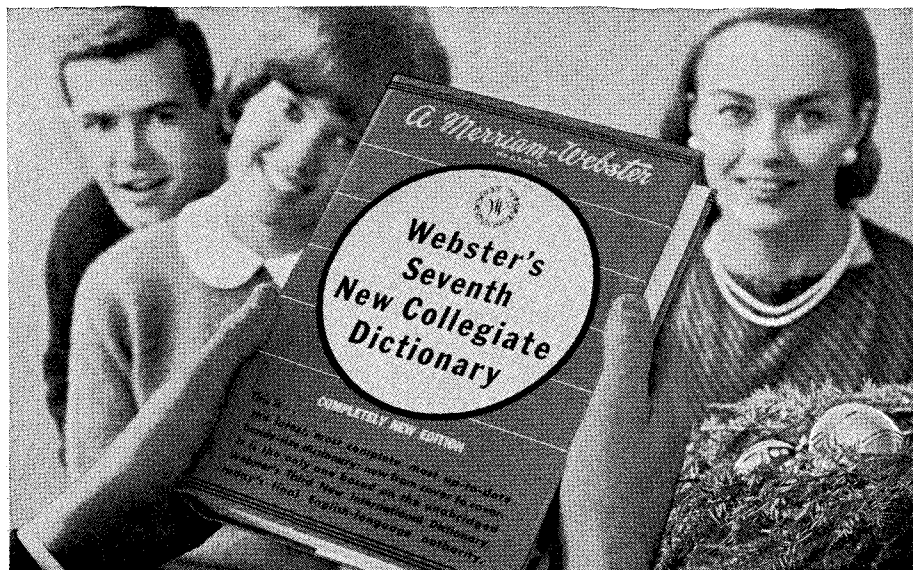
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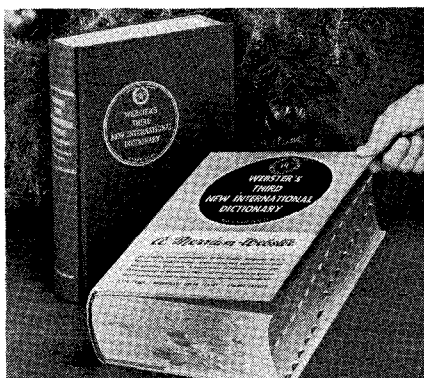
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amazing range. From feudal Japan, ancient Egypt, and Renaissance Italy, he now turns with equal facility to the late eighteenth century in *SIR WILLIAM* (Putnam, \$5.95), a brilliant re-creation of the famous love affair of Nelson and Lady Hamilton. Mr. Stacton's prose is as polished and sophisticated as always, but in the present case its command of epigram and irony makes it an instrument perfectly attuned to an age that was characterized by elegance of style and casualness of manners.

History is stranger than fiction. The triangle of Nelson and Lord and Lady Hamilton might not seem believable if offered as a purely fictional concoction. Yet it is fact, after all; and Mr. Stacton, following this basis, can feel free to conjure up a fictional detail whenever he chooses. Curiously enough, it is Sir William Hamilton who emerges in the end as the central character, looming larger than the two lovers. A detached observer of life rather than a brusque man of action like Nelson, Lord Hamilton had seen love develop between the pair. But he could not intercede, he could only observe. Besides, he had married Emma when she was a very young girl, and he was used to regarding her antics with the amused curiosity one shows toward children. When the final barrier fell, Sir William was pained, but he was able to console himself with eighteenth-century irony: if he were to be cuckolded, it was better that it be by a friend.

And friends they all remained. "We are one heart in three bodies," Nelson wrote to his own wife in explanation of the curious ménage. "I suppose they share it around," Captain Hardy, Nelson's lieutenant, commented, "when they feel the need of one. I wonder who has it now." He might well ask, for as the years went by and Emma became fat and foolish, the two men found themselves drawing closer and often preferred to leave her while they went off together to fish.

When the moon's at the full and the sultry August thunderclouds hang over the Delta, nerves snap, people go haywire, and *ERSKINE CALDWELL* is right there to make what he can of it in *THE LAST NIGHT OF SUMMER* (Farrar, Straus, \$3.95).

Roma Henderson, a twenty-four-year-old secretary, is in love with her

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forty-eight-year-old boss, Brooks Ingraham. She has kept her love from him; but one hot evening, as Brooks prepares to leave the office, the sirocco (or whatever they call it on the Delta) melts her reserve, and the love that dare not speak its name turns into a propositioning of the boss. Brooks is shocked, troubled, tempted — and he succumbs; he promises to visit Roma in her place that night. He never gets there. Wandering around town, wrestling with his conscience, he encounters some extremely sensational adventures. It is all pretty stock melodrama, and Mr. Caldwell's prose thumps along like a man walking on two wooden legs. Nevertheless, he builds considerable suspense through the dark hours of the one somber night, only to spoil it by too violent and abrupt an ending, as if, grown tired of his puppets, he impatiently swept them to the floor.

William Faulkner once advised his brother that a writer who finds inspiration lagging can sometimes get by on ready-made forms like the crime or mystery story. Mr. Caldwell, who has feared for years that his creative juice has gone dry, may have been testing Faulkner's advice. Unfortunately, even the helpful props of crime, sex, and suspense cannot save this potboiler.

LITERARY LIVES

THE LETTERS OF F. SCOTT FITZGERALD, edited by Andrew Turnbull (Scribner's, \$10.00), show that whatever their author's faults, he was a warm and chivalrous man, a loyal friend, quick to admire, willing to put himself out for others, and even — as in his relationship with Hemingway — patient at bearing a friend's moody tactlessness. His tragedy, as it comes through in the letters, lay neither in alcoholism nor in his wife's mental illness, but in his vulnerability and lack of self-protectiveness. He gave himself so generously to the passing occasion, to his friends, to his work, that he used up all his reserves.

Fitzgerald poured a great deal of himself into his letters, but Mr. Turnbull is exaggerating when he says that they contain some of his "finest prose." Fitzgerald's best prose was always the product of meticulous craftsmanship, and the letters are too unbuttoned and casual — that, indeed, is their charm —



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to have great literary claims made for them. Yet they do have much wit, many striking phrases, and always the fine clear tone of a man speaking without pretension.

He is most moving when he is writing to his daughter. Here the moralist and the affectionate father speaks, alternately warning and coaxing his child to avoid the mistakes he had made in his own life. In his correspondence with Maxwell Perkins, his editor at Scribner's, Fitzgerald shows himself a disciplined student of his craft, who might, as Perkins observed, have made a good editor himself. From his intellectual mentor, Edmund Wilson, Fitzgerald accepted criticisms that could have ended friendship in a less intelligent and more touchy author. The relationship with Hemingway remains clouded, although, as we learn from a recent memoir by Morley Callaghan, Hemingway was the more difficult person to get along with. Certainly Fitzgerald went more than halfway to meet Hemingway, and he was even magnanimous enough to admire a story that included a gratuitous and tasteless reference to himself by name.

Unlike Fitzgerald, William Faulkner built around himself a self-protective wall that made him a difficult and taciturn man to many. Behind this barrier, however, within the small circle of his family and few close friends, he was, according to JOHN FAULKNER in *MY BROTHER BILL* (Trident Press, \$4.95), a generous and warmhearted person. Faulkner still remains a strange and mysterious personality, but he is no longer the remote figure he had seemed. John Faulkner, though overshadowed by his older brother, was no mean author in his own right, as readers of his fine Depression novel, *Dollar Cotton*, may remember; and in the quietest of styles he tells about the boyhood of the Faulkner brothers, about the people and the life around Oxford, Mississippi, that make up the continuing background of the whole Faulknerian saga.

John punctures the legend, propagated by his brother, that William was really just a dirt farmer and not a literary man, and that he had no reading. True, William was not one for formal schooling — he never finished high school, and he had only one year at the University of Mississippi — but as a youth he

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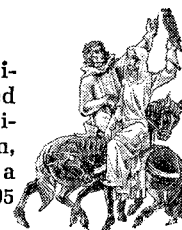


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used to pile books in an old car, drive off into the countryside, and plow through most of the classics and the moderns.

John also debunks the legend of the gargantuan quantity of his brother's drinking. William did like a drink, and there were occasions when he drank too heavily; but writing exacted a great deal from him, and he knew he could not do his best work while drinking. Every so often he had to escape from the heavy demands of the world by faking a drinking spell.

The Faulkner children (three boys) were brought up by a Negro mammy, Callie Barr, for whom they all had the most intense affection. After her death William read her funeral service from his own parlor and erected a monument in the Negro cemetery with the inscription "From her white children." She is the original of Dilsey in the novels, and Faulkner must have learned an incalculable amount from her, since he is one of the very few white writers who was able to write as though from the very heart of the Negro. When in his last years Faulkner spoke out against segregation, he received threatening anonymous telephone calls. His neighbors, who never bothered to read his major novels, were quick to spot any article of his on the Negro question.

This "Affectionate Reminiscence," as brother John calls it, is a slight and modest book, yet it is rooted so deep in the soil from which the Faulkner clan sprang that it is worth tomes of Faulkner criticism in helping us to understand the strange creator of Yoknapatawpha County.

QUARRELING DON'S

The British, who are not a pugnacious race, except in their love of debate, are likely to have their worst brawls in the letters columns of the *Times*. **VED MEHTA**, who was born in India and educated at Oxford, has lived long enough among the British to acquire their taste for verbal jousts. In **FLY AND THE FLY BOTTLE: ENCOUNTERS WITH BRITISH INTELLECTUALS** (Atlantic - Little, Brown, \$4.95) he eavesdrops shamelessly, but delightfully, upon some squabbles now going on among philosophers and historians in England. His touch is light and his irony omnipresent, but he also preserves a sense of proportion and does not try



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to make the professors look ridiculous. In fact, he takes their problems very seriously, and beneath the gaiety of its surface, Mr. Mehta's book is an illuminating report on two sectors of British intellectual life today.

Of the two squabbles, the one among the philosophers makes the daffier but livelier reading. The controversy was touched off when that doughty old warrior, Bertrand Russell, accused the present generation of Oxford philosophers of dealing only with verbal trivialities. The dons promptly took to the warpath and began to bombard one another in letters to the *Times*. Mr. Mehta decided to get to the bottom of the whole business, and like a private sleuth he went about interviewing the leading philosophers in Britain. Is philosophy about words or about things? That was the simple question that started the fracas; and though the philosophers hardly settle the question, they produce some pretty good talk in stalking it. Mr. Mehta, who listened carefully and reported accurately, has an unusual gift for making difficult ideas comprehensible, and he has done a remarkable job in turning the dialogue of philosophers into human drama.

THE SUN KING

Louis XIV ruled from 1643 to 1715, and during most of that reign he was the most powerful figure in Europe, envied and feared by other sovereigns; yet the court he maintained at Versailles resembled a children's playpen, with courtiers jostling for the toys of preference, playing childish irresponsible jokes on one another, and haunted, above all, by the child's fear of boredom. One frightened and observant little noble, the Duc de Saint-Simon, managed to hang on to his precarious perch within the court for years, while in secret he was writing an almost interminable record of its follies and perversions. *THE AGE OF MAGNIFICENCE* (Putnam, \$5.95), splendidly edited and translated by Saché de Gramont, is a judicious selection from the 9857 pages of the Duc's *Memoirs*. Though Saint-Simon's more ardent fans, like Nancy Mitford, insist he must be taken whole or not at all, readers with less time at their disposal will be delighted that Mr. de Gramont has made accessible what is surely one

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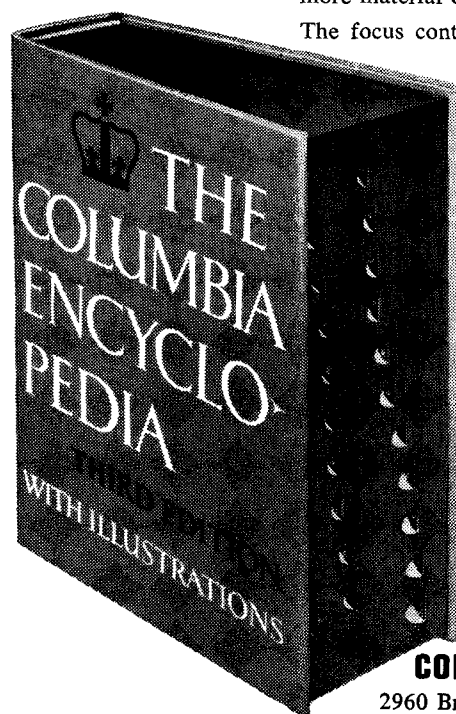
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Versailles has become for us the very symbol of elegance and refinement. Such, indeed, it was, in its own fashion. On his deathbed Louis XIV waved away his confessor in order to prescribe the length of the coats to be worn at his funeral. Yet this elegant surface had a great deal to conceal. The court was the product of inbreeding and was marked by very poor health. The men died young of syphilis or of apoplexy from overeating. Most of them were dwarfs by modern standards (Louis XIV was five feet four, yet towered over some of them). Saint-Simon, whose pen dripped vitriol, was delighted to observe that the Duc de Bourgogne had a spine shaped like a pretzel, and to say of one lady, “The upper part of her face was beautiful, but her nose was crooked and she had a goiter.” And the morals of the court matched its physical putrescence. Even those warriors, the great marshals of France, were often effeminate and homosexual.

But despite their corruption, these figures are intensely and complexly human; and Saint-Simon, depicting them in the round, is one of the great portraitists of literature. He wrote without any attempt at literary polish, so that his language has the vigor and pith of common speech, a quality that Mr. de Gramont has preserved very well in translation. His telling phrases are not carefully hoarded witticisms but come spontaneously in the natural course of his narrative. In one sentence he totes up the life of the Grand Monarch: “The King had been free with the ladies most of his life, and had devoted the rest of it to God, often at the expense of everyone else.”

Apart from his powers of observation, Saint-Simon did not possess a profound mind. He was without any political ideas, though, ironically enough, during the French Revolution he was mistakenly read as a prophetic radical. In fact, he attacked the court only because he wanted a return to the more reactionary feudal system in which the dukes had greater power. Like Boswell, with whom he shared the instincts of the voyeur, he must have appeared an uninteresting and mediocre man. But like Boswell, too, because he set down what he saw and heard, for posterity he towers over the men who bullied him.

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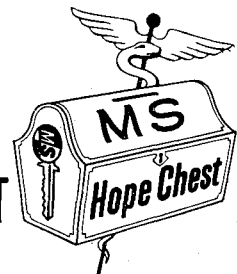
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BY PHOEBE ADAMS

In **IDIOTS FIRST** (Farrar, Straus, \$4.50) **BERNARD MALAMUD** presents a collection of short stories about the misfortunes of dreary, incompetent, boring people and contrives to make all his dismal characters interesting. An old shopkeeper loses his trade to the new chain store, a timid academic muffs a love affair, a bad painter bumbles through an Italian melodrama, tossing away a fortune as he goes. All these characters are the sort that normally infest books described on the dust jacket as "compassionate," meaning that the reader's heart is expected to bleed for the imbecile dregs of humanity. In Mr. Malamud's precise, economical prose, compassion has no place, but wit, intelligence, and understanding reveal his idiots as people worthy of respect, putting up the best fight they can manage with the weapons at hand.

LOUIS UNTERMAYER, veteran compiler of poetry anthologies, has edited **AN UNINHIBITED TREASURY OF EROTIC POETRY** (Dial, \$7.50), much of which would have been considered daring in 1910, although hardly an item in the book would have raised a blush in 1800.

In the past, **LEONARD COTTRELL** has proved himself an accomplished reporter of archaeological finds in terms designed for the interest and comprehension of the general reader. His latest book, **REALMS OF GOLD** (New York Graphic Society, \$5.95), describes recent discoveries about Homer's world — that is, Minoan Crete and Mycenaean Greece. Some of Mr. Cottrell's material is necessarily repetitious, having appeared in his earlier books, and some is inconclusive, for the sites Mr. Cottrell visited in Thessaly are only beginning to be dug out. (It is difficult to excavate under a lively modern town.) For these reasons, *Realms of Gold* is not the best of Mr. Cottrell's books, but it is, as usual, well-organized, careful reporting enlivened by intense personal enthusiasm.

HANS HOLZER calls himself "a professional investigator of ghosts, haunted houses, and other 'spontaneous' phenomena," and **GHOST HUNTER** (Bobbs-Merrill, \$4.50) is his

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Having been a non-Catholic myself until early manhood, I can understand the viewpoint of these people. And most of them, I realize, are prompted in their beliefs not by malice, but by grievous misunderstanding. And I am reminded of Christ's words to the Apostles: "... yea, the time cometh, that whosoever killeth you will think that he doeth God service" (John 16:2).

They sent me all sorts of pamphlets and tracts condemning the Catholic teaching on the Sacraments, on Baptism, salvation and other topics. There was, in these pamphlets, a remarkable lack of agreement as to the "correct" doctrine. They were in accord only in one thing — their opposition to the Catholic doctrine.

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Not all of those who heard Christ's words from His own lips could believe what He said. Many of His disciples "...went back, and walked no more with Him" (John 6:67). It would, therefore, be presumptuous of me to think that all who read this will share my conviction that the Catholic Church is "the church of the Living God, the pillar and ground of the truth."

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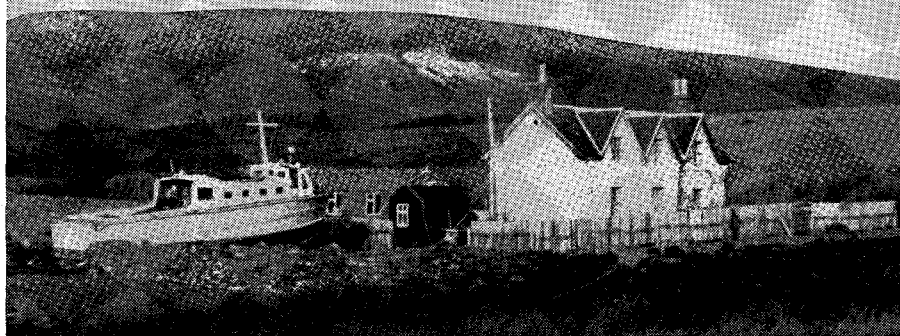
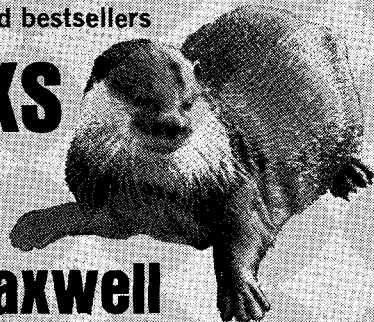
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report of findings in a number of houses afflicted with odd happenings. Like most such books, this one cannot be taken seriously except by readers already convinced that creaks in an old building must have some cause beyond rust and termites. Mr. Holzer's ghosts accomplish little, and their prattlings through the mouth of a good medium are fairly pointless. These conditions have inspired Mr. Holzer to a theory about ghosts which is new to me and certainly accounts for their lackadaisical performance. Ghosts, he believes, were pretty weak-witted when they were alive.

Some years ago, FARLEY MOWAT, just out of a university, was engaged by the Canadian authorities to study wolves in the Keewatin Barrens. *NEVER CRY WOLF* (Atlantic-Little, Brown, \$4.95) is his account of what he forthwith learned about working for the government (infuriating), travel by bush plane (alarming), Indians (baffling), and wolves (delightful). The wolf, in Mr. Mowat's view, is a sensible, courteous, well-bred beast, really far too civilized to associate with human beings — which may be the reason why he generally gets such a bad press. The book is funny and fast-moving and, incidentally, agrees with the findings of other naturalists who have observed wolves. The Canadian government, after the fashion of governments, has never paid any discernible attention to the information it hired Mr. Mowat to assemble.

DR. KAARE RODAHL's book about Eskimos, *THE LAST OF THE FEW* (Harper & Row, \$4.95), is less consciously amusing than *Never Cry Wolf*, but it has something of the same unprejudiced freshness of outlook. Dr. Rodahl was sent to Alaska to find out why Eskimos are hotter, literally, than other people. Is it construction or environment? was the question. When not testing Eskimos, Dr. Rodahl attended a Christmas party and a roaring drum dance, went walrus hunting, rode dogsleds, and suffered from a poltergeist. He is neither sentimental nor supercilious in dealing with Eskimos, and he has produced a very pleasant, informative book about a vanishing culture.

SUN, STONES AND SILENCE (Simon and Schuster, \$12.50) contains fine photographs of Egypt by Dorothy Hales Gary and a somewhat overblown text by ROBERT PAYNE.

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